FOREST AND STREAM.

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The Forest and Stream will shortly remove to new offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, entrance on Leonard Street.

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THE "FOREST AND STREAM" INDIANS.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy of the exhibits on view this week at the Madison Square Garden is the FOREST AND STREAM'S Indian camp. It is especially noteworthy because it is the real thing, the exhibition in New York to-day of a little piece of the old West—brought 2,500 miles East and carried twenty-five years back in time. Here is seen the old-fashioned skin lodge with the fire burning on the ground in the middle, the beds ranged around the walls and the door covered by the skin of a wolf—a medicine animal among many buffalo eating tribes. Behind the lodge stands the tripod which supports the medicine bundles and the sacred Thunder Pipe, which is of great antiquity. On the other side of the lodge stands another tripod on which hang the arms of the owner of the lodge; his bow and arrows, his shield and his lance, his raw-hide rope, his riding whip and other arms and implements. Scattered on the ground are skins of wolves, coyotes, mountain sheep, mountain lions. These are all either tanned or to be dressed for clothing.

Still further north is the sweat lodge, a frame of willow twigs woven into a bird-cage like structure. On the ground within is the place for the fire, where the stones are heated, and the painted skull of a buffalo bull. In this sweat lodge the members of the war party will take their medicine sweat before they start on their expedition of difficulty and danger. Before they do this, a fire is kindled in the lodge and the stones heated; then the frame is covered with robes or skins and the members of the party creep under them and sit about the fire, the leader of the party carrying his pipe. Water is thrown on the hot stones and a thick steam rises. Then the leader lights his pipe and smokes to the sky, to the ground and to the four cardinal points, and then he blows the smoke toward the bull's skull, and prays to the buffalo bulls, saying: "O, bulls, hear us this day and take pity on us. As you are able well to lead your people where you think they ought to go, so let me lead these my people in the right way and to success; as you are strong to run over whatever is in your way, so let us run right over our enemies when they are before us; as you have swift feet to run away when you are attacked and made afraid, so let us all, if we are attacked by too great numbers, have the power to run swiftly, so that we may escape. Accept this smoke which we offer to you and hear us now as we are setting forth to meet danger." Then the waiting warriors join in the prayer, "Hear us; pity us." More water is thrown on the hot stones, the men offer each some sacrifice, it may be a part of his body, sacred songs are sung, and when the ceremony is over the party starts off on its way to war.

One of the most interesting articles in the camp is the tanned robe, on the flesh side of which Young Bear Chief has painted his *coups*—in other words, has written the history of the important events of his life. In the early days he was a great warrior, and on this skin he has set down in pictograph the account of all his important war journeys. Here are pictured the camps that he has stolen into by night, the horses that he has taken, the enemies that he has killed; and these pictures, if they could be translated and written out by a master of English, would form a volume which for interest and excitement would far exceed anything that civilized man can imagine. It is the true story of a brave man whose sole delight was war, and whose sole occupation in those old days was the war path, going or returning.

It is impossible here to give even a brief catalogue of the interesting old-time implements and relics which the FOREST AND STREAM camp contains. There is in it nothing new, nothing made for trade. Each article has been used a thousand times and has its own interesting history. To wander through this camp and see these old things brings back again so vividly the old days, which some of us think were the best days, that it is almost more of a pain than a pleasure to do so.

THE NATIONAL ZOO.

IN our columns last week attention was called to a law which greatly hampers the National Zoölogical Park at Washington, and will always retard its growth and development. Congress, which appropriates the money for the support of this Park, provides in its appropriation bill that none of this money shall be expended for the direct enlargement of the collections, and forbids its use for the purchase of animals, although permitting the payment of transportation charges on specimens donated to the institution. As a result of this provision it is very difficult for the Garden to secure any except native American species. Now and then, it is true, some showman or menagerie keeper may loan an elephant, a lion or a hippopotamus to the Park, but such loans are likely to be withdrawn at any time. It is but a short time since a splendid hippopotamus—loaned to the garden, and which had been there for a year or more, and about whose temper and physical condition much was therefore known—was sold for about one-third its real value. If funds for the purchase of this specimen had been available it would have made a most desirable addition to the National collection. But although Congress declines to allow animals to be purchased for this Park, it does not forbid the reception of gifts, and an opportunity offers itself here for a wealthy man to spend his money in a very interesting and delightful way by purchasing from time to time desirable specimens and presenting them to the Garden. There must be many wealthy residents of Washington who are in a position to help these collections in this manner, and such persons after having made their gifts to the Garden will always have the specimens which they have presented under their own eyes, where their condition can be watched and their progress noted. The excellent health enjoyed by the animals confined in the Washington Zoo warrants the belief that such generous action would have its reward. Gifts to this institution would live and thrive for a long time, to give pleasure to the public and to be objects of especial interest and delight to their donor.

DR. NICHOLAS ROWE.

AFTER a long and painful illness, Dr. Nicholas Rowe died at his home in Chicago, on Tuesday, March 10, aged 54 years.

Dr. Rowe's youth was spent in the Barbadoes; he came to the United States and graduated in medicine, but his tastes and inclinations being more for the sports of the rod and gun, he abandoned medicine for the profession of sporting journalism. He attained some fame as a writer under the *nom de plume* of Mohawk before he began his editoral career in the year 1876. From that time till his death he was specially identified with the action and development of the sporting world as it pertains to the healthful pleasures of land and water. He was a member of many kennel and shooting clubs, and was a liberal contributor to their success. He was one of the most widely known of American sportsmen. Personally he was a gentleman of fine presence and great personal magnetism, and his executive ability was of a high order.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE effort which the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is making in opposition to the demands of the market dealers is regarded with an interest as widespread as is the territory from which the game is drawn to supply the Boston commission merchants. Boston has long had the undesirable repute of being a port of entry for goods contraband in other cities and States. It affords a market for game after the markets elsewhere have closed. We published last week the very intelligent and convincing argument made by Mr. J. Russell Reed before the legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game. The enactment of a law limiting the sale of game through the open season as it prevails in Massachusetts would be a distinct gain for game protection.

A PRESS dispatch from Denison, Tex., the other day recorded the feat of a Kansas man who in one day had killed 151 quail over a dog, "the greatest record at quail shooting ever held in the Southwest," and it was asked who could beat this quail shooting. Our notion is that almost any industrious Kansas shooter could beat the record, if he went about his work under proper conditions; but he would not be obliged to travel to Texas to accomplish the feat. If one is to shoot quail for the purpose of making a big score to brag of, the more expeditious method is first to have the birds trapped, crated and brought to the scene of operations. Score shooters of quail would do well to adopt the customary methods of trap-shooting.

General satisfaction was expressed when Florida adopted a law last winter limiting the number of quail an individual or a shooting party might take in a day, for it was anticipated that the statute would tend to discourage the inordinate record-hunting destruction of birds by guests of Florida hotels. Something may have been accomplished by the law in checking the abuse, but record shooting is still in full sway at some of the West Coast hotels, and pains are taken to chronicle the fact that some new record hunter has outdone all who went before him. In every one of these cases, of course, the breaking of the record means the breaking of the law as well; but the law apparently is the very last thing for a quail shooter to think of in Florida.

The Maine courts have decided, in the case of the ninety carcasses of venison shipped by schooner to the Boston market last winter, that the game having been killed legally might lawfully be shipped from the State. This decision was given before the rendering of the decision by the United States Supreme Court in the Connecticut export case. The result of that case was such as to make certain that if the existing Maine law does not answer the purpose of making game export a punishable offense, a new statute may be drawn which will effect this. We ought all to be grateful to Mr. Geer for his distinguished services in the cause of protection. What Mr. Geer has done is no less valuable because of the fact that the result was not in the least of his own seeking. His name will long be remembered with gratitude.

The importance of the Geer case decision, because of its probable effect upon game protection, has had very general recognition, and the report of it as given in full exclusively in the FOREST AND STREAM last week has aroused great interest and given decided encouragement to workers for protection. As we have pointed out, this decision indicates the direction in which effort should be expended in shaping legislation. Here we have a law which the highest authority says will stand the test. There need be no more half-hearted prosecutions under a non-export statute because of apprehensions respecting the attitude toward it of the courts of appeal. There can be no appeal.

We are so accustomed to note the constant diminishing of our game covers that we fail to give heed to the fact that wild nature is continually reclaiming her own from the dominion of man. A recent writer in *Garden and Forest* records that having driven through most of the hill districts of western Massachusetts in recent years, he has constantly been impressed by the extent of the areas which have reverted to woodland, and which promise to remain wild and uncultivated for generations to come.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XVI.

Uncle Lisha and Joseph go Voyaging.

UNCLE LISHA woke early from a troubled dream of slaughtered geese that when picked up changed to a leering, disagreeable man clad in a garment of feathers and a red woolen comforter tied about his neck. As the unpleasant vision dissolved in the vanishing mists of dreamland his awakening senses realized the dim, chilling dawn of the autumn day, its silver promise of golden hours, its absence of bird songs, the near stillness stirred but not broken by far away sounds, the raucous call of dusky ducks, the chiming whistle of a flock of golden-eyes already on the wing and the crazy laughter of a distant loon calling the sleeping winds.

These sounds became more separate and distinct when he crept forth into the open air without disturbing his companions and stood shivering by the cold fireplace. He heard what more attracted his attention, the rustle of quick nervous footsteps in dry leaves near by and a sharp "K-r-r-r, quit, quit, quit, quit" that at once told their origin. He cautiously drew his gun from the tent and went in stealthy pursuit of the partridge, which led him down to the brink of the cliff before it burst into flight and went clattering far out of sight through the branches.

Uncle Lisha stared a moment into the brief disturbance of branches along the bird's aerial path and then through a narrow aperture in the green wall of cedars he turned his eyes upon the lake, always an object of admiration to him, a dweller among the mountains.

He saw Split Rock and the further shore of the bay becoming distinct in the growing light, and looming above the low-spread veil of mist, whose nearer frayed edge dissolved in the silvery sheen of the water, smooth as glass, yet gently undulating with long swells that were not perceptible except as they swept downward the lengthening reflections of Garden Island trees, or washed the sands with recurrent, slumberous murmurs.

As he peered out upon the tranquil scene through the narrow casement of boughs, he heard a sonorous gabble of voices mingled with the soft wash of the swells, evi dently close at hand, yet coming from an unseen source, for there was no living object in sight but a small flock of ducks crinkling the glassy surface with their wake just in the edge of the mist. Raising himself on tiptoe and looking nearer, his heart almost choked him at the sight of five noble geese standing midleg deep in the sandy shallows almost beneath him. One tall old gander stood on guard stretched to his utmost height, while his companions delved in the submerged gravel.

With breathless caution the old man trained his gun upon them. Remembering all he had ever heard of the danger of overshooting in downhill shots and aiming low at two that stood in range, the trigger was pulled, the mimic thunder rolled across the bay, and as the multiplied echoes came tumbling back from distant hills and shores the lifting smoke unveiled two sprawling forms flounder-ing in the shallows and a brief vision of the survivors climbing skyward with flurried wing-beats.

He knew not how, but with a speed and safety that seemed to him miraculous Uncle Lisha descended the cliff and secured his victims.

"There you be anyway!" he panted as he stood exult-antly regarding them, "an' if you're tame wil' geese you're almighty smart ones, an' if any dumb man claims ye he'll be an almighty smart one if he gits ye away f'm your Uncle Lisher!"

Casting a furtive glance around, he gathered them by the legs and made all haste along the beach. Though he had not far to go to reach camp, his breath was well nigh spent, his short old legs were weak and his arm ached with a pain that he was proud of when he had climbed the steep path, and bracing himself for a final effort, held up his game before his gaping comrades.

"There, boys," he cried, "haow'll that du for a 'fore breakfus' job? I tell ye it's the airly bird 'at gits the worm. These 'ere geese is the birds an' I'm the worm."

Then in response to a shower of questions he related all the incidents of his exploit, while each of his companions "hefted" the geese separately and together and burned with envy or glowed with admiration.

"An' naow le's ha' some breakfus'," he cried when the recital was concluded, "for it's hungry work a-huntin' geese an' strainin' work a luggin' on 'em, as you may not know, but I du."

"I s'pose you won't hev no 'bjections tu my hevin' the feathers if I'll pick 'em?" Joseph asked as they sat around the stone table, and between bites he turned his eyes upon the geese, and with slow rumination calculated their yield of down.

"Not a ident'cal feather comes off'm them geese till they gits tu Danvis, an' Jerushy an' the hull consarn on 'em sees 'em jest as they be, feathers an' all. No, sir," the old man continued with increasing emphasis, as he waved the half-picked thigh of a duck in the direction of the subject of his remarks, "the' ain't a-goin' tu be nothin' duberous abaout them 'ere geese, ner nob'dy a-twittin' me 'at they're someb'dy 'nother's tame geese 'at I shot."

"Prob'ly you'll goin' prove it by de smell of it too, Onc' Lasha! Dey was git purty hol' 'nough for smell w'en you gat it home."

"I'll reak but what they'll keep three, four days, an' you'll be a-goin' hum by that time, won't ye, Samwil?"

"Yes, I guess we'll git 'nough on't by that time," Sam answered. "An' I would kerry 'em jest as they be if I was you, for they're better worth showin' 'an anything we've got erless it's aourselves. What be you an' Jozeff goin' tu du t'day? Me an' Antwine's a-goin' up the Saouth Slang tu hunt some an' see the Injins make the' canew. Want tu go 'long up in the scaow?"

"No, I don't sca'cely b'lieve we du, du we, Jozeff? I b'en a-cal'latin' tu gwup the crik a piece some day an' see an ol' feller 'at I useter know time o' the war 'at I hain't seen for fifteen year, an' I guess if Jozeff's a min' ter go an' hunt along up that way in the scaow, we'll go. I'd ruther see an ol' friend 'an all the dumb b'lin's o' Injins in the 'Nited States, an' I don't care no gre't 'baout seein' 'em make a canew. If 'twas mockersins, it might be in-terestin'. What say, Jozeff?"

Joseph pondered long before he answered, casting doubtful glances out upon the creek while he slowly mopped his plate with a bit of bread.

"Wal, I do' know sca'cely, Uncle Lisher. Du you understan' haow tu oar a boat an' gee an' haw it? 'Cause ye see I don't, an' the plaguey dumb things goes a-shoolin' 'raoun' jest where they're a minter, a dumb sight contrayer'n a hawg, seems 's 'ough. I cal'late they got it 'baout right when they called 'em she. I do' know but what it can be l'arnt, but I kinder reckon a feller's got tu hev the gift o' managin' on 'em, same as o' women folks, which some hain't ner can't git. Naow if 'twas M'ri' er Ruby, I should know jest haow tu go tu work, but darn a boat, anyways."

"Good airth an' seas, Jozeff, 'tain't nothin' to manage ary one. You jest got tu humor 'em, that's all. I can run that scaow boat anywheres on this 'ere crik, I bate ye."

"Wal, if you c'n du it it's all right, an' I'll go, but if you hafter depend any on me, we shan't git anywheres ner nowheres else."

Joseph's doubts being overcome, they set forth on their voyage, Uncle Lisha at the oars, shaping his course by frequent glances over his shoulder.

The weather was in the genial mood that autumnal days often assume as if to make amends for later sullen-ness and turbulence. The sun shone warm and bright, and the genial air was stirred by so light a breeze that it only wrinkled the outer channel with ripples that flashed back the sunlight and repeated the azure of the sky in quavering lines of blue, cut athwart by gold and russet reflections of further woods and nearer rushy margins. The marshes were webbed so thick with a veil of spiders' weaving that they looked as if a hoar frost lay upon them, while the sun threw a glade of burnished gold across the broad silvery level, broken by the curving seam of the channel and the brown domes of the musk-rat houses.

Uncle Lisha pulled an even, steady stroke, but a noisy one, with a creak and splash that awoke echoes and aroused flocks of wildfowl, while the boat snored placidly on its course, its broad bow seeming to exhale long respirations as it met the ripples with a decadent surge. A party of crows came out of the woods, cruising over-head in a brief tour of observation, whereof they made discordant report as they flapped back to cover. A king-fisher sallied from his perch to meet the voyagers with a rattling volley of clatter that did not cease till he slanted in upward flight to a steadfast poise above a shoal of minnows, into which he presently plunged like a plum-met, and then retired in silence to his Lenten break-fast.

So they pursued the voyage, Uncle Lisha too busily employed and Joseph in too great trepidation for much conversation, till the mouth of the East Slang was passed, when the latter cleared his throat and remarked:

"I tell ye what 't is, Uncle Lisher, it kinder seems 's 'ough a feller 'd feel consid'able stiddier an' safer on one o' them 'ere mushrat haouses 'an what he does a-bolancin' hisself in this 'ere plaguey ol' wobblin' boat, seems 's 'ough he would."

"He wouldn't git fur on one on 'em, I don't cal'late," the old man answered.

"Mebbe he might git fur in 'em," said Joseph, feeling guilty for venturing to pun in such a perilous situation; but Uncle Lisha did not deign to notice it and he con-tinued in serious vein. "But ye see I hain't wantin' tu go nowher', on'y tu git aout ont' the land agin, which the' hain't no chance o' duin' here, 'ceptin' I land on one o' them mushrat haousen."

Uncle Lisha vouchsafed no answer, but half turned in his seat to study his course, thereby slightly tipping the scow.

"Sam Hill! Look aout!" cried Joseph, pulling hard on the gunwale. "You'll hev the dumb tottlish consarn t'other side up fust ye know!"

"Go 'long wi' your nonsense," Uncle Lisha answered. "You couldn't tip it over." In proof whereof he wagged his head and shoulders from side to side and raised a wash that shook the boat, yet not so much as it did Joseph.

"For the Lord's sake stop it, Uncle Lisher," he pleaded, "I can't swim no more'n a grin'stun."

"Nob'dy wants ye tu. You jes' sit still an' I'll navigate ye." Uncle Lisha smiled benignly as he resumed his stroke.

"Set still? It don't seem 's 'ough I could, no more'n on a hetchel, an' the tarnal boat won't let me. Say, Uncle Lisher, I wanter git aout an' set on a mushrat haouse till you come along back. Like 'nough I c'ld shoot a mush-rat er suthin'."

"Sho, the' wouldn't none come anigh ye."

"Wal, I don't care if they wouldn't. I've rid fur 'nough, an' don't want to go nowheres! You back up tu that big one an' le' me git aout. My back aches an' my laigs cramps, an' I'm dizzy-headed an' sick tu my stom-erk an' I don't feel very well myself. You le' me git aout."

"Why, Jozeff, be you in ri' daown airnest?" Uncle Lisha asked, resting his oars. Joseph's scared face gave suffi-cient answer without supplement of speech.

"Yes, I be. It seems 's 'ough I wouldn't ask for nothin' in this world 'an tu be sot on suthin' 'at wouldn't tottle every time I drawed my breath or rolled my eye. You jest lemme git aout."

"Sho, now don't be sech a 'fraid-cat. It hain't more'n a mile furder tu where we're a-goin', an' then you can huff it back tu camp, 'crost the bridge an' so raound."

"I tell ye I've rid fur 'nough. You back up an' lemme git aout. Come now, du, Uncle Lisher. Whoa! Back! S-h-s-h! Dumb the plaguey ol' contr'y thing! Whoa! Hush!"

"Wal, if you will, you will, I s'pose," Uncle Lisha said, stopping the scow's headway with a great surge of the oars and backing her in the direction of the largest musk-rat house. "But you'll git turrible lunsome, an' you can't move raound none."

"I've moved raound 'nough tu last me a month. An' I'll be contented as a clam a-waitin' fer ye. Seems 's 'ough I would till—till the ma'sh froze, so I c'ld walk ashore."

The slanting stern of the scow slid up the sloped side of the house and Joseph, hitching his gun along beside him, crawled out on all fours to the top, where he seated him-self with a sigh of intense relief.

"There, naow, if 't wa'n't fer thinkin' o' gittin' away f'm here, I sh'ld be as independent as a man on the taown. You needn't hurry none 'baout comin' back. Seems 's 'ough I wanted consid'able time tu git settled an' rested up an' look 'raound."

"Guess you'll git settled an' sick on't 'fore I git aout o' sight. If ye du, you holler, an' I'll come back an' git ye. Good-by."

Uncle Lisha bent to his oars and with a strong pull, assisted by a push of Joseph's foot, resumed his course, continuing it with moderate speed till quite out of sight, in momentary expectation of a recall. He passed the mouth of the East Slang and the long curve of the reach above it when he came where shore and channel became neighborly at a sandy landing, the cleanliest of all the old homestead ports that the inland voyager finds be-tween the lake and the first falls of Little Otter. He pulled in at the foot of a great elm and stepped out on the flint-strewn shore, stretching his legs and straightening his back before he beached his boat and climbed the breast-high bank, which was cut to a steep incline by the wash of the spring floods, and overhung with a fringe of naked roots of shrubs and grass.

A level meadow lay before him, the rank aftermath dappled with purple heads of the second blossoms of clover and starred with late daisies. Beyond it a farm-house and barns nestled among locust, cherry and apple trees, and a footpath led to it from the landing. This Uncle Lisha followed till the old house assumed a familiar appearance as he approached it from the unaccustomed direction. The smoke of an outdoor fire drifted up from behind a row of cherry trees that bordered the garden, and with it broken clouds of steam that diffused a savory odor of mixed cookery, the old-time hog's hotch-potch of pumpkins, potatoes and apples.

When his feet brushed the plantain and scuffed the chips of the back yard, Uncle Lisha came close upon the source of the smoke and steam, a great potash kettle slung to a thick pole by a log chain over a brisk fire of stubborn odds and ends of the wood-pile. A wiry little man of about his own age was sidling around the windward side of the fire, punching it here with a wooden poker, kick-ing it there with a quick thrust of his cowhide boot, and then pulling a hat apparently as old as himself well over his brows and sinking his chin deep into the grizzled ruff of beard that surrounded his throat, stooped and peered into the bubbling kettle, getting brief glimpses of wallow-ing chunks of pumpkins, bursting potatoes and dropsical apples. He was in this position as Uncle Lisha ap-proached in the rear and touched him lightly on the most prominent part of his person with his gun. The guardian of the kettle was not at all startled, but only called out without turning his head.

"Hy, ye leetle sarpint, tryin' tu skeer yer gran'dad, be ye?"

Uncle Lisha touched him again, when making a sudden clutch with his free hand, he caught the stock of a gun. Then he quickly faced about, the look of surprise growing on his face when it met the complacent grin on another face as old as his own and on a level with it. The ex-pression of blank amazement softened to one of pleased recognition when the visitor roared,

"Good airth an' seas! Abil, don't ye know me?" and the host responded in a higher pitched but as hearty a voice.

"Why, Lisher Peggs, you goo' for nothin' ol' sinner, is it you? Where'n time 'd you come from an' haow be ye, anyway?" and the hands of the old friends clasped each other in a vise-like grip. "I never thought o' it a-bein' nobody ner nothin' but some o' the young uns a-foolin'. They're keen ones, I tell ye. But, by Hokey, I'm glad tu see ye. Where'd ye come from, any way, an' haow be ye?" Abel Benham ran on in an uninterrupted flow while he lugged a block of wood in front of the fire. "There, set ri' daown an' make yourself tu hum. Got yer pipe? Wal, here's some terbarker. Light up an' le's have a smoke." While he filled his own pipe he stood off and made a critical examination of his friend, beam-ing upon him a slow smile of approval. "Wal, ye look jest as nat'ral as an ol' shoe. Leetle older an' a leetle fatter, but jest as humbly as ever. Where'd ye come from, anyway?"

Uncle Lisha accounted for his presence and the two fell into a discourse concerning past experiences till Abel bethought him of another hospitable offering.

"Say, there's a berril o' cider 'at's worked some. 'T hain't very sartain, but it's better'n water. Won't ye ha' some?"

He brought a brimming quart dipper of it, from which they drank in turn, and Uncle Lisha gave it the usual compliment of "being good for the time o' year," while he thought of poor Joseph in thirsty isolation. They eat the mellowest apples in the variegated fragrant pile that was flanked by a yellow mound of pumpkins on one side and on the other by a great heap of potatoes, blushing a dusky red through the clinging soil. When conversation lagged Uncle Lisha was taken to see the hogs, which were duly admired and their weight guessed, while a treat of back-scratching and corn nubbins made the visit a mutual pleasure. Then the dinner horn sounded, and the visitor was forced, not much against his will, to partake of a bountiful meal, served in civilized fashion, which he real-ized was the better and more comfortable way, for he was beginning to tire of eating with his fingers and sleep-ing in his clothes, and of the untidiness of womanless housekeeping, and he was glad to eat food nicely cooked, unseasoned with smoke and ashes, off a clean plate, in the companionship of women and children, and finish the meal with a dessert of pumpkin pie, so dear to the Yankee.

Now and then he had brief mental visions of Joseph munching his dry, unsocial repast on the roof of the marsh dweller's hut, and felt some qualms of pity for his friend's solitary plight; but both were as fleeting as they are apt to be when one in the midst of plenty considers the condition of the wretched.

Not till he noticed how his shadow had lengthened while he smoked and chatted beside the waning fire did he realize how long poor Joseph had been left in solitary exile. Then he bade his friend farewell and set forth on his return.

With a long and strong pull Uncle Lisha sent the scow surging down the channel, and though he grew scant of breath with the unwonted exertion, he abated not the length nor strength of his stroke till he drew near the place where his comrade had been left, frightening scores of ducks to unnoticed flight a furlong in advance of his noisy progress.

Then he began to look forward, the lifted oar blades dripping a dotted wake while he turned his head, or trailed, bumping the gunwales and creating a succession of miniature whirlpools while he twisted his short body for a long look ahead. Discovering no one, he became anxious, but tried to quiet his feelings with the idea that he had mistaken his reckoning, and again plied the oars vigorously, casting frequent glances on either side. Pres-

ently he passed a muskrat house that he was sure must be the one upon which he had left his companion, for it was the largest in the neighborhood, and the weeds in front were pressed flat where the boat's prow crushed them down, and in further proof of its identity a piece of paper that had held Joseph's luncheon lay on the shelving verge, one sodden half anchoring the other that fluttered in the light wind.

Uncle Lisha checked the boat's headway with a backward stroke and headed toward the house, calling out as he approached it, with his face over his shoulder, in a deprecatory tone:

"There, naow, Jozeff, you needn't try tu hide ye. You can't skeer me wi' your foolin'. Git right up an' git right in here."

There was no response, and as the bow grounded with a soft, semielastic bump he called again, rather impatiently, at the same time getting upon his feet and facing about:

"Come, naow, quit your foolin' an' git in here."

His face became blank with amazement as he peered over the top of the muskrat house and saw only the naked slope of its further wall.

"Good airth an' seas, has the critter got asleep an' rolled off an' draownded hisself?" he cried in real alarm, then took an oar and gently prodded the shallow water on all sides, but met only the soft resistance of the cozy bottom.

"Shaw, he couldn't never," he assured himself. "'Tain't deep enough, an' he'd ha' left his gun. But what on airth can ha' become on him? If he'd ha' waded ashore he'd ha' left a track in the ma'sh like a tew-year-ol' steer, an' he couldn't git through the mud, anyways. The' hain't been no boat come along 'at he da'st go in. Where in tunket has the critter gone? Jozeff! Jozeff! Jozeff!" he lifted up his voice and called, first accenting and prolonging the first syllable, then the second, and then both, but there came no answer save the mocking echoes repeating his call from the woods.

"Con-dumb the tarnal fool! Wha' 'd he wanter go tu roost on a mushrat haouse for anyhaow, julluk a cussed mudhen?" the old man growled in a tremulous voice when he had taken breath after futile listening. "And wha' 'd I ever let him for? I'd give all my ol' boots an' shoes tu see him a settin' in this 'ere boat ag'in. Yis, sir, I would."

He looked long and carefully all around far and near, and then shoved off into the channel and resuming the oars pulled lustily toward the camp.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Massachusetts Ferreters Fined.

SOUTHBORO, Mass., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A most unusual occurrence took place in the First District Court in Westboro, Mass., on Thursday, the 5th inst. A few days previous Southboro officers arrested eight lawless men for killing rabbits with the aid of ferrets. When surprised at their work they had six dead rabbits and two ferrets in their possession. Judge Bates gave them the limit—$20 for each rabbit—which is pretty dear meat for the scallawags, and it ought to teach them a good, wholesome lesson. For years parties from Marlboro have raided Southboro covers with ferrets until the "cottontail" population was nearly extinct, and in spite of all local officers could do they have escaped arrest, as the law reads they must be taken in the act—an almost insurmountable handicap. The law should read that anyone caught in the woods with a ferret should be fined $100 and denied the right of defense. However, all true sportsmen hereabouts are very thankful for this unexpected "pull," and are heartily congratulating officers and judge.

J. W. B.

THE CARLIN GROUSE.

"In somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
And leaves be large and longe,
Hit is full merrie in fayre forest
To hear the fouly's songe."

"YES," quoth Mr. Legality to that excellent gentleman himself, "yes, there is much truth in the old ballad, and it is just as true to-day as it was when Robin Hood roved the woodland glade and added to the forest's music the twang of string and the whisper of stinging arrow." This soliloquy was inspired by the clear air and mellow sunshine of an October morning. Mr. Legality was standing on his front piazza in order to collect a few lungfuls of morning air therewith to sharpen his appetite for breakfast. The sunlight filtered through the shade trees and started the steam from the glistening asphalt pavement, that steam whose savor is inseparably connected in the city man's memory with the many sounds and smells of a warm morning in town. Those few lungfuls of atmosphere spoiled Mr. Legality's industrious intentions for that day. He thought of his office in the sixth story, and how the flies would buzz there toward noon, and how the whizz and clang of the trolley cars would wake into exasperating vibration every nerve in his jaded brain, and then he thought of a certain range of dark swamps of cedar and high knolls of beech and maple, joined by straggling lines of undergrowth and brambles; a wood of hollow, hill and glen, through whose midst ran a broad, clear stream that sparkled over rocks and boulders and caught the woodland shadows with its ripples. He thought of the cool shade and the cool springs, and above all thought of the burst of the whirring grouse, of echoing shot, of deadly aim and floating feathers. He thought, I say, of all these things, and his thoughts literally ran away with him. "That office doesn't see me to-day," was his final decree. He repeated this statement to his wife at the breakfast table, and having finished that meal he kissed his charming lady good-by and hied him to the railway station, bearing in his hand his light-weight gun and closely "tagged" by his invaluable friend and ally, Trump, this latter gentleman being a sturdy pointer of an orange and white complexion.

A ride of half an hour and a short walk brought this goodly pair to the rustic habitation of one Timothyseed, this same Timothyseed being a peculiar fellow, given rather to the sports than to the labors of the field. This trio, having become much acquainted in days of yore, were soon fully accoutered, and got them to the merry green wood to see what cheer they might find.

About 10 o'clock they reached the range of woods before referred to, and struck into a thicket of beech undergrowth. Luck was with them, for they had gone but a short distance when the unerring Trump began to give evident signs that there was an "indescribable something" in the air. "Birds ahead," quoth Seed. "Now, Legality, you walk along the edge of the cover and take the first bird that breaks across the open for the next piece of woods, and I will try my luck in the brush." And now Trump after a few more undecided steps came to a pause; then a few more steps, another pause—and then he settled into that pose so widely known and so justly admired, "a dead point." "Careful, old boy! Steady!" Whir—whir! "Mark!" A brood of seven grouse got up from a tangle of blackberry vines and buzzed off through the dense cover.

Mr. Timothy tried a snap shot at the only visible member of the bunch and was rewarded by a thud and flutter among the leaves. His shot was quickly followed by a report from Mr. Legality. "Dead bird!" "Tried to cross the open, eh?" "Yes, but I caught him at it." "That's right; I have one too." The two sportsmen got together and indulged in a small period of mutual and self-admiration. "I made a first-rate shot if I do say it." "You must have; I didn't make a bad one myself. Guess I have my shooting clothes on to-day." "Pretty fair beginning. Looks as though we might take home quite a bag. Two here and five more just ahead." Every shooter understands this kind of talk, and knows the way one feels when he kills the first bird he flushes in the morning, and how he sees himself in imagination returning home about twilight with a heavy, heavy bag.

After a little of this mutual "aiming ahead" the hunters set out to secure the remainder of the brood of grouse. These latter, however, had apparently no desire to be secured, and proceeded to exhibit many of those niceties of character that most grouse seem born with. In vain the sportsmen chased and maneuvered. The only results were occasional whirs of invisible wings or the faintest possible glimpse of a brown streak in the air. Of course they shot at the "whirs" and shot at the "streaks," and half hopefully "sought dead" after every shot "just to make sure they hadn't hit him." At last it seemed as if the birds had all crawled into some woodchuck burrow or hied them to a happier land "far, far away," for not a feather could be flushed. So the sportsmen determined to hie them also and leave this untoward remainder to their meditations. They walked about a half mile up stream and struck the margin of a cedar swamp. Here as before they soon found birds, but they rose wild, three crossing to woods beyond the stream, and two cutting ahead into the swamp. These latter the sportsmen pursued and flushed again, saluting them noisily, but unsuccessfully.

Now there was a moderately steep bluff bordering the swamp on the east, running through the swamp and across an open pasture to another piece of woods beyond. Where this bluff crossed the open it was thickly covered with stunted hemlocks and cedars. This was a favorite place with the grouse, and thither the two flushed in the swamp betook themselves. Mr. Timothy mounted the bluff to cross the open on the one side. Mr. Legality walked upon the open ground below. Mr. Trump took the cover. They walked a short distance when whir-whir from the cover. Legality looked up in time to see a bird flashing over his head and trying to give him a nice open shot. "Bang! bang!" Well, some other noises followed the report, but they were neither echoes nor thuds of falling game. These sounds came from the mouth of Mr. Legality and described tersely and vehemently certain innate qualities which he considered himself possessed of. "Another bird ahead, look sharp!" came from Mr. Timothy, and sure enough whir came a second grouse, apparently trying to see how closely he could imitate his predecessor. He imitated well, and Mr. Legality imitated himself. As the report of his second erring barrel died away an expression dawned on his face that caused Mr. Timothy to utter involuntarily to himself the closing line of the old ballad of "Chevy Chase," "God bring us all good ending." He described himself over and over again, told how much money he had wasted on dog, gun and paraphernalia, and finally offered his whole sporting outfit for sale at rock-bottom prices.

Timothy was used to this sort of thing, and after making a modest monetary offer, merely as a matter of form, he proposed they should cross the stream and seek out the three grouse that had betaken themselves that way. So a shallow place was found and the three companions were soon splashing to the other side. This was a more open stretch of woods, with considerable ground hemlock clustering about stumps and decaying logs. For some time they hunted in vain, and were getting a little dispirited when Mr. Trump struck a trail. He led forward slyly as a cat, stepping noiselessly, stopping for an instant, draw-

HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Judge Clinton, of Port Angeles, Wash., and hunting party on the shore of a lake in the Olympics. Elk killed where shown.

Photo. by a son of Judge Clinton, sent to us by Pisco.

ing on again. "Toho!" Ah, look at him! a perfect statue, rigid as though frozen. Slowly the two sportsmen step forward—another step—whir-whir. One bird cuts to the left past Timothy. "Bang! thud." "Dead bird!" The other tries to cross Mr. Legality. His gun springs to his shoulder. A quick, steady aim, and a stream of feathers drift away, while the brave old grouse whirls to the ground. "Can I buy that gun and dog now?"

"No, sir. The gun is worth $500 and the dog $1,000 and—by Jove! but this is great sport, eh?"

But now it grows late and the stream must be crossed. It is deeper up here, but Timothy's waders are all right. Legality's short boots are no good, but a tree falling across a narrow place had made a slender bridge, and some wise farmer had decorated this crossing with a length of that sportsman's friend, barbed wire. Upon this trembling, slippery way Mr. Legality essayed to cross. Mr. Timothy, meantime sitting upon the bank, remarked the native grace and dignified bearing of the Legal gentleman in a way which the said Legality apparently considered uncalled for. At the expense of a few trouser wounds the crossing was at last achieved and the hunters turned their faces homeward. On their way they fell a-talking of the "Carlin grouse." That is that bird that ends so many a day's hunt by flying out of some unheard of, unthought of place where he has been lurking to exasperate the wily sportsman and to spring off at the most inopportune time, draw the fruitless fire of the entire party, and with a triumphant "hum" vanish over the tops of the tallest trees in sight. All grouse hunters know him. I myself doubt his true grouse nature. Isn't he some nasty little invulnerable imp that assumes grouse clothing and performs this final act just to take the conceit out of crack shots and take all hope of future skill from shots that are not "crack?"

Well, our two hunters were just discussing the "cussedness" of this variety of bird, and wondering if they were to see him on this occasion when—"buzz"—right out of a hollow stump not 20yds. away. Not a tree nor bush for 80 rods. An elegant open shot. Four barrels emptied themselves into the air, but not into that portion of the air the bird occupied, and "over the hills and far away" he vanished in the twilight. "*Sic transit gloria silvæ*," quoth Timothy. "May he live long and prosper," rejoined Legality, and then without further venture they betook them to the railway station, shook hands and

"Each went on his several way,
Resolved to meet another day."

TIMOTHYSHED.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

THERE appear frequently in your columns accounts of duck hunting experiences, mostly from the far East, wherein the relator gets up very early in the morning to the rattle of the alarm clock and goes away off miles to some pond or other duck resort, arriving just at daybreak as like as not in a cold drizzle, putting out decoys or hiding in the grass or bushes near some flyway, getting a few shots and a whole lot of discomfort and wet, and going home with a good deal of (expressed) satisfaction, together with a black duck or two or a coot or sheldrake. I always feel sorry for such shooters and wish they could have the opportunity enjoyed by some others who have such good times and luck that I am afraid they don't appreciate them; but I don't know as the first-named want any of my sympathy. From their accounts they have a rattling good time, and whistle up courage in a very commendable way. All the same I'd like them to have a real good time, just once. Now, I'm not asking for inference that I am situated in duck shooting clover, as defined by some, and can go out and kill my 50 or 150 ducks a day. No, I can't do that, and I'm glad of it; but I can get more than a small family can eat without getting foundered, if I wish, and can do it very easily most any day in an hour or two, and that, I take it, is as much as any decent sportsman ("true," if you like) would desire to do. I can wander along the creek in the early morning after a three minutes' walk from the house, a few hundred yards above where the stream empties into the salt water, and surprise an occasional mallard as it seeks fresh-water tidbits among the bushes or sparse timber, and rises loudly quacking, to fall end over end when the gun speaks. Or I can wait, when the tide begins to flow, behind a log blind near the creek's mouth and see the wary widgeon in pairs or bunches cautiously sail to and fro just out of shot, querulously and timorously squawking, voicing its fear of unseen danger, though unable to resist the temptation that lies where the food is succulent, sailing, sailing to and fro, ever a little nearer, until they arrive where they can upend themselves and pull up the tender grass, which they wish they'd never done when the earthquake opens and two or three or four duckies flap out their lives in the shallow water, while the rest mount heavenward as from a springboard; and the awful roar is repeated, followed by a very sudden collapse of one or two more baldpates and the rapid disappearance of the remainder. It must be an awful experience for them. By the way, I wonder if this is "pot-shooting." Or I can sneak along under the cover of the sandspit just beyond which the bluebills are diving a few yards from shore, and waiting until all or a majority have uptilted and disappeared in their funny and wonderfully slick way, make a rush beachward, and when they come up and hustle off terrified with great beating of wings put a full stop to the proceedings of some of them, which the boat a short walk away enables me to pick up at leisure.

Now this is very convenient and comfortable and enjoyable, and as Unc' Remus used to say "Dat make me say what I duz," when I express sympathy with the sportsmen alluded to. And isn't this just as well as it is to keep hammering away at ducks, day in and out as long as they fly, so as to boast of the big bag and slaughter in the papers? What a pitiful spectacle a game hog is, anyway!

I say I can get ducks as described, but I don't always when I want to, as happened the other evening when I shot a right and left as they rose only to see them disappear the moment they struck the water, and though I waited and watched patiently almost into the gloaming neither reappeared, at least to my careful vision, but the next day I found one washed up by the tide near by. I have heard tales of ducks mortally hurt diving and seizing grass or weeds in a death grip, and so anchored rob the shooter of his victory. But may be it's fable. Do you s'pose my ducks played that trick? It's not the only instance in my experience of ducks diving in open water and not coming up.

Another instance of sudden and mysterious disappearance that occasionally nonpluses shooters occurred a few mornings since when I shot a trout-stealing kingfisher as I approached the creek, and alarmed a pair of mallards that rose straight up among the low trees and were quacking me adieu as the other barrel went off. The duck towered. The drake went off across the marsh, dropping lower and lower, evidently hard hit. Upward went the duck and I nearly dislocated my neck endeavoring to keep track of both. Finally the duck ceased towering and circled into the edge of the timber, and with futile beating of wings began to settle straight down. I gave a final jerk of my head drakeward and he had disappeared. Jerk again duckward and she was out of sight, and there I was, but I didn't stay long. I crossed the creek, and going to where I had marked the duck down, began the search, and failing to find her on the level ground ascended the side hill which quite abruptly dropped into the valley here, and when on the upper side of a towering fir, peering through the brush, I spied Mistress Duck cuddled down in a hollow at the foot of the tree almost concealed by brush and bush, which intervened between me and the bird and hedged her in on either side. I noticed that she cocked a bright and watchful eye at me and discretion suggested "better blow her head off," but I scoffed at prudence (as I so often have) with the reply: "What! shoot a crippled duck in the woods! Go to! I'll pick her up," and made a movement to step over the intervening brush, and, as Unc' Remus has it, "right dar I broke my merlasses jug." That duck turned and just scooted back through the brush, down around the tree, and when I had stumbled and floundered through the thicket and craned my neck after her I caught sight around the tree of her disappearing tail, and when I had fairly extricated myself and got to the lower side of the tree the earth had opened and swallowed her bodily, and though I searched for a good part of an hour through, around and under logs, brush and debris over a quarter of an acre faithfully, erect, on hands and knees, and prone on my prostrate body with hat off and head under a log, she never came to light. There were the feathers dropped by the tree, mute evidences of her trickiness, smartness and flight, but where, O where was the owner? I made several excursions round about and grew disgusted, and as often as I'd come back to those feathers hope sprung anew in the immortal breast, and I'd go off and do the thing all over again. I came to the conclusion afterward that she had climbed the tree when I was wrestling with the brush, and sailed out of the top or hidden therein until I removed from thence. I call such disappearance as that superlatively humiliating and exasperating. When patience had had "her perfect work," and more too, I pottered off to the marsh after the drake, if haply I might find his deceased body some'r's; but though I searched that open tidal resort faithfully, so as with tears, round about and way beyond where my strained eyes had last beheld his vanishing form, I never saw him more. He probably bored down in the ground with the crawfish. Duckless and despondent, "homeward the weary (hunter) wends his way," musing on the vicissitudes that euchre him when he has a hand full of trumps.

When I am outwitted thus or by other means, I have to fall back on communion with nature and reflect that it is not all of hunting to shoot, and so forth. That's what we do, you know, when we can't shoot anything. But I always found it difficult to commune when the mercury was about 29°, a dismal rain driving, and my nose, fingers and toes half frozen. So I say I'm sorry when I read accounts like those alluded to. 'Tis easier to commune in the leafy month of June, or maybe as early as February, in Washington.

I hoped to shoot some canvas or redheads, but have seen none near enough to recognize them. The varieties mentioned, together with butterballs and an occasional golden eye, comprise the bulk of ducks frequenting these waters. An occasional flock of brant is seen at safe distance from shore passing up or down, but none have stopped. There is nothing but ducks to hunt at this season, excepting bear, cat or cougar, the hunting for which is fine, but finding is very poor, bear being holed up until April, cat wild and wary, albeit fairly plentiful, and cougar being too far back among the more rugged and inaccessible mountains—particularly this season, when the snow has not been heavy enough to drive the deer and elk down among the foothills in any number. But I always enjoy roaming the upper plateaus and slopes that make up to the foothills—that is, when an occasional day free from rain happens along, which isn't any too often in this land of mist, drizzle and drip. Walking isn't any too easy, for the omnipresent sal-lal brush, from knee to waist high, impedes locomotion badly, but one may here and there find areas where the reckless hand of man has scattered fire and destruction, and here huckleberry bushes have supplanted other growth largely, much to the gratification of the bears, whose trails and signs can be found almost anywhere in the summer. Here walking is easier and timber more open, but back some miles from tidewater, unfrequented by man and fire, there are vast areas where the forest is dense and dark as anywhere else. Here in places may be found spots where the gloom is even more pronounced—light depressions in the surface, or shallow valleys where the mould lies rich and deep, from which the majestic trunks of giant firs and cedars thickly tower skyward—so thickly that the eye cannot discern their tops, through which no shaft of sunlight penetrates to disturb the shadows that for generations have brooded in the aisles of this woodland temple, where every footfall is hushed in the mossy carpet whose deep pile rivals the choicest Moquette or Wilton, and softens every outline. No jangling bell swings from airy tower, but the lofty spires that whisper with the winds wave a perpetual invitation to worship amid silence unbroken and profound, where naught shall distract the mind from contemplation and adoration of the great Creator who has fashioned such majesty and beauty in His "first temples."

Another time, coming out upon the brink of some deep gorge down which far out of sight a stream dances and sings, whose melody, faint and delicious, softly catches the ear through the magnificent evergreens sentineling the slopes whose 200ft. tops are another 200ft. and more below you, over which you look westward and behold a vision of beauty and grandeur unsurpassed; for there within seeming easy walk, rising boldly from the dark green of the endless forest which encompasses them, and thrusting their hoary heads up, up, up, soaring into the heavens, from whence they gaze serenely out upon the heaving Pacific, the wonderful Strait of Fuca, the lovely reaches of Puget Sound, while holding converse with their snow-mantled companions, Rainier, Hood, Baker, Helen and a thousand others of the Sierras, and sending messages to the rugged range of the distant Rockies, far to the eastward, stand the mighty peaks of the Olympics, startling in their apparent proximity, awe-inspiring in their majesty and eternal solitude, and wondrously and inexpressibly beautiful in their snowy robes that envelop them in unsullied purity. Such a view is recompense enough for a long and toilsome tramp. You gaze and gaze, and the wonderful beauty and magnificence grow and grow, and you are filled, mayhap even to tears, with wonder and admiration and delight, and yet you are not filled. You cannot be. In the deeps of your soul there is an unutterable craving for more, more, more, a greater capacity for appreciation and enjoyment that will not be satisfied and yet is ever unsatisfied, and you are compelled to turn longingly away from a scene that angels might sing of exultingly.

And it may be that returning from such a jaunt and view on such a day of wondrous clearness you come out upon a spur high up above a valley, between two ravines, and as you pause to rest a moment, facing eastward, before the sharp descent homeward, there opens from between the nearer towering, straight and motionless firs a vista, the loveliness of which you may travel many a weary day to match. The green so dark and dense and well defined near at hand fades and fades, and is dimmed and softened as no painter's brush can portray it. The outlines of the trees here so distinct are blurred and blended as they recede into a solid mass, until at seventy miles as the crow flies, if he flies very straight, there rises from a hazy horizon and seemingly from a perfect level the perfectly defined outlines of incomparable Mt. Rainier, clothed from crown to base in snowy white that glows and burns in the rays of the waning sun, a vision of loveliness that no language can adequately describe. Over two and a half miles further than where you stand his brow is bared to receive the good-night kiss of the day god, and so rare is this wonderful air at the moment that your attentive ear almost catches his "good night" in return, and to the earth that is already drowsy, while he keeps his silent, unwearied eternal vigil, and speaks with the glittering hosts that nightly twinkle responses to his greeting.

You may weary of men, but intercourse with nature never palls.

While you of colder climes are suffering with blizzards, snow squalls, chilling rains, in the fag end of a winter that dies hard, spring here has put out her feelers, and the back of a very mild winter is easily broken. Frogs are peeping and trilling their love lays in the ponds and marshes; the silken buds of the pussy willows are nigh to bursting in their ambition and haste; certain early sorts of bushes along the creeks, of which I know not the name, for I am not much of a bushist in these parts, have put forth leaves, and the white bloom buds are growing fast; robins and bluebirds are already numerous, the wild currant and gooseberry are arraying themselves in summer garb, and a new edition of grass, furbished in standard and orthodox green, is being published at the instigation of warm and vivifying rains. Notice the adjectives. The other kind of rains have been falling all winter. They seldom or never do anything else in winter, which is only an exaggerated sort of late autumn. Sometimes it snows, but that is only rain whitewashed. It's just as wet, for rain always precedes, accompanies or succeeds snow, and then all is gloom, slush, drizzle and slop. The cedars and firs catch all the mush, and drip for a week; for the rain is a mist of the same temperature as the snow, and if it snows 4in. and rains four days there will probably be about 3½in. left; and it's so nice to be out in, particularly along the side hills endeavoring to trail something, and slip, and flounder, and strain, and paw the air, and wrench your back, and come down finally, whack! and not have adequate literature wherewith to express yourself, while the slush is up your sleeves and down your neck and in your pockets and plugs up your gun. It's not all of hunting to hunt, as I think some one has remarked, and that's one of the times when you don't want to commune with nature. I intended to say something else, but I haven't time now. See you later. I'll simply remark, though, that last winter I wrote an account, which you published in yours of Jan. 4, of the red salmon found in these waters. I really hoped for some information on the subject from either Messrs. Bean, Goode, Samuels, Cheney or some other of the experts, but the article seems to have fallen as dead and heavy as some unlucky batch of bread for want of fresh yeast or flour, or proper fire or manipulation, or chemical combination or something. I suppose I must grope in gloom and ignorance some more, and comfort myself with the thought that the fish is just as pretty as though I was acquainted with its history, parentage and lineage, but a person likes to know the why of things sometimes.

O. O. S.

WASHINGTON, February.

Distracted dog-owners who object to the order of the muzzle may perhaps find a word to the wise in the following experience of a well-known Parisian society woman. This lady bought, the other day, from a perambulating dog-dealer on the Champs Elysees, a ravishingly beautiful little toy poodle, whose feet especially attracted attention by their extremely delicate appearance. She took the treasure home into her salon, and was horrified on seeing it run at once up the curtain. The dog turned out to be a rat sewn into the skin of a baby poodle. This is an improvement on the story of the other Parisienne, who imported a most rare and expensive little toy dog from London, and found out, at home, that it was a joyful little mongrel sewn into the coat of a canine grandee. But why should not the distressed dog-owner of to-day go and buy a rabbit-skin to wrap the unmuzzled doggie in?—*Westminster Gazette.*

PASADENA, Cal.—I had an orchestra seat in the Puenta Hills the other day and saw ten foxhounds jump on a lynx in one act and one scene. The fur flew fast and fine. P.

A RESTIGOUCHE BEAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Owing to the roughness of the country, the difficulty in constructing totes or portages for the supply of the lumbermen in certain portions of New Brunswick compels them to use barges or flat-bottomed scows, 60ft. long, 8ft. wide and 2ft. deep, carrying from five to seven tons, drawn up the streams by three or four horses, often 100 miles to the scene of the winter's operations.

One morning late in October, at dawn of day, thirty years ago, I left my home at Dee Side on the Restigouche River, as captain and steersman on the cabin of my own boat. Besides my crew of three men I had as passengers my team of four horses, and so used are they to being carried down the stream that they stand very quiet, munching their hay and oats. The morning was cool, causing the fog to rise very thickly from the water. Around an island a mile below our starting point the river ran very strong, and at its lower end I caught sight of a large looking animal just stepping into the water. In a few seconds I made out that it was a bear crossing to a farm where previously he had been on the mutton chop business. The weight of the barge in the rapid water made us go much faster than the bear, and with our three oars at work we soon overtook him. As we neared him I steered the barge between him and the shore so as to cut off his landing. Seeing we were going to overtake him, I ordered my best bowman to stand on the flat transom (which forms the bow of the barge), having a long iron-shod maple handspike poised over his shoulder, and when I gave the word to strike him on the head with all his might. When we got within 4ft. of the bear I said, "Now, Jack, hit him." Jack struck, but not sufficiently hard. The bear sank and the barge ran over him.

I had told the other men to be ready with their poles the instant the bear was struck to snub the barge, as we were in about 4ft. of water. They did so, while I swung the stern around toward the shore. This action threw the barge off the bear, and he popped up about the middle of the boat, coming well out of water and making a grasp at the gunwale with his forepaws. The quick swinging of the boat, combined with his ducking, made him miss. How it would have fared had he made good his footing among the horses I had not the pleasure to find out, as he got a sight now of the opposite side of the river and made for it apparently none the worse. We held the barge against the current for a little until the bear was somewhat below us, then put out our oars and went after him. He had some 200yds. to swim, and we overtook him just in time before he touched the bottom. Again the word was, "Now, Jack!" This blow broke his skull, down went his head, the boys reached over and grabbed him by the rear, holding him partly under the sloping bow, and the impetus the barge had drove us up on the shore. He weighed 300lbs. and was in fine condition, both meat and skin.

In dressing him I found his stomach quite full of something hard, but movable, and it turned out to be the clean-shelled meat of the hazel nut. Now, as the nuts had long fallen from the bushes and been gathered by the squirrels, the rascal must have robbed some of their winter's stores.

I may say that in my forty years' traveling through the woods I never saw a bear unless in a trap. Their scent is so keen and their hearing so acute that they are off before you can get a sight of them. As for a bear's footfall, you can see its print in soft ground, but never hear it.

FRED. MOWAT.

HUNTING IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

BALTIMORE, Md.—During the past year more information has been gathered about the Dismal Swamp of Virginia than was ever before known, and this information is of interest and practical value to the hunter and scientist. A party of scientists from the Department of Agriculture ventured into the swamp last summer to study the flora and fauna of the dismal region, and they gathered specimens of many rare animals, birds and plants. Over fifty species of birds were found breeding in the swamp; wild animals roamed about in the thickets, bears and wildcats, and nearly all of the small game, including deer and opossums; snakes were more abundant than in any other similar region in the South, and Lake Drummond, in the middle of the swamp, was literally swarming with perch, black bass, pickerel, sunfish and panfish.

The swamp proper consists of about 120,000 acres of lowland, covered with dense thickets of cypress, juniper, pine, blackjack and many other trees and shrubs. So dense is this thicket that it is difficult in many places to force an entrance through it, and the hunters have to depend upon the narrow, winding channels for a pathway. Dugouts, 12ft. long and a few feet wide, are used for navigating the channels and lagoons of the swamp, and the natives wander through the pathless wilderness in this way with great ease. If one wishes to walk through the swamp after his game he must carry one of the long Southern cane knives, with which he can cut the brakes, cat-briers and thorns that will constantly impede his way. One mile an hour in this way is considered rapid traveling in the Dismal Swamp.

But fortunately for the hunters there are numerous waterways through the swamp that enable them to reach the very heart of the gunning region. One of these waterways in particular is an old canal started in the days of George Washington and abandoned to-day except for hunting purposes and for floating cypress trees and logs down to the coast. This Dismal Swamp Canal is probably one of the oldest in this country, and among the original incorporators of the company was the first President of the United States. When Cornwallis was at Yorktown Gen. Washington availed himself of the canal to bring supplies across the country, and it was through this secret waterway that he succeeded in replenishing his stock of stores without exposing his men to the guns of the enemy. No one who was not thoroughly familiar with the topography of the country would ever have suspected the presence of a long canal running straight through the impenetrable swamp.

The digging of the canal started by accident and was completed in a peculiar way. The demand for juniper and cypress shingles first induced the Southerners to trespass into the wilds of the swamp. The cypress and juniper trees flourished in abundance, and the woodchoppers chopped down all along the shore and then began to penetrate inland. But as they proceeded the soil became so soft and wet that it was found impossible to secure what they wanted. To simplify matters a narrow, long ditch was dug as they entered the forest, and the logs were floated in this to their destination. The ditch was made wide and deep enough to float a flat-bottom boat. One end connected with Deep Creek, a tributary of Elizabeth River, so that the logs could be floated right to the market of Norfolk. Year by year this work of gathering shingles went on, and further and further into the dismal wilds was the canal cut by the workmen. Most of the workmen were slaves, superintended by their white overseers. A certain number of shingles were required from each slave in one day, and all over and above these they were paid for. Years after the ditch was first started the workmen were startled one day by hearing strange voices in the distance. At first this frightened the workmen so that they were inclined to think that the swamp was the abode of evil spirits, but an investigation disclosed the fact that the North Carolina slaves had been digging a ditch from the opposite side toward the center of the swamp for the same purpose. The two parties had consequently met and over twenty miles of canal had been dug out of the swamp. The two parties had for years been digging independently toward each other, neither one knowing that the other was engaged in the same work. The point where the canals meet is marked by an angle. The canal is now owned by the Dismal Swamp Land Co., and it is very valuable to-day because of the ease with which the cypress and juniper shingles can be got to market. The shingles are made right in the swamp and shipped to the coast on flat-bottom boats. Logs are also floated down to Norfolk. At one time when the cypress and juniper were more plentiful in the swamp than to-day a single share of the canal company's stock was worth $33,000.

Lake Drummond is located right in the center of the swamp, and is one of the loneliest bodies of water in the country. When the canal was cut through a branch was dug to connect with the lake, so that the water would rise higher, and one can consequently reach the lake in a dugout very easily. A curious phenomenon of the swamp is that the boggy soil in dry seasons becomes inflammable clay, which will burn half the year when once set on fire. The swamp represents a modern coal-forming epoch. During last summer the middle of the swamp was on fire for three months, burning not only the trees and underbrush, but the soil. Lake Drummond was supposed to have been formed by fire. Centuries ago fire must have burned out the present depression in the middle of the swamp, and the rains and streams of water in the swamp filled the excavation with water. The lake to-day is a beautiful sheet of water, frequented by birds and wild game, who come to its shores for food and drink. In the fall of the year innumerable deer are run into the lake by hunters, who then catch them with dogs.

During slavery days it was said that many runaway slaves escaped into the Dismal Swamp and lived upon the small islands that jut up out of the oozy slime here and there, subsisting upon the wild berries, birds and animals. Even the bloodhounds could not track them successfully here, owing to the wet, boggy nature of the soil, which would completely throw them off their scent. In many places the hunter sinks up to his waist in mud if by chance he steps off one of the bogs. The water is of a very dark color, similar to that in nearly all of the Southern streams; but it is excellent for drinking, and quenches the thirst as quickly as the best artesian well water. Lake Drummond is filled with pure water, and much lighter in color than that found in the streams in the swamp.

There are many reptiles in the Dismal Swamp, but the vast majority are harmless snakes, and the hunter can pick them off the logs with impunity. But it is well to understand the different species of snakes before attempting this. The cotton-mouth moccasin frequents the shades of the swamp and his bite is deadly. The small rattlesnakes, with here and there a diamond-back, may be found sunning themselves on the logs or trees. The swamp is also quite full of wild cattle, which have strayed from domesticated herds long before the Rebellion, and who have degenerated into creatures scarcely recognizable. They roam through the glades in herds of two or three, and hunters shoot them as they do bears. Although very diminutive in size, these semi-wild creatures are fierce and strong, and a young bull would be more than a match for a Southern bear. The cattle are stalked and hunted in considerable numbers, but they are always shot, and not lassoed and taken home alive.

Bears are very numerous throughout the whole length and breadth of the 300 square miles. They are chiefly the small Southern black bear, ugly and ferocious when cornered, but a coward when there is a chance to escape. They subsist chiefly upon the wild berries and the fruit of the sour gum. Hunters in one trip up the canal as far as Lake Drummond in the fall of the year have killed as many as twenty bears. Wildcats, possums and raccoons are quite plentiful, so that the hunter may never look long for sport to tempt his gun. The wildcats are particularly vicious and aggressive in these wild, dark haunts. They feel more at home in the dense forest than elsewhere, and they do not hesitate to attack a man when wounded. Brought out into the open country beyond the edges of the swamp, they prove as cowardly as the bears, but they appear to resent the intrusion of man into their wild region, and they express their feelings in unmistakable snarls and cries. The first night the inexperienced hunter spends in the Dismal Swamp he is apt to forget all about sleep. The wild cries of the wildcats, and the screams of nightbirds, and croaking of frogs, with an occasional bellow of an alligator, do not give to the air the pleasantest sounds. But in reality there is no danger. No hunter has ever yet been attacked in the swamp by beast, bird or fish.

The squirrels are probably the most numerous of all the animals in the swamp, and they are so abundant that it is a wonder they can find enough to eat. The squirrel hunter in the North would do well to visit the Dismal Swamp if he would like to find his favorite game in numbers suitable to his wishes. The swamp is full of nut and berry trees, and the squirrels fight with the bears for their share. In the fall of the year when the nuts are ripe the squirrels pick them up from the edge of Lake Drummond, where the wind has blown them in long windrows. Thousands of squirrels may be seen running along the shore and out upon logs and sticks to gather the fallen nuts.

While deer are common in the swamp, they are very difficult to get unless provided with good hounds that can chase them through the swamp. They always take to the center of the swamp when pursued, and invariably seek Lake Drummond. In this respect they show their shortsightedness, for the hunters divide into two parties and take advantage of their weakness. While one party starts the dogs on their track the other waits patiently in the small dugouts on the lake, and as soon as the deer is heard crashing through the bushes they start for him. Once in the water the hunted creature can easily be shot or captured alive. Many fine Southern deer have been caught in this way for parks and museums, and there is no trap so secure and sure as Lake Drummond.

Birds abound, and breed in the trees, in the bushes, on the ground, and even under it. They sing in joyful songs from every bush and twig, or flash their gaily-plumaged bodies before your eyes at every turn in the canal. The long-legged crane and the equally long-necked blue heron flutter up from the lagoons in twos and threes; the graceful and brightly-clothed ibis watches you from the side of some swamp stream; innumerable ducks and geese flock in the center of Lake Drummond and inspect you warily; brush turkeys wander through the highest part of the swamp and utter their peculiar calls; and from every log and bush some strange bird greets you with a stare of wonder or welcome, and then utters a cry of fear. It is like going through a museum of natural history to pass through the swamp in a dugout. Rice mice, field mice, golden mice and lemming mice run up and down the trees and bushes and hide themselves among clusters of leaves and branches.

The forest growths are no less interesting and varied than the animals and birds. Cypress trees and junipers 50 years old tower high up above the swamp undergrowth; magnolias 60ft. high produce magnificent blooms that seem to touch the clouds and scent the whole forest around with their delicate odor; vines wrap and entwine every tree, squeezing out the life from the weak and seeking support from the strong; air plants 50ft. among the branches blossom half the year and drop long tendrils down toward the gloom below, and in the summer season the wild jasmine, laurel, dogwood and honeysuckle laden the air with such a combination of sweet odors that one feels intoxicated. It seems more like a fairy land than a swamp. The gloom and darkness of the vaults under the trees suggest unearthly regions, while the beauty of natural objects around relieves the mind of the depressing sense of forbidding surroundings. There are very few such places in this country that can produce the combined effect of gloominess and enchantment that one always feels when shut up in the dark glades of Virginia's Dismal Swamp.

G. E. W.

NEW ENGLAND DIALECTS.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While I agree fully with your delightful correspondent M. de Montauban in admiration of Mr. Robinson's faithful representation of the Yankee and Kanuck dialects, as given in the Uncle Lisha series of sketches, I must differ with him decidedly in the supposition that the speech of the early settlers of northern Vermont and New Hampshire was in any way derived from an Irish ancestry or tinctured with Irish brogue. The fact is, to the best of my recollection, that the Irish element was an almost unknown factor in northern New England until the building of the great railroad systems of the Vermont Central and Concord & Montreal during the period of ten or twelve years beginning in 1845. The Irishmen, driven from home by the great potato famine, then came over here in thousands, and did the great bulk of the manual labor in grading and excavating for these roads, an occupation for which the sturdy backs developed by their digging in the peat bogs of their native country eminently fitted them. They were as essential to the building of the railroad systems of New England as were the Chinese, in later years, to those of the Pacific Coast. Where they were planted they stayed, and their children brought up in our common schools are becoming valuable citizens, very different from those who have hung around the docks and slums of the great cities. In my boyhood days an Irishman was nearly as great a curiosity in northern New England as a red Indian, and I well remember the appearance of the first pair who came to this village at a somewhat earlier date, say 1835 or '6. One of them, Michael Tobin, was a strong, sturdy fellow, and at once found employment on a farm; the other, Peter Stoneham, was a confirmed invalid, but made a living, while he did live—which was not long—by ransacking the banks of the river and brooks for willows, osiers he called them, from which he supplied the village with baskets.

I remember his teaching me how to make one which lasted for a chip-basket for a year or two, and I tried to make a trout creel, but it was too clumsy for comfort. Two or three more drifted slowly in afterward, and found employment as gardeners in the village, but the great influx did not come until 1846 or '7.

It is true there was a large immigration in the southeastern part of the State in the last century of the Scotch Irish, as they were called, from Ulster county, and the names of Derry, Londonderry and Windham yet bear testimony to their points of departure, but they were of Scotch origin, and showed it in name, looks and language.

Among the most honored names in New Hampshire are those marked with the Scotch Mac, such as McCleary, McDuffie, McGaw, McGregor, McNeill, McQueston and McRae, but they did not bring any brogue with them, and "there were no flies on them" either, to use the last slang phrase.

If Mr. Montauban will look over Sam Lovel again, he will find that Sam speaks of an Irishman as rather a curiosity in his experience.

The dialect and character of the native Yankee, as given by Mr. Robinson, are perfect as I recall them in the days in which he lays his scenes, and we now have a venerable fellow townsman, whom I can remember, when his wife was living, as always referring everything "to M'ri," while Uncle Lisha pegged boots at the corner near my father's house, and for a year or two after I first left home I was a fellow boarder with a Maine doctor who was a facsimile of Solon Briggs. Sam Lovel himself would almost pass for a photograph of my late lamented colleague on the Fish and Game Commission, A. H. Powers. Many of these so-called Yankeeisms are pure old English, now become obsolete at home, but I was much surprised at meeting some of them on their native heath in Lancashire and Yorkshire, when in England in 1850–1. Giving a man "a licking" instead of "a thrashing" was the first

phrase to attract my notice, but I afterward found many more. However, to use another Yankee phrase, "this is a great Boo for such a small colt," as I only intended when I began to disclaim any Irish origin for the native speech of New England, and to express my admiration for Mr. Robinson's exquisite portraiture of it, and my continued delight in reading his truthful and graphic sketches.

VON W.

POSSUM TOM.

THE trees were gaunt and the fields were brown, but there was sunshine and the droning of bees and the singing of birds abroad in the land. It was only the tenth of the year, but no day in June is more lovely and fair—more brilliant withal, or more floods the world with the delight of mere living.

I knew it was too warm to think of hunting, but the dogs were wild for a run, my pony stood at the gate, and I knew that birds could be found for the seeking, so I exchanged my corduroy coat for a jacket of canvas, and was soon on my way to the coverts. At noon, repentant and weary, I betook my lunch and the pointers to a spring that I knew for an hour of rest. Uncle Peter, an old colored friend, who was out hunting rabbits with three curs and a musket, paused in the act of kneeling to drink to greet my approach, and graciously invited me to "squentch" my thirst before he "riled up de water." In return for his "manners" I offered him part of my "smack," and rejoiced to see the relish with which he partook despite his modest avowal that he "wa'n't er bit hongry."

When our pipes were produced I found my tobacco had been lost or forgotten, and Uncle Peter by dusting his pockets only managed to scrape up enough crumbs to half fill the hole in his corncob, but before he had half finished this he heard in the distance a familiar halloo to a hound, and exclaimed:

"Dat's Possum Tom yellin' at dat dog, Mars' Will! You des wate a minit; he's got de bes' stingy green en enny nigger I kno's, an' I'se gwine ter hobble ober dar an' git yer sum'," and with this the old fellow set forth on his mission of mercy, soon after returning with a twist of home raised tobacco that bettered his praise in the smoking.

After contentedly puffing a moment or two I began speculating about the man who could raise such tobacco, and inquired:

"Who is this Possum Tom, Uncle Peter? Where does he live?"

"He's one er our niggers; hain't yer neber heayr my Mars' John talkin' ebout 'im? Yer hain't? I sho is s'prised at dat, 'caise hit look lack Mars' John don' never git tired er miratin' 'bout dat nigger."

"Tell me about him, Uncle Peter."

"Wal, sah, dat Tom's de lacklies' young nigger on de plantashun, an' dat's what mecks me say what I do, dat yer can't tell nuthin' 't all 'bout chilun what dey gwine ter be by 'n' by when dey git grow'd up—dat wus de 'onrest leetle chap eber I see. He wus dat puny an' sleepy lookin' dat ole marster call 'im 'Possom, an' de name dun hung ter 'im eber since; an', mun! he was er sight ter ketch possoms too, 'twell Lou—dat's 'is wife—chored 'im er hun'in' 'um 'long in de fus' fall arter he had 'er.

"Lou's er monst'us fine 'oman, but I 'lowed dar wus gwine ter be trouble in dat cabin fum de start; an' sho 'nuff dar wus, an' heaps ob it.

"Yer see, Tom wa'n't nufin mo' 'n er boy when he up an' mar'ied, an' wa'n't no ways set'led in 'is min' 'bout wh'er he want Lou er Jane, er ginger-cake gal libin' ober dar on de Riber Place. De berry day he had Lou I wus down at de quarters whar he 'us wuckin' nailin' bo'ds on 'is house tryin' ter git hit kivered 'g'inst de wed'in' dat nite; an' whilst I 'us dar dat nigger Jane cum er prancin' through de quarters lack er Morgan filly. Tom seed 'er, he did; an' des es soon es he clap eyes on 'er he drap eb'ry thing an' sorter r'ar up on 'is feets an' look'd at 'er, an' look'd at 'er, 'twell she 'us plum' out er sight beyant de hill, an' den he gin er long whis'le an' low'd, kinder ter hiss'f: ''Fore Gawd, I b'l'eves I orter had dat nigger.'

"Dat settle hit; I kno'd dar 'us guine ter be trouble fur sho', an' hit wa'n't no s'prisement ter me when I foun' out 'fo' de sum'er 'us gone dat Tom 'us guine possum huntin' mos' eb'ry nite, an' dat too down on de Riber Plantashun.

"Wal, der fus' thing yer kno' Lou she got jub'us, an' dar wus er fite, an' Tom he sich er leetle feller, he got de wu'st ob it; but nem' mine, stid er stop'in' 'im he des went huntin' mo' 'n eber. Dhen dey had mo' fites an' wus fites, 'twell dey raise sich er'sturbment on de place dat Mars' John had ter teck er han' an' up an tell 'em dat de nex' time dey fite he guine ter move 'em clean erway frum de quarters an' out inter de woods whar ders guin' ons c'u'dn' scan'lize nobody but de owls an' de jay-birds.

"Dat settle de fitin' so fur es I kno', do Lou say she lay she stop 'im yit; an' de nex' time he went huntin' she tuck an' meck er pile outin 'is Sunday clothes an' burn 'em up ter de las' string.

"Tom 'us dat outdun at dat, he didn' kno' what ter do; an' Mars' John he gin Lou sich er talkin' ter dat hit 'us way long de nex' fall fo' she eben squeak'd, do dat nigger 'us huntin' wus'n eber now dat de varmints 'us sho' 'nuff fitin' ter cat. I 'low'd she wa'n't lyin' so low fur nothin'; an' dat she was studyin' ter fling 'im on 'is back by 'n' by.

"Sho' 'nuff, one nite when hit wus des col' 'nuff fur er leetle fire do de house wus all open, an' I wus settin' by de chimbly corner cleanin' out Mars' John's gun an' talkin' ter 'im 'bout de pa't'edges he dun kilt dat day, I heayrd Tom at de back do' callin' right easy lack: 'Unc Peter, Unc' Peter.'

"I des say right erway ter myse'f, 'Dar, Lou dun crimp dat nigger dis time, sho'r.'

"I started ter go ter de do', but Mars' John he call out: 'What yer want, Tom? Unc' Peter's busy.'

"I wants ter see yer, Mars' John. Step ter de do', please sah,' Tom 'turned de answer.

"'Ef yer want ter see me, Tom, cum heay,' Mars' John say. Tom didn' cum an' didn' say no mo'; so Mars' John kep' on readin' de book an' clean furgot dat nigger 'us dar 'twell by 'n' by he heayr 'em erg'in: 'Mars' John, please, sah, step heayr des er minit.'

"'Unc' Peter, go an' see what dat nigger wants,' Mars' John say, widout eben lookin' up frum de book 'twell I cum back, an' he ax me what de matter. I wus dat tickled dat I mos' c'u'dn' talk, but I did meck out sumhow ter keep my face straight long 'nuff ter tell 'im Tom 'us out dar des es necked es he cum in de world an' ax 'im fur Gard's sake ter cum ter de do'.

"Mars' John jump up at dat an' grab er car'age robe out'n de hall an' fling hit 'roun' dat shiberin' nigger 'fo' he eben ax 'im what de trouble. Tom's teef 'us chat'rin' 'twell dey soun' lack de hail on de roof, but he say bes' he c'u'd: 'Mars' John, I started possum huntin' des now down on the Riber Plantashun. Dot made Lou mad an' she run an' cotch up wid me yonder by the gin house an' she flung me down an' tuck an' strip de las' rag off'n me, an' wen' home an' shet de do' an' pull in de latchstring, an' I des can't 'suade 'er ter lemme in de house.'

"'You go home, Tom, an' tell dat 'oman ter let yer in dat house,' Mars' John say, an' den he went back in de liberry an' laff lack he hurt hisse'f.

"'Bout 'n hour, I s'pec', I wus guine 'roun' shet'in' up de house, an' when I cum ter de back do' I c'u'd heayr Tom down at de quarters beggin'; 'Lou, oh, Lou! fur de Lord's sake lemme in, I'se mos' fre'z'.'

"I wus skeerd dat nigger 'ud ketch 'is death out dar in de col', so I call Mars' John ter cum an' lis'en. Soon es he heayrd Tom beggin' an' er pleadin' whid dat 'oman he 'us dat mad hit skeerd me. He neber say er wurd, but he grab er big hick'ry stick frum out'n de rack an' pi'ched out in de dark; me er fol'rin' close behin' 'im es I dar'd ter keep 'im frum fin'in' out I wus dar. When he got ter de house he hit dat do' one rap wid de stick, an' I heayrd Lou hit de flo' when she jump out de bed when he say:

"'Open dis do', Lou, an' let Tom in! Do yer want 'im ter die out heayr in de col'?' By dis time Lou had de do' open an' she 'turn de answer:

"'I'se willin' ter let 'im in, Mars' John, but he ain't guine ter sleep wid me dis nite.'

"'Hit don' meck no differ' wid me nigger whe'r I sleeps wid you er no; all I wants is ter git ter de fire,' I heayrd Tom say, an' den I slip back ter der house 'fo' Mars' John fin' out I bin dar.'

"Dat chored Tom er huntin', 'cep'in' rabbits in de daytime. He seed he c'u'dn' hole er lite ter dat 'oman cumin' er guine, an' he des went ter wuck an' settled down 'twell now dar hain't nufin' 'bout 'im ter 'mind yer ob 'is good-fur-nufin' days 'cep'in' des de name—Possum Tom."

WILL SCRIBBLE.

GREENBRIAR, Ala.

ON THEIR WAY EAST.

The "Forest and Stream" Red Hunters.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 13.—It was a singular party which tepped off from the Wisconsin Central train last Wednesday morning, and one which attracted a great deal of attention from the passers-by. This was the little band of Blackfeet Indians, on their way to the Sportsmen's Exposition at New York, in bond, so to speak, in the hands of Forest and Stream Publishing Co. from the Secretary of the Interior, who has granted to that representative sportsmen's journal the privilege of showing all good white hunters the ways of the red hunters of the West.

It would have disappointed any man disposed to carp or sneer at an Indian, because he is an Indian, to see those native Americans. Self-confidence and dignity are unmistakable and command respect under any color and of any color. It was impossible to avoid feeling impressed by the positive dignity of the Piegan leader, Bear Chief. One felt at once that he was in the presence of a man of consequence and power of character. Possibly some young white clerks who never rode a horse, or some rich young men who never earned a dollar, may have smiled at Bear Chief because he was an Indian. Yet by what right could they smile? Had they themselves ever proved themselves more manful? Have they ridden down the buffalo, or fought hand to hand, man against man, in contests where defeat meant death? Bear Chief is a fighter and is chief because he has proved himself a man.

The tall and dark man (he stands 6ft. 1½in.) who came down the platform carrying the black-eyed baby was William Jackson, of the Piegans, interpreter for the party. Billy Jackson sported no long hair and wore no buckskin, but none the less he too is a fighter with a record which my clerk and my rich man's son will probably never care to equal. Billy was at the ripe age of 14 when he first became a U. S. scout and trailer. He was 18 when the Custer fight occurred, and was one of Reno's fourteen scouts in that battle. When the Indians drove back Reno's three companies of troopers from the river bank they left these scouts, cut off in a little willow patch. Here they lay and fought till dark. It was here that Charlie Reynolds, chief of scouts, was killed. Out of the fourteen scouts Billy was one of the four who got out alive. Since then he has been in the Riel rebellion and all the rest of the good fighting in the North, but you wouldn't know that to look at or talk with him.

Billy Jackson's wife, the very comely young woman who walked at his side and pulled the baby's shawl from off her head so she could get plenty of air, was Na-tô-ka, among her own people what the beautiful daughter of an old and wealthy family is with us. Na-tô-ka would disappoint sadly any observer who was looking for a looped and windowed ugliness. Her face was smooth and pleasant, her hair smooth as a seal's head, her garb neat and after the fashion of the settlements.

Jack Monroe, with the party, has been heard of before as a mighty hunter and trapper of the St. Mary's country. His home is near the top of the Continental roof, where you can send a twig to the Atlantic or the Pacific, as you like, by water route. J. W. Schultz, who traveled with the party as far East as Chicago, is known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as a guide and hunter in the Blackfoot region.

Least, but by no means last, was the baby, Na-tô-yi, daughter of Billy Jackson and Na-tô-ka—the fattest, sleekest, jolliest, cutest little tot of a girl baby that ever struck Chicago or any other city. I had thought myself beyond such folly, but I confess I fell in love with Na-tô-yi. Her twinkling black eyes, her chubby cheeks and curly dark hair were too much for me; and about everyone else who has seen this baby—she is only 20 months old—has surrendered at once in similar fashion. It was a cold and snowy Chicago day when we went out into the street, but Na-tô-yi's bare legs kicked comfortably, and the snowflakes lay white on her curly pate. Then folks wondered what sort of creature this crowing little beauty was. At the hotel she owned the house in twenty minutes, and an hour later had a retinue waiting at her door. At Lincoln Park, where she went to have her first look at the elephant and the lion and the monkeys, with her parents and friends, to whom all this was also new, she owned the animal house and tried to shake hands with the elephant, which ever after she calls to mind with slow and ponderous noddings of her own little noddle—a quick instance of the Indian readiness at sign language. At the dog show, where the party went that night, the baby again owned the house and received the attention of all the officials of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, as well as those of countless well-clad ladies who thronged the aisles and asked to be allowed to "hold the baby."

The hot air and the rich odors of the white men's many dogs in assembly proved too much for Na-tô-ka, the Indian woman, who became faint and had to be led into fresher air. She revived in time to see the performing dogs and monkeys, and at these both she and the dignified Bear Chief laughed heartily in wonderment and glee. I asked Bear Chief what his people would say if he told them he had seen a dog turn a handspring, and he replied: "They will tell me I am lying."

Bear Chief was even more quiet and reserved than was natural for him, and inquiry developed the pitiful cause of this. Within three days he had lost two of his own children, and the last thing he had done before starting on his long journey to the East to meet his friend on FOREST AND STREAM in New York was to hand over into the hands of his people the dead body of his baby, to be buried after he had gone. Indians are human, and this would have saddened any human parent. Bear Chief apologized for being silent and sad, but said his "heart was very heavy." Well it might be, though I could only admire the determination of the man, who put aside his own grief, and started on such a journey to keep the promise he had made to his friend. The Indian religion seems not to offer much consolation for the future state. We spoke to Bear Chief such sympathy as we could, and told him that now his children would never be cold or hungry again, and that they were happy where they were now. Bear Chief was silent for a time; then through the interpreter he said that these thoughts had not before come to him. "This talk is good," he said, "and it makes my heart much lighter." He sat around for quite a time in silence, and at length spoke to the interpreter, asking if he would ask me to have this talk written out and sent to his people, out at his home in Montana, where his women were mourning for the children that had died. I told him this should be done, and again he was silent for quite a while, but at length arose, came up to me, smiled, and shook my hand heartily. The language was plain, and I own I was touched by the whole incident. We sent out the letter, in care of the mission at the Blackfoot reservation, and I wish some comfort may come of it, at least in the news that Bear Chief has found friends in the land where he is visiting.

En Route to New York.

March 14.—The FOREST AND STREAM Indians are a surprise and a delight. We begin now to be better acquainted, and are trading hunting stories and general information. It is rather a fascinating experience, for me at least. I find the red hunters by no means so savage. They have learned much of the ways of the white people already. Polite themselves, they dread impoliteness and shrink from being stared at, though Bear Chief looks neither to the right nor to the left. The baby, Na-tô-yi, owns the sleeping car and the entire dining car service. Last night she met a little white girl in the car, and at once proceeded, by force of arms, to swap dolls with her, willy-nilly. Na-tô yi's doll being of gingham, with a rag face, she realized the advantages of a big bisque doll with flaxen hair, and insisted on a trade. To this the white youngster objected, and we had a race war which for a time was hard to quell. It occurs to me that whether or not the visitors to the camp of the FOREST AND STREAM red hunters understand the ceremonies and customs they will see shown there, they cannot, any of them, fail to understand this Indian baby and her bright, self-confident and cheering, happy ways. It is an easy guess that Na-tô-yi will own Madison Square Garden next week, and it shall go hard if she do not also go back home with the entire scalp of Father Knickerbocker dangling at her belt.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

INTIMATIONS OF SPRING.

AT no time of the year does the lover of nature long for the woods and streams as about the end of March. It is a month before the season opens for trout, but the days are warm enough to melt the snow from the exposed places, although it freezes slightly at night.

You rise in the morning and think what a glorious day to be at that particular stream not 1,000 miles distant; the trouble is that you know the snow lies deep in the shady nooks and the pools are not yet entirely clear of ice. On going to your business you try to forget all about it, but as this is usually the dullest time in the year, you find yourself late in the afternoon sitting far back in the revolving chair with your feet on the desk, smoking and thinking of bygone times with rod and gun.

When at last you go home, you tell your wife that you are badly run down and need a holiday about as much as anybody ever did. She has seen it coming upon you for a week, but as it is not the first time, she has wisely concluded to let it run its course; for it is a real fever, with only one cure.

After supper you start and look about the house for your sporting duds, put the old rod together to try its spring and elasticity, fix the reel on the seat (although you know perfectly well it fits the rod), and closely examine your fly book. Perhaps you find that your boots need repairing and some of the tacks are lost; for I never wear rubber, but instead a leather, laced boot, 10in. high, with hob nails in the sole to prevent slipping on the mossy rocks. Rubber boots are a nuisance first, last and all the time. If you have to walk any distance they sweat and blister the feet, and when wading those wild, rocky streams you are in constant danger of stepping in a hole and getting the boots full of water, to say nothing of the risk of drowning. With a pair of leather boots I am comfortable when walking on a hard road, sure of foot when wading, and with a dry pair of socks when finished I am in better condition at the end of a hard day's fishing than I could possibly be with rubber boots on.

But to return. When your things are put away you go downstairs and relate old experiences for the benefit of

your wife, who listens patiently and looks very much interested while you are describing how you captured that two-pounder last spring. When you retire to rest, your head is full of plans for an outing and your dreams are all on the same strain.

This sort of thing is kept up until finally you make up your mind that trout will bite, and oh! how you rush through that day's work to get the time for the purchase of some of the necessaries that have been left to the last. That night you pack up everything for the trip and tell your wife to leave a cold lunch for you to get in the morning. When all is ready you take the alarm clock to your room and set it for 2:30 A. M.

You go to bed fully expecting to fall asleep at once, although it is only 9:30; but your brain is too full of eager expectations for immediate slumber and when you finally drop off it seems but a minute till you hear that cussed alarm going as if possessed of a demon.

Perhaps I will tell the story of that trip some time in the future, but as I do not feel in the mood for writing fiction it must be postponed. CRUISER.

Forest Fires or Forest Police?

Editor Forest and Stream:

A recent editorial in FOREST AND STREAM which deals with the disappearance of our game in its relation to the occupancy of lands but lately of use solely or largely for the maintenance or pursuit of wild creatures for such sport as they might afford, and now devoted to the various uses of civilization, and as a consequence to the legitimate support and maintenance of civilized man, is in strict accordance with my views upon this subject. I believe that Sir John Lubbock estimates the breadth of land required to maintain an individual savage who lives by hunting at not less than fifty square miles. I have lived where I rarely tasted meat except that which fell to my gun, and I well remember a remark of my wife, that in our housekeeping "a gun was as necessary as a cooking stove." There is little game now in all that region, but there is plenty of wheat, corn and cattle, and the present occupants of the land are far more prosperous than were those who hunted in the long ago, while their children have opportunities for advancement of which in the old days their parents never dreamed.

This is legitimate and only what was looked for by thoughtful men.

That which most annoys me is not the diminution of our supplies of game and fish so much as the reckless—often wanton—waste and destruction which follow in the wake of the settler and leave but desolation in their track; and the apathy of the people and their chosen representatives, who, with comparatively few exceptions, regard with indifference such matters as forest fires, the pollution of streams, and the wanton and unlawful destruction of fish and game which constantly takes place under the eyes of those who live in the rural districts.

When I cruised northward to the Straits of Mackinaw last summer our boat was never out of sight of forest fires, while the smoke was sometimes so thick on Lake Michigan that we had to run by compass at ncon.

The cost to the State of Michigan of these fires would have maintained for years a large body of forest police, who might, under suitable laws, have done very much to save both timber and game. Unless our people take warning in time their grandchildren, like the descendants of the old Greeks, will perhaps be found hunting for stray bushes on barren slopes, which in the days of their ancestors were forest-clad or otherwise productive. If the next Legislature will show a little common business sense and leave at home some of their political tricks they may earn the gratitude of the next generation by looking after these matters. KELPIE.

Natural History.

THE WILDCATS OF NORTH AMERICA.

REPRESENTATIVES of the cat tribe, the great family known to naturalists as the *Felidæ*, occur almost all over the habitable globe. Australia and the circumpolar regions are the only territories of considerable extent where wildcats are unknown. Of course, many of the smaller islands are free from their presence.

In fact, it may be said that two single species of cats divide the world between them, neither of them encroaching upon the other. These are the leopard of the Eastern Hemisphere and the panther of the Western. The former is found almost all over Africa and Asia, and at one time ranged throughout Europe, even to Scandinavia. In the New World the habitat of the panther extends from middle Patagonia through every part of South America, Central America and Mexico, all over the United States where not driven away by human settlement, and as far north as lower British Columbia and southern Canada. It inhabits alike the prairie and the forest, the mountain and the plain.

America must perforce yield the palm to Asia and Africa in the possession of the fiercest and most lordly of the cat tribe, the tiger and the lion. Yet the great cats of America, the jaguar and the panther, are not far behind these in size, activity and strength.

In an artificial classification of these quadrupeds we recognize three groups: the unspotted cats, the spotted cats and the lynxes. The first named, which are chiefly terrestrial in their habits, rank as the most highly organized of these groups from the fact that their young are always spotted or striped, and lose these markings before they reach the adult stage. This being the case, we may place at the head of American cats the panther, to whose immense range we have already referred. His superior size gives him an additional title to the first place on the list. This interesting quadruped, covering as he does so extensive a range, naturally rejoices in a variety of titles—panther, puma, cougar, Rocky Mountain lion, California lion—to say nothing of such local names as catamount and "painter." Naturalists the world over know him as *Felis concolor*.

This strong-limbed, muscular animal, well balanced in every part of his organism, if possessed of the undaunted ferocity of the Bengal tiger, might almost take rank by the side of that dreaded man-eater. The panther has been known to spring 20ft. into the air as an every-day performance in order to surmount the perpendicular face of a cliff and reach his cavern home. A young bull or a half-grown colt sometimes falls a prey to his vigorous assaults.

But note the contrast when he has a man to face. This huge, tawny cat, to his shame be it said, is an arrant coward, driven to flight or to the refuge of a tree before the barkings of an unworthy cur, and shot from his perch by the hunter with as little show of resistance as if he were a squirrel or an opossum. He has "no stomach for a fight," and is only and occasionally courageous when the possession of a tempting piece of flesh so calls into play the greedy cat nature as to embolden him to face and repulse a pack of hounds until their masters appear upon the scene.

Annals of the early days of frontier and forest life, chiefly in our Western country, furnish occasional instances of attacks of the panther upon man, but the wily brute soon learned the meaning of the rifle crack, even if he had not already been taught to dread the sting of the Indian arrow.

Such is his cowardice that very few of the stories told of his prowess in confronting man can be regarded as authentic. We recall one such instance in the experience of a hunter in what was then the Territory of Washington. Returning alone through a forest with a haunch of venison on his shoulder, he was set upon by a "California lion," doubtless attracted by the meat, and in the struggle that followed the man was so terribly lacerated that he soon died.

Another instance in point was related to the writer by an old and trustworthy hunter in the Blue Ridge of southwestern North Carolina. About fifty years ago, when that now sparsely settled region was literally a howling wilderness abounding in game, large and small, a panther sprang from a tree upon the stooping form of an Indian engaged in digging ginseng roots. After a desperate fight, in which he was fearfully lacerated, the Indian succeeded in killing the panther with his knife. But such instances, as already stated, are exceedingly rare.

On our southwestern prairies, as well as on the South American pampas, the panther is sometimes captured with the lasso. The cowboy or ranchman, seeing a "big cat" straying at a distance from the brush, soon brings his fleet pony within the desired range, and the choking rope-noose ends the chapter.

The cry of the panther may be described as a long-drawn, shrill, whining scream, often losing the whine in its fierceness. It is cut into sections, so to speak, but lacks the screech-owl tremulousness of the cry of the smaller cats. It is often blood-curdling when heard in the lonely forest, or when it breaks upon the stillness of night.

There are but two other species of "unspotted cats" in North America, the yaguarundi (*Felis yaguarundi*) and the eyra (*Felis eyra*). The former inhabits the *tierra caliente*, the low hot country of Mexico and Central America, and I have seen no authentic account of its presence north of the Rio Grande. It measures 10in. high at the shoulder, 2ft. in length of body and 18in. in length of tail.

The eyra has much the same range as the yaguarundi, but has occasionally been seen and killed in Texas, where it is known as "the weasel cat," from its resemblance to the weasel when seen at a distance. I once saw a full-grown specimen of this cat in the live oak thickets of Padre Island on the Texas coast, but I failed to shoot it. It has also been seen in New Mexico.

The adult eyra is 18 to 20in. long in body, its tail is 10 to 12in. long, while its height at the shoulder is only 7in., and its front legs are almost abnormally short in comparison with the hind limbs. It varies in color from a reddish yellow to a bright rufous red, often mimicking the color of the clay of the numerous gullies (or arroyos) which everywhere cut the prairie along the coast. While its length is considerably greater, its height is but little above that of the domestic cat; hence, like the yaguarundi, it is by no means a formidable beast.

We come now to consider the spotted cats, which, though more attractive in respect to color, cannot claim superior beauty of form or grace of movement. The unspotted cats, as we have already stated, are chiefly terrestrial in their habits, although they sometimes betake themselves to the friendly branches of a tree, either to escape their one enemy, man, and his minion, the dog, or the better to lie in wait for and spring upon their prey. The spotted cats, on the other hand, are essentially arboreal in haunt and habit, resting by day among the sheltering leaves of forest trees, ready to spring upon any unwary deer, antelope, calf, hog or hare that may pass beneath.

The largest of American spotted cats is the famous jaguar (*Felis onca*), the most formidable of the New World *Felidæ* by reason of its courage and ferocity. This great cat, almost the counterpart of the leopard of the Old World, is fully as long in body as the panther and 4 to 5in. lower at the shoulder. His feet and limbs are nearly as heavy, while his head is larger and his ears wider apart. His habitat is far more limited than that of the panther, ranging through Brazil, along the lower western slopes of the Andes, through the forests of the Amazon and the Orinoco, the wooded sections of Colombia and Central America, and along the Gulf Coast of Mexico and Texas, as far northeast, at one time, as the bayous of southern Louisiana. The jaguar is still an occasional inhabitant of southern Texas, though very rarely seen or heard. I have seen the skins of very large tawny and black-spotted specimens that had been shot along the line of railroad between Laredo and Corpus Christi.

Report having been made to me of a jaguar as occasionally seen in the great stretch of live oak near the Aransas, a small river not far north of the Nueces, I procured a pack of large hounds used to treeing wildcats and the like, supposing that they would also be available for my present purpose. As soon as we reached the locality named we killed a hog and exposed its carcass. The jaguar found the bait over night and devoured the throat and parts of the head. When, however, we put the dogs on the scent they refused to follow, bristling up, whining and showing other signs of fear. This had been predicted by my guide, who confirmed the statement of other hunters to the effect that the jaguar, unlike the panther, stands in no fear of dogs, but springs upon them and tries to drag them away, often with success. Our dogs proving useless for our purpose, we finally gave up our pursuit of the jaguar.

Of the spotted cats, the next in size to the jaguar is the ocelot (*Felis pardulis*), a beautifully spotted and somewhat banded species, well known in the sections it inhabits. It is a little smaller than the average setter dog, lower in stature, but nearly as long. It measures 2ft. 8in. in length of body, and 14in. in length of tail. Its shoulder height is 16in., and its heavily moulded figure gives the impression of great muscular power. The head is broad and full.

The name leopard cat, popularly given to this animal, might well be changed to tiger cat, because its velvety spots are often lengthened into bands or stripes. Otherwise it is a miniature jaguar, except that its ground color is white, with a very little tawny in most specimens.

The ocelot preys upon birds, hares, lambs, young calves, antelopes and fawns. Its ability to hold and kill a full-grown deer is not well proved. It seldom leaves the shelter of bushes and trees except to cross prairies from grove to grove. The surest way to capture this cat is to explore the groves carefully, far and wide. Patient and thorough search will usually be rewarded by finding an ocelot extended on a horizontal limb of a tree, taking his siesta. He will not show excessive alarm at being discovered, but will sit upright, watching you closely and showing his teeth if you approach too near. At the first chance he will spring to the ground and make off at a regular cat gallop.

If, however, you do not intend to lose him, one bullet through his head as he sits looking at you will make him your property. And here, by the way, we may remind our sportsman readers that the head of a cat, and not the heart, should always be the point of aim. A bullet through the brain means instant death, but a cat shot through the heart or lungs, though of course mortally wounded, is often a very dangerous animal for a few moments at least. In the desperation of his last struggle he may hurl himself upon you, and a few seconds may suffice for a lacerated arm or face.

While in lower Texas a story was told me on good authority of a Mexican shepherd who, on returning to his hut one night and hearing the piteous bleating of a hurt lamb he had left within, determined to kill the intruder, which in the darkness he mistook for a coyote. As the beast dashed for the door the Mexican, used to such encounters, made a grab for it and found he had caught a tartar in the shape of a large ocelot. He had grasped it by the throat, and had it been a wolf he would soon have choked it to death. But the powerful cat used its claws at once, and the Mexican, seeing his mistake, tried to relinquish his hold. He found that it took two to make a bargain, for the ocelot clung to him and savagely tore his arm and hand. The man at length pinned the cat to the ground, and then, watching his opportunity, seized it by the hindleg, swung it free from him and over his head, and brought it down with all its 30lbs. with such force as to stun it, whereupon he killed it with his knife. He at once set out for the nearest town, twenty miles away, and arrived there only to find that his left arm had to be amputated at the elbow.

The cry of the jaguar is a rough, deep-voiced roar, resembling that of the lion, but with less volume of sound. When heard at a distance it is not unlike the braying of a mule, without the rising wheeze at the end of each note.

The ocelot's cry is more like the panther's than the jaguar's, and heard at night, half a mile away, recalls the weird, mournful cry of some great night bird of the owl or heron tribe.

The only remaining spotted cat of North America is the margay (*Felis tigrina*), an animal similar to the ocelot in its markings and general proportions, but much less in size. The margay averages 18in. in length of body, 8in. in length of tail, and 8 or 10in. in height at the shoulder. In some sections its size is considerably under these figures—in fact, hardly exceeding a large house cat. There is good reason to assume that this wiry, agile little animal inhabits the section just north of the Rio Grande, known as the "Bad Lands," abounding in cactus and seamed with arroyos. While there I heard many accounts of shooting a very small spotted cat; and I observed that the natives habitually spoke of three kinds, as the big leopard-cat, the small leopard-cat, and the little spotted cat. By these names they plainly designated the jaguar, the ocelot and the margay.

Last of all we come to speak briefly of the lynxes, which in popular parlance are designated as the wildcats proper, though they depart more widely from the true *Felis* type than those previously named. The tufted ear, the large limb, the furry foot, and the bob-tail, are the characteristics of the lynx group. Naturalists are as yet divided upon the question of making *Lynx* a separate genus from *Felis*.

The bay lynx has two well-marked varieties, the *Felis rufus* and *Felis rufus maculatus*. The typical species is the common wildcat of the temperate regions of the United States, and the variety is the spotted lynx of the Southwest, the Gulf Coast and occasionally of Florida.

These varieties constantly interbreed, and the differences are but superficially climatic. The broad foot and long hair are less noticeable in the Southern than in the Northern lynxes, which last approximate the larger and rougher coated Canada lynx (*Lynx canadensis*). This quadruped stands about as high and long as a setter dog, while the common wildcat (*Felis rufus*) averages 4 or 5in. shorter and 2 or 3in. lower, running down in some sections of the southern Alleghanies to the size of a beagle hound.

All the lynxes are less cowardly than the other cats. A lynx will take to a tree even when pursued by a small dog, and will do all in his power to elude the pursuit of man. But he will show fight when pressed to the wall or if surprised at a meal. The cry of the common lynx, or wildcat, is described as a shrill, long-drawn scream, somewhat tremulous in its cadences like the note of the screech owl. S. F. A.

Starlings in America.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., March 1.—The flock of starlings that I wrote about last year are still flourishing in Pelham Bay Park, and have increased from about 50 to over 200 birds. I have seen them often, but have not been able to obtain any specimens, as they are very wild, and what seems strange to me is that, though the park is as wild and uncultivated as the rest of the country near New Rochelle, I have never seen them anywhere else. I have not been able to find where they nest yet, but I hope to do so this spring.

Yesterday I heard the song of the song sparrow for the first time, and as I write an early robin is hunting diligently for food on the lawn. EDWIN S. HAINES.

Hibernating of the Woodchuck.

I WAS much interested in the article on hibernating of the woodchuck in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM, more especially observing the difference of the length of time they remain asleep in different localities, owing, doubtless, to the climate, and possibly to other influences. I have only observed them in northern Maine; here they go to earth from the middle to the last of August—generally about the 20th—and it is seldom they make their appearance again before the last of March or first part of April, when they usually remain out or seek some other hole in the ground. Thus they hibernate seven months at least—more than one-half their lives in the dormant state—truly, they are one of the seven sleepers.

They are usually fat when they come out and are a dainty dish for the table, not having any of the strong taste they have later in the season.

These chucks are very fond of clover, and usually burrow near a field of that grass, and the singular part of it is that they go to den just as the delicious aftermath of the clover field is starting up fresh. It is possible, however, that they have already acquired a sufficient surplus of fat to last through the long winter, and nature makes them seek their long sleep.

We have here woodchucks of two colors, rufous and black. The former are more common, but the black ones are shiny and very pretty.

The chipmunk squirrel goes to den also in August and remains under about the same length of time. J. G. R.

BETHEL, Me.

Maryland Bird Notes.

THERE seemed to be a striking unanimity among observers during 1895 as to the great scarcity of bluebirds, apparently due to the extremely low temperature that prevailed very far south during the winter of '94-95. Whatever the cause, it is certain that an isolated pair or two were all that I observed in this vicinity at the usual mating time, and very few were noted during the fall migration.

This year I noted two pair investigating various nesting sites and actively courting as early as Jan. 23, and since then, even though we have had two cold snaps, several other pairs were seen yesterday, March 7, as many as twelve in a flock.

The purple grackle is here in numbers, a song sparrow was heard yesterday, and it will be interesting to note if we have an early spring.

There was a time not so many years ago when the scarlet tanager and the redheaded woodpecker were rare visitors hereabouts, but since 1893 these beautiful birds have been noted in greater number each year. Last year I saw fully thirty tanagers and no less than four pairs of redheads nested on my lawn.

If there are any more interesting birds than these same redheads I do not know them. They are acrobats, carpenters, bird humorists of the first water, querulous, excitable, curious, industrious—uniting more characteristic traits in one than any bird I have ever studied.

SAM'L J. FORT, M.D.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.

Animal Instincts.

CLARK UNIVERSITY, Worcester, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For purpose of extended comparison I wish data as to habit, instinct or intelligence in animals, above all minor and trifling ones not in the books, useless or detrimental ones, and the particular breeds, species and genera showing each. Examples: Purring, licking, kneading objects with forepaws, humping back and "worrying" captured prey (like the cat), baying (at moon or otherwise), urination and defecation habits (eating, covering up, etc.), disposition of feces and shells in nest, rolling on carrion, cackling (or other disturbance) after laying, eating afterbirth or young, sexual habits, transporting eggs or young, nest-sharing, hunting partnerships or similar intelligent associations in animals, hereditary transmission of peculiar traits, rearing young of another species with resulting modifications of instinct, feigning death, suicide, fascination, and any others. Circular of information will be sent and full credit given for data used, or sender's name will be confidential, as preferred. Make answers full, always stating age, sex, place, date (or season), species, breed, and whether personally observed.

R. R. GURLEY, M. D.

The Mild Winter in the Northwest.

OKONAGON, Wash., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thus far this has been a very mild winter. We have not had what would be called a cold day. The snow in the mountains is quite deep, while on the south hillsides there has been but little snow. What few deer are left have fared well.

The Okonagon River from the Similkameen up to the Osooyoos Lake has not been frozen over. Geese, mallards and teal have been with us all winter, and I have seen all winter one meadow lark; it took up its quarters in Mr. Snyder's stable. A few days ago I saw one up near the mill. Mr. Cramer's hunting paradise has been invaded by the prospectors; in less than one week after the law passed there were more than 1,000 on the north half of the reservation. LEW WILMOT.

A Maine March Robin.

AUGUSTA, March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A robin was seen in this city yesterday, which is the first, I believe, seen this year. Quite recently we had a warm spell and a rain, which probably brought him; but now it has turned cold, with snow, and I am afraid the poor fellow will suffer for coming so early. I never knew of one coming so early before. G. S. REYNOLDS.

Notes of the Birds.

SHELDON, Vt., March 9.—Early in February the pine grosbeak appeared in this vicinity in flocks of eight or ten, and they still remain and are daily seen about our orchards and gardens.

Ruffed grouse have so far wintered well and in goodly numbers. Our Mongolian pheasants are looking strong and healthy. The cocks are in fine plumage.

STANSTEAD.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

AT the time of going to press the second annual Sportsmen's Exposition at Madison Square Garden is in full swing. It is already apparent that the good impression created last year has been so strengthened and broadened that the event can be considered to be, in many ways, the representative fixture of American sportsmanship. It is the assemblage of assemblages, the review of reviews, the presentment of the combined representations of sportsmen's activity in their several favorite fields. Since it is such, it can be held of the utmost value not only to the individual sportsman, but to the sporting goods trade, which must depend upon the intelligence and progressiveness of that individual for its success.

Viewed as a whole—and at this hurried writing it can be viewed in no other way—the Exposition is in many ways superior to that of last year. The evidence of better management and more authority over detail is apparent. The spaces are better arranged and the total has a clearer and less crowded appearance. There are sixty-three different exhibits listed, and the variety of exhibits is greater than that of last year. The Exposition has for some time been receiving good and merited attention from the daily press, which last year treated it rather shabbily. This should have the result this week of bringing out a good attendance. The first day, Monday, was marked by the unfortunate snowstorm, which made city life a burden and street travel a travail, but in spite of this the floors were well crowded early in the afternoon, and the later days should see the house filled.

Nearly all of the great ammunition and gun houses have in their elaborate and elegant displays of modern guns. Here progress is apparent even for the one year past. The small caliber rifles and ammunition and the nitro powders have their development recorded, and there are other progressive inventions which shall have later mention. The powder companies are out in force, and their exhibits are ingenious, attractive and elegant, forming a strong feature in the Exposition.

Fishing tackle is excellently represented by several grand displays of the large firms, and the angler can loiter, linger and love new beauties in the most beautiful craftsmanship of the gentlest and most beautiful of sports. The total display in this branch of sport is vastly more comprehensive than was the case last year.

Taxidermy has not so many exhibits as it had last year, but those in place are extremely artistic and well chosen, with better effect than could be claimed for any show since the World's Fair. There were grand specimens of all the game animals of the world, and the hunter's life and methods were shown incidentally to this in a manner most thorough and gratifying.

Probably the most complete line shown is that of boats. There are all sorts of boats, from the FOREST AND STREAM Ethelwynn model down to a Rangeley clinker. There were large and small boats, sail boats and row boats and canoes, wooden boats, aluminum boats, rubber boats, steam and electric launch boats, and boats run by electricity in the rudder, to say nothing of a "bicycle boat," whose screw propeller is run by foot cranks like those of a bicycle and steered by handle bars like those of the latter machine.

By the way, the bicycle idea was very singularly and strongly in evidence. There were shown some aluminum wheels, very light and handsome, and some automotor bicycles and a horseless carriage. There was a bicycle boat and a bicycle magazine trap for throwing targets. The bicycle is certainly pushing its way into the domain of the rod and gun.

There is an extremely interesting and valuable display in the west galleries known as the Loan and Trophy Exhibit. Here there are many rare, valuable and curious things which all sportsmen should certainly see.

A curious feature is shown in an apparatus for producing the Roentgen X rays, and it is proposed here to photograph the interior of a gentleman who is so unfortunate as to have a load of buckshot in his neck.

There are three "backwoods cabins," all very realistic and well fitted, and one Indian camp, that of the FOREST AND STREAM. Upon the stage there are several expert and fancy rifle shooters, and an excellent band plays on.

We think we neither boast nor exaggerate in saying that the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit is one great feature of this Exposition, and one which competition in its own field never has nor will approach. We say the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit, but should rather speak in the plural, for FOREST AND STREAM has no less than three distinct and unique exhibits, occupying, it is thought, more space by half than any other exhibitor has taken. The central exhibit is arranged on the main aisle in the center of the great floor, occupying a space 12 × 32ft. in size. Here a cosy and typical sportsmen's newspaper office is shown. Trophies and paintings adorn the walls, and there is abundant but subdued and tasteful use made of all the natural decorative qualities of the objects connected with the craft. Come and see, and sit down and look about you. FOREST AND STREAM in epitome is there, in books and pictures, in promises and in fulfillments. The center of this space and the post of honor is given to the bound volumes of the 28 years of the life of this journal, a life as well and honestly spent as we knew how to make it. We confess openly that we are modestly proud of those 45 bound volumes which record the efforts and successes of this journal's career.

But the central exhibit of FOREST AND STREAM is not its chief feature, which without option of the paper has been popularly voted the feature of the whole show—FOREST AND STREAM'S Exhibit of the Red Hunter. We shall reserve for leisure effort the story of this portion of the FOREST AND STREAM'S endeavors to instruct and entertain. To those for whom it is possible our advice is to come and see personally something not frequently or easily to be seen—the life of the wild hunter as he lived in those wild and glorious days whose sunset is now fading forever on the sky. Here are to be seen the genuine skin lodge which made the favorite home of the Indians. They show here their dress and customs, their strange and weird religious ceremonies, their simple and interesting ways of life. The interpreter will tell what his people say. Bear Chief, head chief of the Blackfeet tribe and a man of wealth and dignity, will give you an idea of the genuine wild chieftain of the plains, which you may rely upon as being genuine and correct. Na-tô-ka, the Indian woman, will change your notions of Indian women, perhaps, and with Na-tô-yi, the FOREST AND STREAM Indian baby, who has established herself as a prime favorite and star attraction in one day's time, you are sure to fall in love. Of these things and of these people we shall speak at length later on.

In a gallery where the room can be darkened for the purpose (the entrance is at the center of the south side of the amphitheater) is located the third feature of the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit, a stereopticon display of over 150 pictures of interesting and stirring sporting scenes, all in charge of Mr. J. B. Burnham. This is a feature very much worth seeing, and all visiting sportsmen must be sure to visit it. It is part of the effort of this journal to give genuine and sterling features of novelty and attractiveness for the amusement and benefit of the legions of sportsmen who have always been good to it.

These legions of sportsmen, in so far as they are able, should see this great exposition this week. If they can not do so this week they may do so next week in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

BIG MOOSE LAKE, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Feb. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have recently read an article in FOREST AND STREAM, written by Mr. Francis E. Oliver, of Syracuse, one of my guests of last season, on the protection of deer. That, together with letters written by other sportsmen, has prompted me to write and give not only my opinion, but experience for thirty years. I have been in the Adirondacks for thirty years and more, and have hunted deer in all ways and at all seasons of the year. When I first began hunting there was no law to say when we should kill or how many; and I think I can safely say that there were five deer there where there is one now, and probably more. I had an opportunity to see considerable of them during the deep snows, and I never found deer lying around dead, starved to death, as some will have it now.

Deer may get diseased and die off; and in fact I believe they do; but I don't believe they starve to death, as is claimed by many. Deer eat almost everything that grows in the woods, and there is always something within their reach.

The wolves were the worst enemies they had during the deep snow in those days. Wolves often killed great numbers on deep snows and crusts. The deer could stand that pressure for the season, for such destruction was short, and hunters were few compared to the present time. The deer is an animal that increases very fast, and will give us a proof of it if we will give them a chance. But with the increase of hunters and the dogs and all, the poor deer are getting the worst of it; for there certainly are less deer in the Adirondacks to-day than ever before. And what else can we expect when we think of the number of men and dogs that are in pursuit of them for so long a time?

There have been seen repeatedly in places that I can mention twenty or thirty men and as many dogs going in one band to hunt on certain streams. With all these men scattered out to watch the runways and all the dogs turned loose, what chance have the deer to get away?

Now this is no stretch of imagination, for it has been done repeatedly; and I have been told by reliable parties that the deer have been entirely cleaned out for a long distance where these parties go in. This is done mostly along the border of the woods, where they can go in with teams and tote out the venison. Add this to the hundreds of sportsmen manning all the lakes and ponds in the Adirondacks, and then see what the result will be; for it is true that during the dogging season you can hardly cross a pond or lake any day that you will not see one or more parties watching for deer pursued by dogs.

Now with these facts before us (and no one can show that it is not true) why ask the question, how shall we protect the deer or save them? I will tell you in my opinion how to do it. Take every dog out of the woods and keep them out. Give the deer a chance, and we will be able to get deer in a more sportsmanlike way a little later. I have always hunted deer with dogs and approve of it. Parties stopping with us last October, who came in to still-hunt, had a fine time, got a deer and seemed to enjoy it more than dogging. I think this the most sportsmanlike way of killing deer; and if we call off the dogs and let the deer increase, it will be no trouble to get a deer by still-hunting. J. H. HIGBY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I overheard an old Vermont farmer say, "There is a great deal of human natur' in mankind," and I think one may detect considerable "human natur'" in the talk—newspaper and otherwise—that is going on concerning the game laws in New York, and certain changes that have been proposed regarding them. There are three forces at work, and they represent three distinct classes of men. There is the man "whose god is his belly," who wants his game dinner and will vote to have it; there is the man whose idol is the dollar, and who deems it the inalienable right of the American citizen to traffic in game all the year round; and there is the man who worships at the alter of "true sport," and who engages in exhaustive arguments to prove that his ideas as to how and when game should be killed are the only real solution of the problem.

All these men will throw their ballots and their influence in the direction of their own personal interests, and they act within their rights in so doing. The class that controls the most votes will win. I can remember a year—not so very long ago—when a few sportsmen in New York city had sufficient influence at Albany to effectually block any change in the game laws that season. Personally, I wish that the same combination could be worked this year. I do not blame the gourmet and the market man for wanting to have the laws their way, and I do not want them to blame me for wanting laws that happen to suit my own selfish wishes. For, fellow sportsmen, if the truth is told there is considerable selfishness in our end of the business. What are game laws for? Surely not to create a food supply, for there is as yet no scarcity of beef, mutton or pork. Not for humanity's sake, because they would then proscribe the killing of game altogether. Not for purely sentimental ends, because the men who make the laws are not, as a rule, elected for sentimental purposes. A complete history of game laws, from ancient times to the present day, would probably show that they were chiefly enacted in the in-

terests of sportsmen, and that is about what they represent now. If we allow them to become obsolete or be replaced by others in the interests of the market man and the restaurateur, so much the worse for us.

All of which goes to show that sportsmen should stand together, decide on just what they want, and then work to secure it. And this leads up to the point which I wish to make—namely, that the laws regarding the killing of game in the State of New York are good enough as they now are, and that we "had better bear the ills we have than to fly to others that we know not of." Herbert Spencer's chapter on "over legislation" will apply to the game laws as well as to anything else.

It is a rather widely accepted fact that deer, under the present laws, are increasing in the Adirondacks as well as in northern New England, where the laws are more liberal. Why then should sportsmen quarrel among themselves about hounding and jacking and still-hunting? We all have our beliefs and our preferences regarding these things; but we know that they might be much worse than they are now, and that under changed conditions unthought of evils might creep in.

The time will never come when men can shoot deer from the porches of the big hotels or go hunting successfully with a brass band; but so long as the present order of things is maintained the real sportsman can go to the Adirondacks with more than an even chance of killing his legal quota of deer in a two or three weeks' outing.

Let us be very frank with ourselves and admit that when we go hunting we go to kill something, and that we do not buy a shooting outfit and hire guides merely for the purpose of viewing the scenery or enjoying the days and nights in camp on a diet of salt pork. Venison is good enough for us. ARTHUR F. RICE.

CALIBERS OF HUNTING RIFLES.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was in the fall of 1892 that I sat for hours on a stand at the inlet of Meacham Lake, and at last a splendid buck came crashing through the alders and took to the water. When he had got a fair distance from the shore we went after him, and were within 40yds. before the first shot was fired. Then I held my .44-40 200 Winchester well down on the back of his neck and let go—no results. A second and third shot at the same spot were equally without effect, but the continued noise seemed to confuse the buck, he turned sideways to see, and the fourth shot was sufficient.

When that buck was skinned we found the first three bullets within a 3in. space on the back of his neck. Every one had struck the spine and had flattened without penetrating the bones.

I am not defending shooting deer in the water. Like most men I have done my share of it, and now have had enough of such butchery. But my experience in this and other cases satisfied me that the .44-40 rifle did not have driving power enough to be a satisfactory weapon for large game. In my poor judgement, one does not want a rifle that will kill game only when they happen to be so placed that you have a clear aim at a fatal spot, through soft tissues alone. On the contrary, your weapon should be able to send its bullet to the life whatever the position of the animal, provided the aim is correct. In the case under consideration a .45-70 or .45-90, and possibly a .38-55 would have killed the deer with the first bullet.

This buck was a particularly large and fine one, weighing nearly 250lbs. not dressed, and his splendid head hangs in my hall now; but my satisfaction in it is a good deal marred by the remembrance of the needless torture to which he was subjected through the use of an inferior weapon.

Since that time it has been my privilege to use a .45 90-300 Winchester against elk, deer and antelope in the best preserved game region of Colorado, and for fair still-hunting instead of aqueous murder. In penetration, accuracy, flatness of trajectory and general merit, this gun gave me the most eminent satisfaction. It sent a 300-grain bullet completely through a great bull elk at 150yds., brought down a buck antelope at fully 350yds., and was remarkably accurate at the target at any reasonable range. By the way, I found it adapted only to the 300-grain bullet, and that with the heavier ball of 405 grains the recoil was greatly increased and the accuracy lost, the gun throwing from 8 to 10in. high at 100yds. Aiming at the point of the chest of a blacktail buck facing me at about 90yds., I put a 405-grain bullet exactly between his eyes. This was of course sufficient to convert him into venison, but was not satisfactory as a target shot.

No rifle will do good work unless it is held straight; but why handicap yourself by using an inferior gun when a perfect one costs little more, weighs no more, and is as convenient in every other respect?

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letters which have recently appeared in FOREST AND STREAM about calibers of rifles for large game have been very interesting to me.

Any person in selecting a rifle should select it with some particular purpose in view. I certainly should not want the same gun for shooting woodchucks and gray squirrels in my old home in New England that I would for shooting silver tips in these grand mountains, or the antelope on the plains to the south of us. The last gun that I would select for shooting any large game would be the shotgun loaded with ball cartridges. The experience of mankind both in war and hunting in the few centuries past has been such that the smooth-bore musket is no longer considered a valuable weapon, but has long since been discarded to give place to the modern rifle. Just why a man would wish to take the shotgun for shooting ball cartridges I cannot understand. In fact it is not quite as good for that purpose as the old smooth-bore musket. In accuracy and killing power at a distance exceeding 50yds. it is not in competition with any of the modern rifles.

If the desire is to have both a rifle and a shotgun in the hands at the same time, that can be secured in a much more serviceable form by using the three-barrel gun. I have one 12-gauge with rifle barrel .40-70-330 caliber, which I consider the best all-round gun that I have ever used; its weight is 8½lbs., and length of barrel 28in. In accuracy at long and short range the rifle is equal to any Winchester or other rifle that I have ever used, and the shotgun leaves nothing to be desired except that it is not hammerless. In the mountainous country here, where we may strike grouse, turkey, deer or bear in the same day's travel, this gun suits very well.

We hear a great many talk about the great value of the rifle for decapitating grouse, and I suppose they would use it the same on quail if the opportunity should occur; but I do not claim to be so fine a shot that I prefer a rifle to a shotgun for either grouse or quail. I have a fondness for the good old scatter gun that may be of service on quail or grouse when under good headway. There may be some expert riflemen that actually believe that the rifle is the proper gun for grouse; but while I can plead guilty to having killed a few grouse with a rifle, I should not select that gun for the purpose in preference to a shotgun.

In regard to calibers, I have never seen any game that I want a larger caliber than .40 to use on. I think the .40-70-330 is a most excellent cartridge, and am glad to see that the Winchester people have put on the market one of their repeaters using this cartridge.

In regard to the small caliber smokeless rifle, I have only tried the Männlicher, but believe they have come to stay. I do not like the action of the Männlicher and would not use it on that account, but I intend to give the Savage .30 caliber a careful test with its different cartridges on antelope at long range and on large game next fall.

I think the greatest fault with most sportsmen in regard to securing the most effective weapon is their attachment to their first love in rifles. We frequently hear some old timer claim that the .44 caliber Winchester was one of the most effective weapons ever used in this country. That this little rifle was for years well to the front cannot be denied, but anyone who has taken the trouble to care-

S. F. FULLERTON.
Executive Agent Minnesota Fish and Game Commission.

fully test one of them alongside a .45-90, or a .40-70 or .40-65, cannot help knowing that in killing power the little short .44 cartridge is not in it, and for long range they are utterly useless.

Many hunters, if they make a chance shot with a gun and kill some large game at fairly long range, believe that they can always do it with that gun and that no other gun could possibly equal it.

It is not a difficult matter to make a practical test of the range, accuracy and killing power of a rifle. If not in a country where large game is plentiful for testing the killing power of a rifle, by watching for an opportunity one can usually find a sick horse or a cow, or one with a broken leg that the owner would be glad to have shot, and the post mortem examination will clearly demonstrate what a rifle will do.

I shall never be satisfied until I have tried a .30 caliber smokeless rifle with expansive bullet on some large game. I do not feel sure that they will do the work, but I am inclined to the opinion that they will. I know they have one excellent quality, that of a very low trajectory, and this of itself is a great point in their favor.

I would like very much to learn the experience of any practical man who has tried any of these rifles on large game. H. B. HERSEY.

SANTA FE, N. M., March 3.

HELENA, Mont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you have space in your paper for one more expression of opinion concerning the best caliber for large game, I would say, with all due respect to the many advocates of large calibers, that I have lived and hunted in the mountains of Colorado and Montana since 1877, have used all calibers, and have adopted as my favorite rifle the .38-55 Marlin. It is light, and its great accuracy enables a good shot to drop the largest game animals to be found in these mountains dead in their tracks with a single shot, whereas the recoil of the .45 and .50cals. is considerable, and has a tendency to disturb the aim, making it very uncertain; and any experienced hunter of big game knows that a .45 or .50cal. bullet will not stop a large animal unless hit in a vital spot.

A correspondent in your last issue wants a rifle that will combine accuracy, very flat trajectory and great penetration with a mushroom bullet; but he will find that accuracy is not consistent with very flat trajectory, and that great penetration cannot be had with a mushroom bullet.

If Dick of Connecticut ever hunts in the Rocky Mountains he will become convinced that shooting the heads off of grouse with a rifle is the only way we shoot them here; for if shot in the body with a rifle the result is a lot of feathers and very little meat, or a conglomeration of meat, feathers and intestines. A hunter will often leave camp an hour before sunrise loaded for bear, elk or deer. He will not deign to notice the grouse which rise in his path until the sun is several hours high, advising him that he is not likely to see any big game. He will then turn toward camp, and if fresh meat is scarce there he will begin clipping the heads off of the grouse; and any of the sportsmen who have hunted in the grand old Rockies, however they may differ in opinion with me on the subject of calibers, will agree that young grouse make a most welcome addition to the bread, bacon and coffee in camp. G. A. T.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Death of Dr. Rowe.

CHICAGO, Ills., March 11.—Dr. N. Rowe, editor of the *American Field*, died yesterday afternoon at his home, 3011 Wabash avenue, after an illness of years which recently assumed acute form. He had been unconscious for two days preceding his death. His last hours were attended by friends and by his faithful wife, who has devotedly administered to his slightest wish during the three long years of his sickness. A meeting of the executive committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was held at the Sherman House this afternoon for the purpose of taking suitable action upon this sad event. A committee of three, consisting of F. S. Baird, R. S. Mott and E. Hough, were appointed to draft resolutions and reported the following, which were passed without amendment:

Whereas, Divine Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our esteemed friend and valued co-worker, Dr. N. Rowe, whose name is a household word wherever true sportsmanship is recognized and appreciated, and whose efforts to elevate the better elements in sportsmanship through the columns of the *American Field* are universally known, and

Whereas, Dr. Rowe for many years was a prominent and influential member of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and devoted his best efforts to promoting game protection and the objects of this association, and freely donated his time and rare intellectual abilities in that behalf, and

Whereas, Dr. Rowe was held in great personal esteem by all the members of this association for his many lovable traits of character, now, therefore,

Be it Resolved: That the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association hereby expresses its deep sense of loss sustained through the death of Dr. Rowe, and that it extend to his family and friends its sympathy in this their hour of bereavement, and

Resolved further, That a copy hereof be forwarded to his family and given to the press for publication and spread upon the records of this association.

Funeral services are to be held at 8 o'clock Friday evening, after which the body will be removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and there laid at rest in Greenwood Cemetery, on Sunday, March 15. At the Chicago ceremonies the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will attend in a body.

Minnesota State Warden S. F. Fullerton.

THE accompanying portrait shows how a good game warden looks. It is the likeness of Mr. S. F. Fullerton, the hustling executive agent of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission. FOREST AND STREAM has often had occasion to notice the work of Mr. Fullerton among that of other able Western wardens. Mr. Fullerton went into office in April a year ago. Between that time and Dec. 1, 1895, he made 134 arrests, out of which convictions were had in practically all the cases. It is not alone in the number of arrests, but in their importance, in which Mr. Fullerton's work has been extraordinary. He has waged relentless war on the markets and exporters, and some of the heaviest confiscations in the West have been made at his hands. Supplied with an appropriation of only $15,000 during his first year, he seized over $5,000 worth of game, and used the money in prosecuting other offenders. He has practically stopped the shipment of venison from Minnesota, and is rapidly making that a closed State for illegal game dealing. As related earlier in these columns, he stepped into the breach a few weeks ago when the Minnesota law was supposed to have a bad hole in it, and has found legal means to stop the inflow of Dakota game which made a menace to Minnesota game.

Mr. Fullerton enunciates good FOREST AND STREAM doctrine in his confession of faith. He says, "The great principle in game protection is to stop the market, and this we have been endeavoring to do to the best of our ability. We believe, and the Supreme Court has so decided, that the game and fish of Minnesota belong to the State, and that all the citizens have an equal show at it, not merely a few pot-hunters, generally worthless, who pay no taxes, and make part of the lowest classes of people we have in the State. These people shoot and fish to sell. I claim that if they cannot sell their game and fish, they will give up the business and go to earning their living in a more honorable way."

Minnesota is to be congratulated upon the possession of her active and practical warden, whose reputation for integrity and efficiency is above reproach, and promises well for the future of Minnesota game. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Knights of the Rod and Gun.

AUGUSTA, Me.—The Knights of the Rod and Gun held one of their semi-monthly meetings on March 6. Interesting topics were brought up and discussed until 8 o'clock, then an hour was taken to debate on the shyest animal in the United States. I was decided that the big-horn, which was against the sea otter, was the shyest. No debate of the club was ever listened to with greater interest than this, as every member that took part in it talked well and brought out their points plainly and forcibly.

Never has the club been doing better than of late, never was such deep interest taken in it before. We are in hopes to be able to follow the rules of FOREST AND STREAM and make better sportsmen of ourselves and others.

EBEEMR.

A DAY WITH THE DUCKS ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.

HAVING a standing engagement with Mr. J. L. Griffith, whom I regard as the best canoeist at this end of the Potomac, I was delighted one evening last spring to arrange with him to start the next morning for a day's outing, provided that the weather should continue, as it promised at that hour to be, typical "duck weather."

True to the evening's promise, the morning dawned boggy with a drizzling rain falling, when we met at the boat house, two eager souls with rather more than a single thought concerning the day's anticipated sport, for the one is an ardent canoeist, while the other is an enthusiastic duck hunter.

The canoeist gave the first order to me, to take my seat in the bow and "trim boat." He then adjusted his own seat, picked up the paddle—and his part of the fun had already commenced. As for me, I loaded up and anxiously waited to get out of reach of the horde of "land" hunters that, on the slightest indication of ducks, will be found lining the banks of the river as far down as Wiley's Ford.

"Keep your eye open for a mallard from this bank," was the canoeist's caution as we passed from the Virginia channel to the Maryland shore.

Closely hugging the overhanging brush we were pushing along as silently as possible, when, suddenly, a *quack, quack*, sounds about 20yds. in front of the bow as a pair of wood ducks take wing down the river. Instantly their graceful flight is cut short, as one bird falls to the crack of each barrel. The gunner pats himself on the back, "Good shot, old boy." The canoeist chimes in cheerfully with the remark, "Couldn't have done it better myself, you know!"

The game is picked up and a sharp lookout is kept for any other stray pair that may try the same tactics, but no more reward our watchfulness until we reach the broad eddy at Taylor's Ford. Here about midway of the stream we come in sight of a flock of small black and white ducks.

"Don't shoot too quick," suggests the canoeist, "I'll get you close enough for a shot."

But there has been a mistake in his calculations; before we are near enough for a shot the ducks rise and are away down the river. But look! They have circled and are coming back. Stop paddling; sit perfectly still and maybe we shall get a chance at them yet.

In the moment of beginning the descent to the river they perceive the boat, and rise again to go over us. Too late—for one of them. The left-hand choke barrel has been brought to bear on him, and leaving his late companions he joins the two summer ducks in the bottom of our canoe. After this event the flock continues its flight up stream, and all along the line you could hear the crack of sportsmen's guns until we passed out of hearing.

We had now reached what is known as the Swan Ponds, on "Taylor's Bottoms," and decided to take a trip around them, remembering that there are always to be found a few ducks in there. Before we were within shooting distance a pair of beautiful mallards had heard us, and left their feeding grounds. Concluding that there were no more ducks at that point, we proceeded through the marsh in the hope of getting a few snipe. None too soon had we changed our loads, for almost from under our feet there sprang a pair screaming *scape, scape*. They are too late; the gun has leaped to the shoulder, and a beautiful double has been scored. Before we reach the boat five snipe and a pair of plover have been added to our bag.

The next point of interest is at Mount's Falls, one of the heaviest falls on the river between Cumberland and South Branch. And now the canoeist is in his glory, for here is the chance to prove his skill. He has to dodge first a boulder on this side and then one on the other side. While he is thus engaged, in the heaviest part of the falls, a single mallard rises from the bank on the left of us. It is a long shot, but I try for him, missing with first barrel, but breaking his wing with the second. Now comes a chase. He has fallen where the current is swiftest and starts for the great falls just this side of Washington. But he is not quick enough at dodging, and we add him to the number in the boat.

From this point onward to Lapp's Run we have a quiet time, missing several shots. But as we approach the falls that end in a beautiful swirl under the willow branches, my partner directs, "Now keep a sharp lookout here, for I have never failed to raise ducks while passing this point."

Hardly are the words spoken when a very large drake mallard appears in the air in testimony to the correctness of the statement of the canoeist. Hurriedly I said: "Steady her for a minute, Lou;" and in a flash he had reversed motion, bringing the canoe almost to a standstill, and I then made what I have always since regarded as the most difficult shot of my life. What a beauty he was, with his bronze head and wings, fully as large as any tame duck of the same kind that I have ever seen. This shot alone would have been compensation ample for the trip, the rest of which proved uneventful. At the mouth of the South Branch we disembarked, carrying our canoe to the railroad station to be loaded on the train for home, where we ourselves arrived at about 4 o'clock, having spent a day memorable as one of the most delightful of my life.

ZACK LANEY.

Unexpected Luck.

AS I PERUSED the columns of this week's FOREST AND STREAM I read at the bottom of one of the columns "Report your luck with rod and gun to FOREST AND STREAM," and reflecting for a moment, an incident that happened last fall while out hunting partridges with friend Ike and brother Jim came to mind.

We had driven out some six miles from town and had nearly spent one of those red-letter days, each of us having a few birds to our credit, and had started back to the old barn and were passing through a scattered piece of timber with thick brush on the edge, when right in front of us a partridge got up and flew toward the thicket. I pulled up and fired and so did Ike, and as the bird came down amid a shower of feathers Jim shouted, "She's down."

Our two dogs, Josh and Don, began to circle to find the bird, and Josh, who belongs to Ike, was the lucky dog, and retrieved him in good style.

But Don, who belongs to me, and is of course the best dog on earth, kept busily at work, as he always expects to find a bird every time the gun is fired. However, we paid no attention to him, but were giving Josh his deserved praise, when Jim exclaimed, "Look here!" and there to our great astonishment came Don, as proud as a lord, with a bird in his mouth. We felt of the bird and found he was warm and had just been killed.

We had seen only one bird fly and only one fall. What we want to find out is where did Don's bird come from? Did any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM ever have a like experience? J. E. B.

OSWEGO FALLS, N. Y.

SOME EXPERIENCES DOWN CELLAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had it on my mind for a long time to write you, and lo! another has put the identical question which I most heartily second, to wit, whether some of our mighty men at the light and festive trigger of the bobtailed gatling will not please tell us humble ones just how they do it that we may go and do likewise. Revolver shooting always had a fascination for me—on paper—and I have even tried my hand at it in a desultory way, just enough to let me find out what a lot there is in it that I don't know.

My essays were strictly practical. I then owned a handy S. & W. officer's holster affair, with octagon barrel, and that 5in. long for a guess, cal. 32. (Can't give closer details, for the weapon is now some 10ft. under ashes, burnt brick, molten glass, etc., of my homestead, which has just got done smoking). But with an eye to burglars I used to practice in my cellar, just to get a "dim religious light," you know. At 40ft. off, shooting left-handed at a 6in. patch of newspaper, arm bent, sight fairly rapid, both eyes open and with specs on, a point 6in. to the right and 4 or 5 below generally fetched up a little above left center. So much for heavy pull, weak wrist and ocular variation. But by placing my right hand on my noble breast and using that elbow as a rest—a matter of half a second's time in striking an attitude—I could approximate a center about every time. I now recall blowing a hole through a red squirrel in that way one morning, far up the Magalloway. My conscience smote me afterward for useless slaughter, and as a penance I tried to eat him; but my! wasn't he tough? I haven't shot one since.

Just a word to chaps who may be inspired by my example in the choice of a pistol gallery. I quit rather suddenly, because a bullet went through the plank, glanced from the stone work behind, boomeranged backward, caromed off a rafter right over my head, and tried to bore a hole in the cement close to my feet. It was very pretty to see for once, like a game of billiards with Pluto. But as P. had everything to gain and nothing to lose, and my case was *vice versa* (apply to Dick of Connecticut for translation), I proclaimed to my spouse that my education was completed and she now might bring on her burglars; whereat she has slept sweetly every night since in calm and perfect confidence of my protectionary abilities. *Requiescat in pace.* (Apply to Dick some more.) The caution is not needless. A friend of mine tried the same game with his Flobert rifle and his first shot plunked a hole through the gas meter 45 degrees away. He stopped work and scooted for a gas man. That remedied, he began again, and his second shot played follow-my-leader about 2in. from the other hole. That gas man told him he hoped he would keep it up, for it would give him lots of steady employment.

My compliments to Dick of Connecticut; I've greatly enjoyed his letters. May chou as closely to the line, always, as in his last. J. P. T.

Blue Mountain Park Notes.

MR. AUSTIN CORBIN is having a piece of land just outside the southern boundary line of Blue Mountain Park inclosed with a fence of Page woven wire four and a half miles in length. The inclosure includes a small lake and will be used for fox-hunting with horse and hounds. The fence is 9ft. high and has 2in. meshes extending from the bottom up to a height of 4ft., and from its construction will effectually prevent the foxes from escaping.

In another inclosure a fence of the same material separates the cow buffalo from the bulls, and in the last year has suffered no other damage than the breaking of three small tie wires that can be repaired in ten minutes.

B.

Maryland Jacksnipe.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md., March 6.—The jacksnipe are coming in now. I was out to-day with my young dog, but found them too wild to work the pup on. Out of nine birds found not one flushed closer than 40yds. I have noticed in shooting here that these early birds are always shy. None of these birds were in the open meadows, but were in twos and threes at sheltered springy places close to thickets with southern exposure. There are quite a number of redheads on the shoals, but we have fewer geese than is usual this time of the year, no brant at all.

O. D. FOULKS.

North Carolina Fish and Game.

NEW BERNE, N. C., March 11.—Fresh shad are already selling for 20 cents and 40 cents a pair, according to sex, and we are getting tired of them. The fish markets here are a sight to behold. Bait-fishing has scarcely begun, but will be good next month.

Quail are becoming scarce, and ducks have departed from the creeks and rivers, but English snipe are plentiful and fat. J. L. K.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Oldest American Angling Book.

I AM under the impression that the late Charles Lanman is generally credited with being the author of the first book published in this country upon the subject of fishing as a pastime; if not "generally credited" he certainly has been named in this connection by a well-known writer. On the other hand, no less an authority than Mr. Dean Sage, I believe, who is the owner of one of the finest angling libraries in this country, ascribes to John J. Brown the authorship of the first American angling book. The first edition of Brown's "American Anglers' Guide, Being a Compilation from the Works of Popular English Writers from Walton to the Present Time, together with the Opinions and Practices of the best American Anglers," etc., was published by Burgess, Stringer & Co. in New York city in 1845. The earliest work of Lanman's mentioned in the "Piscatoria" is "Summer in the Wilderness, embracing a Canoe Voyage up the Mississippi and around Lake Superior," which was published in New York in 1847. "Adventures of an Angler in Canada, Nova Scotia and the United States," by the same author, was published in 1848, and it is this book, I believe, to which credit is given for being the first angling work published in this country. The first American edition of Walton, by Rev. George W. Bethune, was published in 1847, and it would really seem that Brown's 1845 edition was the first to be published in America upon the subject of angling.

It was only very recently that I was able to find and purchase a copy of this first edition of Brown's "Angler's Guide," and a quaint little book it is, 18mo in size, although it contains many errors in the light of more modern days. Brown was a tackle dealer in New York city at 122 Fulton street, as his advertisement in the back of the book bears evidence. The advertisement concludes with the information that "Anglers will bear in mind that the present postage law admits of the transportation of many light articles of tackle at very small expense. Flies, hooks on gut, and light lines, can be sent in considerable quantities at the five and ten cent rates."

Preceding the title-page are some verses and above these the head of a fish under the work "The," and the volume concludes with the tail of a fish under the word "The." The book has a "Preface," an "Introduction" and "Introductory Remarks on Angling." In the preface the author says: "Having been situated for a number of years where the necessity of some general information on the subject of the art of Angling was daily seen, the author at first conceived the idea of publishing an American edition of 'Walton's Compleat Angler;' but on a later and more careful perusal of its pages and that of other writers, it was found that but little, comparatively, real practical knowledge could be given of the large variety of the fishes of our own country; he therefore concluded to publish, in a small form, the opinions and practice of the various English authors, with remarks thereon, and such information as could be gathered from American books and American sportsmen." The author admits that few American books could be obtained and intimates that the few were "magazines and philosophical works." If Brown could have known that between the date of his guide and the year 1896 fifty-three new editions of "Walton's Compleat Angler" would be published, and that two more would be issued in 1896, he might have considered it a good thing to edit an American edition of Walton even if it did not contain practical knowledge concerning our fishes. The introduction to the Guide states that "Linnæus has defined nearly 400 species of fishes of the Old World, while our own country, possessing as it does great advantages over any other, cannot boast of a single treatise on a subject so fraught with interest to the admirer of nature." The author objects, very properly, to the remark of Buffon, "that in America animated nature is weaker, less active, and more circumscribed in the variety of its productions than in the Old World." We must have in the waters of North America something like 2,000 species of fishes, with several back precincts to hear from, as I believe Jordan defined about 1,800 species ten years ago, and Linnæus with his Old World 400 species is of the back number species, although I say it with proper respect.

As to the fishes described in the "Guide" I will refer only to the black bass, as it is distinctively an American fish. The author says: "The Oswego basse and black basse bear so strong a resemblance to each other that not one fisherman in ten knows them as distinct entities. In form, color, weight and habits the two are almost perfectly identical; and yet their differences, though minute, are striking and essential. An Oswego basse, when placed by a black basse of the same size, is readily distinguished by his more forked tail, his greater thickness of shoulder, his coarser scales, and above all, by his mouth, which when open is nearly twice as large as that of the black basse."

How is that for a description, fifty years old, of a fish discovered within the past fifteen years?

I do object, however, when the author catches "Oswego basse" in Lake George, N. Y., for there were none there at the time, and there are none now, and never have been.

Champion Fly-Casters.

For a number of years I have each year compiled the fly-casting records of the world for a number of newspaper almanacs and handbooks, but not until last year was I obliged to write figures to be put into cold type recording that England held the world's amateur record for salmon casting. Until 1895 Mr. H. W. Hawes held the record with 138ft., made at Central Park, in 1888, at a tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association. Last season Mr. J. J. Hardy, at a tournament at Scarboro, Eng., won with a cast of 140ft. 3in., and Mr. John Enright, the Irish champion from Castle Connell, made an exhibition cast of 143ft. previous to the tournament.

This at least was as I have given it. I have just received a letter from Mr. Enright, written from Castle Connell, Feb. 29, in which he says: "I wonder if you are aware that the fly-casting tournament in which Mr. Hardy and myself competed in Scarboro in August, 1895, was held on *grass*. He beat me in the 18ft. rod competitions by, it appears, 20in., though when telegraphing the

result to Ireland the same evening I understood it was only 12in. I was beaten by. In the competition with 14ft. rods I beat him by over 12ft. Three days before I left Ireland I was not aware for certain that the tournament would be held on grass, but it was, and my practice was little. The following day, before reliable witnesses, on dead water, with a Castle Connell rod of 18ft. I did the world's record cast of 146ft. I then inserted a challenge to the world in the papers for any amateur, the casting to be done on water. There were no replies, but I am still open to a match. To a man trained to casting on the water it is a totally different thing to perform on grass. I practice a great deal on the Shannon, having fished it regularly since the opening day. I think you will agree with me that to cast on water is the test for both rod and man. My records at present, besides the one mentioned with 18ft. rod, are: 16ft. rod, 131ft. 3in., and 14ft. rod, 128ft. 3in., the measurements being taken from where the caster stood to where the fly dropped on the water. In the 18ft. rod-casting I stood about 5in. above the water level, and in the other two classes I stood below the water level. When does your American tournament come off, and what height above the water is the raft on which the caster stands? Do you have events for double-handed rods, such as 14, 16, 18 or 20ft.? An international tournament in New York may induce some of our fly-casters to venture over. I expect to compete at the international tournament to be held on May 9 at Wimbledon, seven miles from London."

I regret to say to Mr. Enright that there is no prospect of an American fly-casting tournament in the immediate future, of course I refer to a tournament of national character. The National Rod and Reel Association held its last tournament at Central Park in 1889.

There was nothing in the rules as to the height of the platform on which the caster stood. This was under the direction of the committee of arrangements, and it was about 10in., as I remember it, above the water's surface.

The National Association rules provided only for single-handed rods, not to exceed 11ft. 6in. in length, and salmon rods to be used with two hands, with no limit as to length. Up to 1885 there was a rule that no rod should exceed 18ft. in length, and that was the maximum length when the limit was eliminated. The tendency in this country is to use rods shorter than 18ft. in actual fishing.

An international fly-casting tournament in New York that would attract the best British fly-casters to compete with our own champions would be an event worth going miles to see, and I wish there was a reasonable prospect of such a contest being brought about. The international tournament to be held in Wimbledon is extensively advertised in the late English papers, and the rules are given in full.

State Fish.

It is more than likely that some who applied to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York for trout and other fish for planting in public waters will be disappointed when they find that less than the number they asked for have been assigned to them. I say that some will be disappointed, because it is quite evident that some of the applicants had no expectaction of getting the number of fish with which they filled out the blanks. The reason why applicants will get less fish than they asked for is this: The aggregate of the applications for the various species of trout amount to 10,864,200 brook trout, 1,380,600 brown trout, 155,500 rainbow trout, and 6,110,000 lake trout, or a total of 18,510,300. The State has on hand for distribution 4,315,000 brook trout, 900,000 brown trout, say 40 000 rainbow trout, and 5,255,000 lake trout, or a total of 10,510,000. About 500,000 trout fry of various kinds will be retained at the hatching stations and raised to yearlings before they are planted. All things considered this is a very good showing, but if the State has not enough fish to fill applications in full they must of necessity be scaled down. At present there are not facilities for rearing more yearlings than the number I have given above, but when more rearing ponds are constructed the number of yearlings will be materially increased. The applications for black bass amount to 1,136,000 fish, probably about 1,100,000 more than the State can by any possible chance supply if it could rake the waters over without protest to obtain them.

A few people will be disappointed, possibly because they get no fish, but this is because they ask for brook trout to plant in pickerel ponds and lake trout to plant in warm, shallow water, where they would not live. Pike-perch are excellent fish and 13,413,000 have been asked for, but the pike-perch hatching operations have not commenced yet.

Aluminum Smelt.

Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, has sent me an artificial bait for landlocked salmon. It is called the aluminum smelt bait, and is light, strong and very attractive, so much so that it must prove to be a killing bait for other fish than landlocked salmon. The hooks are at the tail of the metal smelt, and for this reason should be a good black bass and lake trout bait, as both fish are quite apt to strike the tail of a bait rather than the head. A. N. CHENEY.

The Value of a Size Limit for Trout.

I SEE by correspondence from Massachusetts, signed Hackle, that there is an effort being made to have a statute fixing the size of brook trout which may be lawfully taken or possessed.

Having been associated in a similar effort here in Connecticut (which, by the way, was successful), I will offer a few points which I believe warrant such a regulation:

To begin with, I think the 8in. limit too large, for although it protects more immature fish, I think 6in. a more "happy medium."

The most important and only real reason why such a law is desirable is to protect immature trout—or at least a large number which may not be mature. In nearly all our small streams where trout ascend in the fall to spawn the little fish, after becoming large enough to feed, remain safe from the old ones, as low water during the summer months drives the large trout down into the larger streams or deep pools.

In the shallow upper waters of every trout stream are found the small fish, averaging from the fry to 6in.; they remain there secure from large fish and feed on insect larvæ, which is more abundant among the springs and along the edges than down in the large pools. To take these little fish is to rob the stream of its future stock and secure trout weighing less than 1oz.

What a sportsman it must be who empties a basket of baby trout, none of which will weigh over 1oz.! Surely, no *sportsman* will be guilty.

A 6in. limit does not protect all immature brook trout, but it protects a large number, and if the open season is not too long carries many more so near to it that they become spawners the following season. If it were not for the fact that the different States spend annually considerable money propagating trout, there would be less justice for a law, but sportsmen must not think that the State is going to hatch trout to be dumped into every little stream and then pulled out again as soon as they are large enough to take a worm on a very small hook.

Trout fry are placed in a stream to furnish brood fish when old enough, that they may multiply and thus furnish food and sport.

My advice to my brother sportsmen in Massachusetts is to have the size fixed at 6in. and then see that it is enforced. You will all be catching larger trout and more natural increase will be the result. C. W. HALL.

HARTFORD, CONN.

NETTING IN LAKE ONTARIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All sportsmen should do what missionary work they can to further the amendments approved for recommendation by the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game published in FOREST AND STREAM Jan. 18, 1896. If everyone does something toward correcting an abuse with which he is conversant, he only does his duty.

I consider my share consists in showing up the absurdity of the present law with reference to netting.

Section 183 of chapter 488 of the laws of 1892 reads as follows:

> No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner or by any device except angling, in the waters of Lake Erie, within one-half of a mile of the shores thereof, or of any of the islands therein, nor in the Cattaraugus Creek, or within five miles of the mouth thereof, or of any island therein; nor in Lake Ontario within one mile of the shore or of any island therein, nor within three miles of the mouth of the Niagara River; the waters of Lake Ontario in the county of Jefferson included between Blue (should be Bull) Rock Point, in the town of Brownville, and the town line between the towns of Lyme and Cape Vincent, including Chaumont Bay, Griffin (should be Guffin) Bay and Three Mile Bay, (and) in the county of Oswego, between the northerly line of the town of Mexico and Jefferson county line, are hereby exempt from the provisions of this act, * * *

The State Association demands that this act be amended so as to prohibit all netting except one mile from shore, in Lake Ontario and all of its bays, in the Niagara River or within three miles of its mouth, or in Lake Erie within one mile from shore, or within three miles of the Horseshoe Reef Lighthouse.

All anglers should urge the passage of this amendment. The bays at the east end of Ontario left open to netters I consider the most natural breeding and feeding spots for black bass in the State of New York, if not in the country. The shores are of shelving broken limestone and boulders, free from weeds and shifting sand, and in many places about the bay are extensive reefs of the same material. Both shore and shoals are alive with crayfish, known to be the natural food of the bass. Minnows abound, sailing is safe, and all good fishing grounds are within easy rowing distance. In fact, after a varied experience with bass fishing in other parts of New York, in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Vermont and Quebec, I have at last settled down on the bays at the east end of Lake Ontario as the best. That from year to year the fishing gets poorer is not strange, as bass have to run the gauntlet of nets of all kinds from the time they enter the bays to spawn to the time when they leave for deep water.

One not conversant with the facts wonders why netting is allowed in these bays. For an explanation we must go into ancient history. Thirty years ago these waters were actually alive with whitefish, ciscos, wall-eyed pike and lake trout. The pound-net was imported from Long Island Sound, every one that could owned and fished one, and the bays bristled with poles like a hop field. Tons and tons of food fish were taken and an industry profitably employing many men and much capital sprung up. Alluring profits, however, led too many to embark in the enterprise, and in a few years they all but exterminated the food fish of that locality. Where once there were a score or more of pound-nets and hundreds of men employed, there has not been a pound-net set for ten or more years, and the few men who still catch food fish with gill-nets by dint of hard work do well if they catch enough for their own consumption. The excuse for allowing netting in these bays therefore no longer exists, based as it is upon mere tradition of a long past commercial prosperity. Traditions die hard, however, and it was the influence of those remembering the days of former prosperity which forced the exemptions of the netting act of 1892.

If the amendment advocated were to work hardship on any considerable portion of the honest community of that region, I would urge its adoption with reluctance, for men who fish for money have rights as well as those who fish for sport (and fish), but let me present the true state of affairs.

Less than a dozen residents of that region fish for a living, at which they work harder and get less than a good farm hand. Perhaps three times as many residents fish gill-nets in the fall and catch, perhaps, enough ciscos for their own use.

Here is the point to which I wish to call the attention of legislators and reformers. These being the only shallow fresh waters in the State where netting is allowed the year round, netters from all over the State, and from other States, come early and stay late, bring nothing to the community and take away all they get. They are men who have been driven from home by their habitual violation of local game laws, and scent the prey of unprotected waters and descend in flocks upon them as turkey buzzards sniff and pounce on carrion. Their implement of destruction is the trap-net and their quarry everything that swims. From the time the ice goes out of the bays until it forms again these trap-nets line the shores and cover the shoals where game fish breed and feed. When bass are coming in from the lake to spawn they set their nets in and almost across the narrow inlet, destroying in that way millions of game fish yet unborn. I have the word of a dealer in fresh-water fish in New York that his firm receives barrels upon barrels of bass from these pirates in May before he can expose and sell them in our markets, and he is obliged to send them to Philadelphia where the law is less strict. As these netters have a full knowledge of the fact that catching or possessing bass before May 30 is illegal they have to take what is offered, and the commission merchant knowing the same squeezes them down to the uttermost farthing, so that the netters, for this early, illegal and indiscriminate slaughter of spawn-bearing game fish, get hardly money enough to tar a net.

Thus, to provide a few residents with a scanty living, the law allows a horde of aliens, most of them lawbreakers, to despoil the most natural game fish resort in the country; for, caught while coming in to spawn and beset on all sides all summer by trap-nets, hoop-nets, and driven into gill nets at night by torches and a splashing mob of market fishermen, how long will it be before black bass, like ciscos, whitefish and trout, will be a memory. I have it on good authority that more than twenty dollars have been the proceeds of one night's work on a reef with a gill-net, a few torches and men and boats. As they do not get much for bass, a night's work like that probably represents about 300lbs. of bass, and, as this slaughter is repeated almost every still night, it is easy to see why it is more common for an angler to lose hook, line and sinker on a rope or net than to land enough bass to eat.

It is easier to stop all netting than it is a part, hence I advocate the passage of the amendment as proposed; otherwise no one would seriously object to sturgeon fishing nor to using gill-nets for ciscos and whitefish after Nov. 1, although many bass are caught in the latter when set earlier for wall-eyed pike.

If the waters of those bays are adequately protected sportsmen will come there and will leave more money in the place in three months than the whole gang of netters would make in a year.

That my arguments may have more weight, allow me to say that I am no mere visiting angler, but a property owner and taxpayer, and last summer I spent four months there, and shall spend at least three months there every summer unless my sport is whittled down to sailing and catching sunfish. R. W. AMIDON.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Mass., March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A large number of members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association enjoyed a very profitable meeting at the Copley Square Hotel, Friday evening, 13th inst. President Clark and Secretary Kimball keep things going at a lively rate and are hustling for the good of the cause at all times. During the last few weeks they with J. Russell Reed, Esq., who with ex-President George W. Wiggin act as counsel for the association, have attended many hearings before the Fish and Game committee, and always in the interest of better laws relating to fish and game and their more rigid enforcement. A meeting of the board of government was held at 5:30 o'clock, President Clark in the chair. The resignation of Mr. John Fottler, Jr., as librarian was accepted and Dr. E. W. Bramigan was unanimously chosen to fill the vacancy. The selection was an admirable one. The doctor is a great lover of books, and it is his intention to set apart one of his office rooms for the collection owned by the association, properly catalogue and arrange them so that they may be easily accessible to the members—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

At 7 o'clock dinner was announced, Tom Henry's orchestra furnishing music. Cigars being reached, President Clark began the speech making by appropriate reference to the recent death of Gov. Greenhalge, a warm friend and frequent guest of the association. J. Russell Reed, Esq., spoke at some length of the work done before the legislative committee on fish and game, with especial reference to the law of 1894, which allows dealers to sell certain game birds in the winter and spring, and to keep them through the entire season provided they are not killed contrary to the laws of this State. The association desires to have this law amended so that they shall not be sold or kept here if they are brought here illegally—that is, from States which expressly prohibit their export. Mr. Reed showed to the committee that, by the evidence of the dealers themselves, a greater part of these game birds are brought here from Western States that have laws prohibiting their export, and that by keeping such a law upon our statute books Massachusetts encourages criminals in other States to violate existing laws in those localities. The outcome of the hearing will be awaited with considerable interest. President Clark referred to the proposed change in the lobster law, a bill having been reported allowing the taking of lobsters 9in. in length instead of 10½in., as at present, and said that if the bill passed it would mean ruin to the lobster fishery inside of five years, as a 9in. lobster bore very few eggs compared to one of 10in. or longer. It is one of the inconceivable things why the men of Dukes county (and none others appeared to advocate the bill) should thus deliberately endeavor to reduce the supply of lobsters below what it now is, and statistics show that the number taken in our bays and along the coast has been growing beautifully less year by year. The regular business of the monthly meeting was then proceeded with, and the following new members were elected: John N. Akerman, Dr. George McAleer, Ralph B. Williams, Arthur B. Holmes, Henry L. Kyser, Frank V. Noyes, Dr. S. P. Willard, Wm. R. Sears, Richard V. Joyce, T. G. Bremer, Wm. Almy, Wm. L. Mercer, Larra W. Sumner, Frank D. Sumner, Wm. H. Goodwin, Wm. F. McQuillen, Thomas W. Henry, W. A. Wilson, W. P. Richer, Geo. J. Raymond, Charles S. Clarke, Joshua S. Dunklee, Albert N. Paslin, Wm. H. Sweatt, G. A. Macauber, A. D. Thayer. A dozen or fifteen new names were proposed and laid over to the next meeting. Arthur J. Selfridge, Esq., gave a very interesting talk on "Outdoor Life in California," and the meeting was brought to a close. WM. B. SMART.

Punta Rassa Tarpon.

PUNTA RASSA, Fla., Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel assured that your many readers will be delighted to hear that the tarpon season of '96 was opened by Mr. W. L. Boyle, of New York, on Feb. 27, and that Punta Rassa has the honor to place a scale on her record board.

Mr. Boyle, who is cruising on the yacht Tarpon, is an enthusiastic fisherman.

Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

PHILADELPHIA, March 14.—A reunion of the members will be held at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Thursday evening, March 26, 1896, at 7:30 o'clock.

SOME BOSTON NEWS.

BOSTON, Mass., March 14.—Severe winter weather has prevailed all over New England during the present month, and the trout streams and lakes are ice-bound as never before at such a late season. A complete and sudden change will have to occur very soon if Massachusetts streams are going to be in good condition for the trout fishermen at the opening of the season on April 1. Snow and ice are abundant everywhere in Maine just now, and the railroads running up to the Rangeley region have had a sad time of it between the great flood of ten days ago and the sudden freeze up while the waters were at their highest. The big trestle just out of Farmington, so well known to hundreds of sportsmen who have traveled up into that country, has been carried away, and the Phillips & Rangeley road has been tied up for several days. Capt. Fred. Barker, who has just come into Boston from his camps, was obliged to snowshoe it from Rangeley to Phillips in order to get through, and several other guides who have passed through Boston *en route* to the Sportsmen's Exposition at New York had somewhat similar experiences in making the journey. In spite of the severe weather just now plans for early fishing are being discussed on every hand, and present indications suggest an unusual number of anglers preparing to take up the rod and reel as soon as the icy fetters let go.

J. F. Hutchinson, of Boston, whom I mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM in January as going South with a party of Boston men, has just returned. North Carolina was their first shooting grounds, and from there Mr. Hutchinson pushed on alone to Georgia and Alabama. In the last mentioned States he had very fair quail shooting and also found woodcock in several covers. He considered North Carolina bird shooting on the decline, and from his experience this year thinks it necessary to go further South to get the old-time results.

Houghton's Pond, at the foot of the Blue Hills, a few miles from Boston, lies within the limits of the Metropolitan Park system. It is just a little too large to come under the control of the Commissioners, and is therefore free to the public, although not generally known. F. H. Talcott and Mr. Dorr, of Dorchester, went out there last Saturday and fished through the ice for pickerel; 36lbs. was the sum total of the catch. The largest one, weighing 2½lbs., was hooked twice. The first time he broke the hook and got away, but about two hours afterward was tempted and fell a victim with the broken hook sticking in his jaw. The rain came down in torrents all day, but our friends considered that the least of their trouble.

E. B. Towne, of Newton, Mass., is at East Santa Cruz, Cal. He will stay for several months, and spends most of his leisure time in fishing. Fishing off the coast for salmon gives him some fine sport, and a letter just received by a friend in Boston tells the story of the capture of a very large trout in rapid water that took him a long time to land. He speaks highly of the trout fishing, and it certainly must be good if up to the standard of the one whose capture is described in his letter.

HACKLE.

STOCKING WATERS WITH BROOK TROUT.

ALMOST every one is interested in that most handsome fish, the brook trout. His perfect form and brilliant markings, together with the babbling brooks and beautiful scenery which he is invariably associated with, endear him to the lover of nature, the artist, the tourist and the public at large. By his spirited dash at a fly, his vigorous and gamy fight when hooked, he makes himself the one fish to be sought after by the angler with tireless zeal, and his delicately flavored and finely meated flesh pleases almost beyond comparison the palate of an epicure. The knowledge that a stream contains trout carries with it the conviction that it is pure and cold, and one does not hesitate to drink from a brook inhabited by this species of fish, as the water is always found to be of a superior quality. But all the cold, clear, pure streams we find now-a-days do not by any means contain the speckled beauties, though perhaps but a few years since they were there in numbers.

Bad and insufficient legislation, poaching, the shortsightedness and selfishness of fishermen, have rid most of our brooks of this beautiful fish, and with feelings of real sorrow and regret we now pass along the banks of a former trout stream, in a vain endeavor to see a flash of silver and gold from beneath the watercress or lilypad that causes our pulse to bound, showing that a noble fish has been disturbed at our approach.

Too much could not be said deploring this sad barrenness of many of our brooks were it not for the fact that the remedy for the evil is at hand, inasmuch that by careful restocking and judicious protection most of the natural trout streams may be brought within a reasonable time to their former state of productiveness. Artificial hatching has made the above possible and has also placed the cost of the undertaking within the reach of the majority of persons controlling suitable waters. We all know of the great work successfully done by many of the States in stocking the public waters of their respective commonwealths with different varieties of fish, but perhaps with none have the results been more marked and pleasing than with the species now under discussion. An intelligent and persevering effort in the above direction is almost sure to be crowned with success. Many private individuals and sportsmen's clubs have established trout hatcheries for the preservation or restocking of natural streams, but it is doubtful—leaving out the item of interesting enjoyment to be derived from such an establishment—if it would pay for most parties to indulge in the expense necessary to erect and maintain an affair of this sort, while trout fry can be purchased of parties making a business of raising them at little cost and in any desired quantity.

Parties not directly interested in the pastime of fishing may find it a profitable investment to lay out a few dollars in this direction if the opportunity is present, for cases are by no means rare where fancy prices have been paid by gentlemen of wealth to purchase a farm or lot of land mainly on account of a trout stream or pond situated within its borders.

In fact, perhaps no class of people should be more interested in trout culture than the farmers. They live among the hills and brooks, their lands often embrace a splendid stream, and besides the increased value a well-stocked brook gives to their possessions they can for the taking have, fresh from the water, a delightful meal whenever they desire. Anyone having tried stocking a brook with poor results, need not perhaps give up in despair of future success, for the knowledge and experience gained in the first attempt may insure success should they try again, carefully guarding against former mistakes. A few hints may be useful in this direction.

If a brook is to be stocked with trout, in most cases it may be best to obtain a quantity of fry of some reputable dealer, and, let me say right here, be sure you get good, strong, healthy fry, and that they count out the required number, for the temptation is often strong with unscrupulous parties to cheat in this respect. Buy no fry by measure; careful weighing is an improvement; but better insist on an actual count, as it is not such a terrible task to count out a great many thousand of comparatively small fry. If possible visit the hatchery; the manner in which the business is conducted and the appearance of the owners or parties in charge may materially assist in deciding whether you want to purchase their goods or not.

After procuring the young fish they would better be taken to the headwaters of the stream or put into the springs and little rivulets which flow into it, where they will be safe from any large trout that may chance to inhabit the main brook. Do not dump the fry out all in one place, but after equalizing the temperature of the water in the can with that in the brook scatter the little fellows along here and there, that they may find an abundance of natural food, which in all good trout streams is present in quantities.

Sometimes it is practical to dig narrow ditches from springs at intervals through the meadow, and if the outlets are guarded with screens (which can be put in by almost any one with little expense) they will be excellent places for the fry the first few months, or until they have grown large and strong enough to take care of themselves in the main current. The screens may be removed in the fall and the fish allowed to roam at pleasure. The ditches will also serve to drain and improve the pasture. A little artificial food given them occasionally may cause the fry to grow more rapidly, and these impromptu nurseries cannot fail to prove a most interesting feature to all during the summer.

If you desire to stock a pond, and it is impossible or inconvenient to keep the small trout fry in the ditches or nurseries mentioned above until they have reached a considerable size, larger fish had better be purchased at once—fingerlings, as they are called when from 3 to 6in. in length—as they stand a much better chance of surviving the many dangers, and are also better suited in every way for the deeper water and varying temperature of the pond. The remarks in regard to health and count will apply to these yearling fish as well as to the fry, and be not satisfied alone with the term yearling, but see that they are of good size; for stunted fish are not worth bothering with under any conditions.

As to the number of fish to put into a pond or brook one must decide to the best of his judgment, taking into consideration the probable supply of natural food, the quantity and temperature of the water, and the length of his purse; but better keep on the safe side and put in rather too few than too many.

A small stream of water of good quality and low temperature if properly used will keep more trout than most persons are aware of. But fish must, like most living creatures, eat to live, so, unless food is given them once in a while artificially be sure and not overstock.

The benefits of well stocked streams will most surely be realized by their owners, and in connection with a summer hotel or watering place the profits derived therefrom are often twofold. They add much to the attractiveness of a locality without the disadvantages which some more unnatural allurements often possess, and the class of people who come in pursuit of the sport a well stocked trout brook affords are almost invariably good fellows and welcome guests.

C. C. WOOD.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., March 1.

"JUGGING FOR HOGS."

ONE Sunday afternoon last October as I was reading the FOREST AND STREAM an idea struck me. Such things as ideas do occur to me occasionally, but I have always survived them. I resolved to put this idea into practice the next day. Therefore, Monday noon on my way to lunch I stopped at the house of Harry W. to get his assistance in the scheme. "Could he go fishing?" He guessed he would whether he could or not. He would meet me at the club house at 3 o'clock, sharp.

At the appointed time we were both at the club house. Taking the canoe, I put aboard six quart bottles (empty!) and a pint beer bottle (also empty!!), some strong fishing line, dough bait, cheese and boiled potatoes. It was a beautiful October day, a slight breeze, just barely enough to ripple and dimple the bosom of the noble Delaware. We were soon afloat, and slowly paddled up the river and turned up the creek, fully enjoying the slight exercise of swinging a single paddle in the pure, health-giving air. About a mile and a half up the creek the bow of the Nawadaha was turned into the soft, muddy shore among the splatter docks to hold us against the tide while we rigged up our lines. Taking about 5ft. of line, a hook was bent on and also a small split shot, then the other end was made fast to the neck of a bottle tightly corked.

When all were completed they were slowly dropped overboard, one at a time in the current. We were "jugging for 'hogs'!" the local name for carp. Of course I got my idea from an article in FOREST AND STREAM on "jugging for catfish."

The bottles were bobbing around and slowly drifting up stream, a distance of 20ft. separating each from his neighbor, the pint bottle being in the center of the column.

We had not gone far before No. 3 began to give signs of added animation and then started for the opposite shore. It was quickly overtaken and we pulled in a fair-sized catfish.

"So far so good," said Harry, "but this ain't a hog."

By this time No. 7 was dancing at a great rate. This was finally captured and a 5lb. hog taken in and out of the wet. The next 15 minutes were spent in watching the bottles slowly drift along. Suddenly the pint bottle disappeared from view to come up the next minute 50ft. away. Then the fun began. We would see it, paddle hard and just about get to it when down it would go and we would just have to wait for its reappearance. Talk about trying to guess where a loon will come up! That bottle could beat any loon I ever chased. After chasing it about half an hour it disappeared again, this time headed for Philadelphia, and we haven't seen it since. If any Philadelphian saw a beer bottle last October, passing that city at a rapid rate, that was certainly our bottle, and if they captured our fish, we would like to know his fighting weight—the fish's, we mean.

When we found the rest of our bottles two were jumping rather lively. One had a 4lb. hog on; the other fish got away on picking up the bottle. The next gave us a lively chase before we managed to get it and proved to be the largest, a 14lb. hog. Several more failures, a 9lb. hog and two or three catfish finished the day.

If you want a lively time and plenty of fun try jugging for carp. We found slack-boiled potatoes the best bait.

The paddle home in the sunset (than which no place can boast of more beautiful sunset effects) and twilight, listening to the many voices of nature undisturbed by the quiet passage of the canoe, the dimly outlined flight of an occasional woodcock crossing the creek, hardly distinguishable from the bats in the increasing darkness, this is, after all, the best part of an enjoyable afternoon spent on Crosswick's Creek.

LOU. WILSON.

BORDENTOWN-ON-THE-DELAWARE.

American Fisheries Society.

BATTERY PARK AQUARIUM, New York, March 15.—The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held in New York, May 20 and 21, unless a change of date be agreed upon. Members are requested to prepare papers and to send titles to the recording secretary early, so that a notice of articles may be sent with announcement of meeting. Corrections of membership list are earnestly desired.

TARLETON H. BEAN, Recording Secretary.

United States Fish Commissioner.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has nominated for Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries John J. Brice, of California, formerly a commander in the Navy, from which service he was retired as physically disqualified. He is unknown in fishculture.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

April 21 to 24.—Southern California Kennel Club's show, Los Angeles, Cal. F. W. Ingalls, Sec'y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. —.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

THE CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

THE Mascoutah Kennel Club held about the most successful show in their history at Battery D, Chicago, March 10 to 13. The entry, 929, was a banner one, and the quality through most of the classes better than at any of their previous shows. Spratts Patent as usual benched and fed the show, and needless to say left nothing to be desired in that important branch, the commissariat department. The benching was arranged in a very satisfactory manner, with the large dogs all benched in the Armory Building and the small in Battery D. This arrangement gave considerably more room both for dogs and visitors. There were four judging rings in Battery D and one for small dogs in the Armory.

The judges were Mr. Charles H. Mason for mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, spaniels, collies, poodles, bull dogs, bull, fox and Irish terriers; Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Great Danes and dachshunde; Mr. H. W. Lacy, bloodhounds, Boston, Black and Tan, Yorkshire and toy terriers, beagles, pugs, King Charles, Blenheim, Prince Charles and ruby spaniels, and Italian greyhounds; Mr. John Davidson for the remaining classes. Their decisions were well received and with little, if any, dissatisfaction. Mr. C. H. Mason's classes included over half of the dogs on exhibition, and as the local specials were especially heavy and complicated in his classes, he did not finish judging until Thursday morning. The club would do well at their next show to do away with these specials with strings attached and, following the example of other shows, give local classes with a small entry fee. The entry in St. Bernards, collies, cocker spaniels and fox terriers were especially noticeable.

Mr. W. J. Bryson, the president of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, is a hustler of the first water. Nothing seems to daunt him, and the club are to be congratulated on their choice in having such a capable and painstaking man to fill such an important position. He was ably seconded in his efforts by Mr. W. G. Gunn, chairman of the bench show committee. Messrs. Randolph E. Fishburn, Herbert Alward, S. Clifford Payson and J. L. Lincoln also did good service, especially Mr. Payson, who worked hard as ring steward, and made a most efficient one. Dr. Gunn also served as steward, and with much credit. The show was well attended, except on the opening day, when the weather was stormy, as Chicago weather can be when the reverse is wanted, and it looks as if the club would at last, after so many years of trying, come out with a profit. The sad news was received on the second day that Dr. Rowe had at length succumbed to his long and painful illness, and many were the expressions, to be heard on every side, deploring his loss and recalling his great services to the fancy he loved so well. Many of the principal exhibitors and others present had a meeting and passed resolutions of sympathy with Mrs. Rowe in her great bereavement, and also sent to the house, as a token of their regard for his memory, a handsome floral piece.

Many prominent men interested in kennel matters were present from the East, and the show taken right through was a most successful one. On Saturday evening Mr. W. J. Bryson invited some twenty of the exhibitors and others to be his guests from Chicago to St. Louis in one of the private cars of the Chicago & Alton R. R., and needless to say a most enjoyable trip it was. Leaving

Chicago at 11:30 P. M., it was almost daylight when the crowd dispersed to their respective sleeping berths, for up to that time songs by Messrs. Oldham and Mortimer was the order of business, and this with sundry liquid refreshments served to hold the boys to their seats until the time aforementioned. St. Louis was reached at 8:30 the following morning, and before leaving the car a breakfast was served to which ample justice was done. The following gives particulars, etc., of the entries in the principal breeds:

In mastiffs Prince Cola and Marquis met and the first named won by a close margin. Both are well known, shown in the same condition it would be hard to separate them. Minnie Beaufort won in the corresponding bitch class from Sinaloa, scoring in size and massiveness of head. Both were well shown. Eight entries in open dogs, first going to Leamington, a big sound dog greatly improved since last year. He was closely pressed by Eldermann II., who beats him in head, but loses to him in body and hindquarters. Rossington, third, loses to the former in size, but is his equal in mastiff character. Elkson's Leon, fourth, is a big young dog showing too much loose skin around his head, he has also a rather houndy expression. The reserve dog Barkis was his equal in every point but size. Beaufort's Boy, vhc., is too light in muzzle and is somewhat straight behind. Baby Bunn, also vhc., deserved his letters. Rowena easily won in corresponding bitch class, she scored in size, head and general massiveness. Fandango, second, outpointed Cherry Elliott, third, in shoulders and behind. They are about equal in head. No entries in class for puppies, dogs, and only one in corresponding bitch class. Thistle, first, is a very promising young bitch that will give a good account of herself when a little more aged. The novice class was made up of the winners in the open classes.

There was a capital entry in St. Bernards both as regards numbers and quality. The challenge dog class was vacant, but the corresponding bitch class had two entries, first going to Io and reserve to Rustic Beauty. The winner scored a bit in condition, but Rustic Beauty had the most quality. In open dogs Le Prince, the dog reported to have been shipped to Germany, was an easy winner from American Cæsar and Eboracum, placed second and third in the order mentioned. The winner beat Cæsar in type of head and behind. Eboracum did not show nearly as well as at Detroit; he moved badly behind. Easter Cyclone, fourth, is a nice, sound dog of good type, lacking in face markings, but with a fair quality head. Duke Wadsworth, reserve, was not in good condition; he is light in muzzle. In better condition he would have given a better account of himself. The vhc. dogs were a good lot, but not in it with the winners. Roylan, vhc., but for his faulty hindquarters would be one of the best. In the corresponding class for bitches La Princess, in capital condition, won; she was out of coat. Santa Monica, second, is from the same kennels; she is a fine, large-bodied bitch, with grand legs and feet, and a good, typical head. Belle Isle Kenneis came third with Artilla, the Detroit winner; she is a good one, but lacks dark shadings, and is a bit long in muzzle. Baroness Streatham has a good, massive body, not quite straight on legs, rather long in muzzle, but has good depth; she lacks blaze. Sylvia's Lola, R., is a nice, sound, good-bodied bitch, well marked, light in color; lacks depth of muzzle. The cards were freely distributed and rightly so; there were many bitches of good quality behind the winners. Flora Lomond, vhc., was one of the best of these; a sound bitch, with very fair head and good body, but very light in color. Arlington Pansy, vhc., is a big, heavy-boned bitch with a massive head, rather lacking in quality. In dog puppies, Sothern, first, Duke of Wellington, second, and Sultan VII., R., was the order. The first prize winner is a nice-sized, good-boned puppy with a very fair head, but unfortunately, light in muzzle; he has a fair skull and good expression. Duke of Wellington was not in his stall. Sultan VII. has a fair head and will improve with age. Cromwell, vhc., is a promising puppy, with a well-marked head, and is a good mover. Grover Cleveland, hc., loses in head, but is of good size and bone. Sylvia's Lola, R. in open class, rightly won in corresponding bitch class. The novice class winners were made up of twenty-eight entries headed by Santa Monica. She easily duplicated her win in the open class. Easter Cyclone deserved second place. Homer Bedivere, R., is a well-marked dog, rather short on leg, but with good bone; he is light in muzzle. Mascot Imperial, third, is a very typical dog, well marked, nice straight legs and is a good mover, but is a bit small. Melro Sylvia, vhc., is a promising one. The well-known brothers champion Melrose and Lawrence Garza had the battle between them in smooth challenge dogs; Melrose won with some to spare. In corresponding bitch class Pratt's Belle was the only entry; she looked and moved well. Alta Kennels won with Rex Watch in the open class; he is a large, well-grown dog, with good length of body, plenty of bone, good skull and expression; he is a bit light on end of muzzle. Fernwood King, second, has a good body, legs and feet and fair skull; his condition was of the best, and it was well for him it was so. Patrician, third, was lucky to beat Melkyrie, R. Ben Harrison, fourth, is a good sort, well marked, good body, legs and feet; his head is a very typical one. Pharaoh but for his bad colors would have been higher. Clovis has also to be content with three letters, his size as usual telling against him. In the corresponding bitch class Judith's Rachel won easily, with Sunol, second, close up. Lady Sylvia, third, was also well placed, and was shown well. Flora, fourth, is well marked, but loses to the others in size and head. In the puppy class for smooth dogs, St. Bernard won. He is well grown, with a well-marked and good type of head; his condition was bad. Prince Ferd, second, is a nicely-marked puppy and will grow into a nice dog. In the corresponding puppy class Lady Fernmore, first, is a promising sort, with a good head, body, legs and feet. Empress Louise, second, is a good-bodied orange and white, but weak in head properties. In the novice class Fernwood King won, with Sullivan second. The last named is a good big dog, with nice bone, but poor in head and shoulders. He might have given way to Lady Fernmore, third.

Bloodhounds were represented by five entries, among them being Jack Shepard, alone in the challenge class, and Simon de Sudbury, who easily disposed of Brough, second, in open dogs. Layswood Chorus, first in open bitches, is a typical one, with good head, loins and quarters. Queen of the West, the only other entry, was absent.

Great Danes were out in good force. Osceola Neverzen was placed first in challenge class dogs and bitches, beating Major McKinley, who is getting to be a cripple. R. In open dogs Osceola Voltaire, by far the most typical specimen, was placed first; he is a grand type of dog, with nice head, body, legs and feet. De Mello, second, was handled by the veteran, Harry Goodman; he lacks the winner's quality. In open bitch class Dina won, with Earl's Olivia second and Eulalia third. The winner is a nice sort.

Seven entries in Newfoundlands, among them being some good ones. Duke II., first, is a grand dog, showing much quality in head and body. Bessie, first in open bitches, is also a good one.

Only one Russian wolfhound, a fair sort.

Four entries in open bitches for deerhounds. Norma, first, is a good coated dog with a fair head. Kingsbury Alma, second, moves well, but lacks quality of the winner. Greyhounds came next, with Southern Rhymes first. He is well known and deserved his win. In open dogs, first went to Robert le Diable, with Davy Garrick second, and Harrison Belle third; while in corresponding class for bitches Southern Belle rightly won in the open bitch class. She looked well and is a hard one to beat.

(Owing to the recent storm the remainder of our report has been delayed.)

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, L. Younghusband's Prince Cola. R., Chas. E. Bunn's Marquis. *Bitches:* 1st, L. Younghusband's Minnie Beaufort. R., Chas. E Bunn's Sinaloa.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Chas. E. Bunn's Leamington, Eldermann and Rossington; 4th, A. & B. R. Morse's Elkson's Leon. R., Walter C. Gunn's Barkis. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Chas. E. Bunn's Rowena, Fandango and Cherry Elliott; 4th, Fred. W. Sandberg's Blenda. *Puppies:* 1st, Chas. E. Bunn's Thistle.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, Chas. E Bunn's Eldermann and Rossington; 3d, A. & B. R. Morse's Elkson's Leon. R., Walter C. Gunn's Barkis.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, C. R. Joseph's Io.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Pratt's Le Prince; 2d, A. Froembling's American Cæsar; 3d, Belle Isle Kennels' Eboracum; 4th, H. D. Lingle's Easter Cyclone. R., Meisenheimer Bros.' Duke Wadsworth. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C A. Pratt's La Princess and Santa Monica; 3d, Belle Isle Kennels' Artilla; 4th, S. Moloney's Baroness Streatham. R., E. S. Hart's Sylvia's Lola.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. D. Lingle's Sothern; 2d, A. Roadford's Duke of Wellington. *Bitches:* 1st, E. S. Hart's Sylvia's Lola. R., H. D. Lingle's Marie Tempest.—NOVICE—1st, C. A. Pratt's Santa Monica; 2d, H. D. Lingle's Easter Cyclone. R., H. J. Cassady's Homer Bedivere.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's champion Melrose. R., J. W. Fornoff's Lawrence Garza. *Bitches:* 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Pratt's Belle.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Rex Watch; 2d, G. A. Lee & Son's Fernwood King; 3d, C. R. Joseph's Patrician; 4th, W. Burgess's Ben Harrison. R., A. F. Kramer's Melkyrie. *Bitches:* 1st, C. A. Pratt's Judith's Angel; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Sunol; 3d, E. S Mitchell's Lady Sylvia; 4th, J. E. Holcomb's Flora. R., Loomis & Holcomb's Lady Maud.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, D. W. Congreve's St. Bernard; 2d, C. F. Rettig's Prince Ferd. *Bitches:* 1st, E. S. Mitchell's Lady Fernmore; 2d, L. Marum's Empress Louise.—NOVICE—1st, G. A. Lee & Son's Fernwood King; 2d, Mrs. D. J. Tyler's Sullivan; equal 3d, F. Rettig's Mascot Imperial and E. S. Mitchell's Lady Fernmore. R., A. F. Kramer's Melkyrie.

BLOODHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, R. Williams's Jack Shepard.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Simon de Sudbury; 2d, S. B. Christy's Brough. *Bitches:* 1st, S. B. Christy's Laywood Chorus.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Osceola Kennels' Osceola Neversell. R, Donnybrook Kennels' Major McKinley.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Philip S. Schufeldt's Osceola Voltaire; 2d, Mohawk Kennels' De Mello; 3d, H. L. Robinson's Beau Brummell; 4th, Wm. Mueller's Leo Woldemar R., Monrad J. Olsen's Henrik Ibsen. *Bitches:* 1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Dina; 2d, Algonquin Kennels' Earls Olivia; 3d, H. L. Robinson's Eulalia; 4th, H. K. Cowan's Neusteiner. R., T. G. Kaniff's hater.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Frank Kern's Iron Chancellor; 2d, J. M. Studebaker, Sr.'s, Tom Golden. R., M. M. Schultz's Baron S. *Bitches:* 1st, H. K. Cowan's Neusteiner; 2d, William Rodger's Her Majesty. R., Algonquin Kennels' Cora Moreau. NOVICE—Equal 1st, Sam Snell's Kingsbury Major and Algonquin Kennels' Earls Olivia; 2d, Rockford Kennels' Balder; 3d, M. M. Schultz's Baron S. R., Rockford Kennels' Bismarck.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jackson's Duke II; 2d, Alfretta Kirby's Ben. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Mr. and Mrs. J P. Jackson's Bessie, Lady Grace and Princess Maud. R, J. A. Spracklin's Topsy.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. M. Keasbey's Optimist

DEERHOUNDS.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, Walter D Griscom's Norma; 2d, Sam Snell's Kingsbury Alma; 3d and R., Wm. Potter's Lassie and Madge.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. J. H. Lyke's Southern Rhymes.—OPEN—1st, A. Massey's Robert Le Diable; 2d, M. Barrymore's Davy Garrick; 3d, Wm Potter's Hector; R., A. Massey's King o' the Hill. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Southern Belle; 2d, Mrs. E. Bardoe Elliott's Lucy; 3d, A. Jacobs's Harrison Belle.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Commodore.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Walker & Hagan's Big Strive; 2d, A. Krueger's Loud. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Gibbs's Veracity; 2d, Walker & Hagan's Pearl.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—OPEN—1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Friendly.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (55lbs and over): 1st, Glen Rock Kennels' Moulton Banner. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, Geo J. Gould's Josie Brackett.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs and over): Geo. J. Gould's Furlough Mike; 2d, Charles Heath's Roswell; 3d, Louis Boening's Dad; 4th, H. F. Gillette's Moose. R., E. S. Brink's Sport. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, Leo. S. Well's Devonshire Jennie; 2d, E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie; 3d, Beverley Kennels' Graphic's Minnie. —CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, Geo. J. Gould's Ridgeview Comet. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, Geo. J. Gould's Miss Rumor.—OPEN—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, Geo. J. Gould's Chancellor; 2d, H. LeRoy Jones's Young Americus. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, Geo. J. Gould's Devonshire Pearl; 2d and 3d, T. G. Davey's Faustina and Brighton Lucy. R., James S. Crane's Wamduska.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, L. M. Williams's Piedmont's Dick; 2d, Wilmette Kennels' Beiac. *Bitches:* 1st, John Reinhardt's Trilby; 2d, H. Le Roy Jones's Belle of Babylon.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Pape's Cactus. *Bitches:* 1st, J Brett's Maid Marion.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Warwick Kennels' Sheldon; 2d, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Ranger; 3d, P. T. Madison's Rodfield. R., C. C. Sidler's Best Tonic. *Bitches:* 1st, W. S. Hastings's Albert's Moll; 2d, Cottrell & Stout's Susie; 3d, Frank Kruse's Bess; 4th, Bert Crane's Flirt. R., Chas. T. Engel's Countess Antonio. —PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, John Holte's Kaiser; 2d, Warren Lusted's Jim Purser. R., Dr. A. W. Cooper's Ross. *Bitches:* 1st, J. T. Toohey's Ledo Antonio; 2d, Warren Lusted's Ferris Girl. R., J. B. Turner's Lady Sue.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. L. Washington's Finglas. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Eakins's Bessie Finmore. R., A. von Cotzhausen's Lady May Swiveler.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 2d and R., Claremont Kennels' Chief Red Cloud and Pride's Boy; 3d, G. S. Bennett's Shamrock Bruce; 4th, W. Sutton, Jr.'s, Kildare Mait. *Bitches:* 1st, Claremont Kennels' Pride's Beauty; 2d, A. von Cotshausen's Lady Finglas; 4th, A. & A. Burtnett's Bonnie Belle. R., A. Kirby's Bessie M.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, J. J. Mannion's Kildare Grace.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad. R., Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' ch. Rexmont. *Bitches:* 1st, J. R Oughton's Dwight Pearl. R., Highland Kennels' Highland Yola.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Boy; 2d, B. W. Andrews's Gip; 3d, Forest Kennels' Forest Leo; 4th, Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Pilot of Loraine. R., O. Schafer's Wang Ivanhoe. *Bitches:* 1st, Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Lawn Hazel; 2d, Highland Kennels' Highland Leola; 3d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Santa Marie; 4th and R., J. R. Oughton's Dwight Sarah and Dwight Bee.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Harold. *Bitches:* 3d and R., Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Lawn Nettie and Lawn Katie.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. R. Pike's Beverly Jack; 2d, Com. G. C. Rester's Echo.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Drayton Warwick. *Bitches:* 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Drayton the Shrew. R., J. A. Spracklin's Daisy Dean.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs* (over 28lbs.): 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Ben; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Endcliffe Ebony. *Bitches:* 1st, M. A. Vill's Scandal; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Spracklin's Belle.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs* (over 28lbs.): 1st, J. A. Spracklin's Prince Charlie. *Puppies:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Ben.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—BLACK OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st, Concord Cocker Kennels' ch. Pickpanta.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, G. Greer's Bambo. R., T. McK. Robertson's Red Oho.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, C. G. King's Governor; 2d, G. Douglas's Viscount; 3d, A. T. Knowlson's Willie Silk. R., Mrs. G. J. Pottmyer's Cir Bang. *Bitches:* 1st and R., G. Douglas's Lady Clipper and Woodland Minnie; 3d, J. E. Wright's Woodland Finette; 3d, G. Greer's Dot Obo.—RED OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st, Etheired Kennels' Hamilton Jack; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Cherry Boy III; 3d, F. H. Sturdy's Red Mindo. R., G. J. Rea's Red Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl; 2d, T. McK. Robertson's Red Dolly; 3d, Etheired Kennels' Etheired Bonnie. R., G. J. Pottmyer's Governess.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, G. Douglas's Woodland Trilby; 2d, W. T. Payne's Tansy; 3d, J. E. Wright's Woodland Bessie. R., J. H. McTague's Tick B. *Puppies:* 1st, G. Douglas's Mirkwood; 2d, W. F. Carson's Trilby; 3d, D. Allenby's Flossie. R., Royal Kennels' Royal Diamond.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, G. R. Preston's McGregor.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, T. A. Carson's Mike; 2d, Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennels' Tinker; 3d, T. W. Mills's Willy Reilly. *Bitches:* 1st, T. A. Carson's Marguerite; 2d, 3d and R., Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennels' Rose, Bridget O'Donohue and Judy.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Morgan's Sefton Hero. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Morgan's Charlton Phyllis. R., S. B. Stannard's Lady Gay.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, 3d and R., J. P Morgan's Rufford Ormonde, Robin Gray, Cragston Donald and Cragston Black Diamond; 4th, J. R Oughton's Dwight Ormonde. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Thistle and Cragston Blue Ruin; 3d, B. H. Westlake's Priscilla A.; 4th, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Lily.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, G. P. McAdam's Buff II; 2d, S B Stannard's Inspiration. R., O. E Frankenthal's Skit. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. L. Lincoln's Recompense and Fulwyn Dawn. R., J. O. Buhrer's Princess Bonnie.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, J P. Morgan's Cragston Donald; 2d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Ormonde; 3d, J. W. Wakem's Christopher Columbus. R., J. L. Lincoln's Dictator. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Thistle and Cragston Blue Ruin; 3d, J. L. Lincoln's Recompense

OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOGS.—1st, J. P. Morgan's Herdsman II.; 2d, Donnybrook Kennels' Bob-No-Go.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Morey Kennels' Rajah.—OPEN—BLACK—CORDED OR RUSSIAN—1st, M. E. Sorge's Hector.—CURLY OR FRENCH—*Dogs:* 1st, J. F. Schnaitman's Dahomey; 2d, F. Kuhlig's Parisian; 3d, W. Dixon's Clicquot II. R., Morey Kennels' Morey Fiat. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Morey Kennels' Morey Leah, Snowball and Coquette. R., W. Dixon's Topsy.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. Kuhlig's Parisian and Zenobia. R., Morey Kennels' Morey Fiat.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, 2d and R., H. H. Hunnewell's Jacko, Ponto and Hill Hurst Hilda; 3d, Mepal Kennels' Mepal's Cherry.

DALMATIANS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. L. Aborn's Sport; 2d and R., E. J. Woods's Sport and Kelley D.; 3d, G. Siegmund's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st and R., E. J. Woods's Nellie B. and Edith G.; 3d, W. L. Aborn's Star. *Puppies:* 1st, F. J. Kane's Richard K.; 2d, E. J. Woods's Trilby. R., Wilmette Kennels' Doctress.

BULL DOGS.—*Bitches* (40lbs. and over): 1st, T. W. Mills's Sally Brass II. *Dogs* (under 40lbs.): 1st, T. H. Webb's Rowdy Ruffian. *Puppies:* 1st, A. C. Ledyard's Ell Yale.

BULL TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper's ch. Cardonna. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's ch. Starlight.—OPEN—*Dogs* (30lbs. and over): 1st and 3d, F. F Dole's Master Piece and Victor; 3d, Wm. J. Bryson's Aspiration. R., Mrs. E P. Shibley's Chautauqua Clyde. *Bitches* (30lbs. and over): 1st, H. Thompson's Merle Goddess; 2d, F. F. Dole's Greenhill Empress; 3d, I. W. Rosenstein's Sweetness R., Wm. J. Bryson's Countess of Dufferin. *Dogs* (under 30lbs.): 1st, F. F. Dole's Pedler Palmer; 2d, J. Callahan's Rookery Boy. *Bitches* (under 30lbs.): 1st, G. Whitney's Fleetwood Belle; 2d, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Lady; 3d, J. Callahan's Lorna Doone II. R., Osgood & Crosby's Phyllis.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Master Piece; 2d, A. Flynn's Domino. R., W. C. Gunn's Chimmie Fadden. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Lady. R., J. Callahan's Lorna Doone II.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Greenhill Empress and Master Piece.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Nankin.—OPEN—*Dogs* (25lbs. and over): 1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Jem Mace; 2d, Mrs. E. R. Pike's Rueben. *Bitches* (25lbs. and over): 1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Countess; 2d, H. A. Snyder's Blondy. *Dogs* (under 25lbs.): 1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Tom; 2d, Mrs. B. Pope's Spider; 3d, Bayonne Kennels' Dandy. *Bitches* (under 25lbs.): 1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Peggy.—NOVICE—*Dogs* (heavy and light): 1st and 2d, Bayonne Kennels' Jingo and Teddy. *Bitches:* 2d, H. A. Snyder's Blondy.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, Bayonne Kennels' Thoreen.

DACHSHUNDE.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and R., A. Froembling's Blitz and Reineke's Pick; 2d, Venlo Farm Kennels' Professor Puck. *Bitches:* 1st, Venlo Farm Kennels' What's Wanted; 3d, H. G. Meyer's Diana. R., P. Boening's Nipaka.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Venlo Farm Kennels' Venlo Buck and Professor Puck. R., A Nelson's Don Juan. *Bitches:* 1st, Wm. Korb's Hexe; 2d, Venlo Farm Kennels' Venlo Squaw. R., A. Froembling's Liebe.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Lewis's Ringleader. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Lewis's Lonely.—OPEN—*Dogs* (over 13in.): 1st, J. Lewis's Baffler; 2d, Wm. Potter's Joe. *Bitches* (over 13in.): 1st, C. B. Rice's Lady May; 2d, J. Lewis's Spinaway. *Dogs* (13in. and under): 1st, G. A. Buckshoff's Royal Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, Middleton Kennels' Fancy.—PUPPIES—1st, J. Lewis's Cherrywood; 2d and R., C. B. Rice's Prior and Trump, Jr.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. A. Bowersock's Rupon Stormer. *Bitches:* 1st, Weeks and Turner's Grouse II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Sunset Kennels' Dudley Stroller; 2d, I. W. Rosenstein's Seldon Strebor; 3d, Toon & Thomas's Blemton Firebrand. R., B. S. Horne's Prisoner. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Dudley Saunter; 2d W. L. Monnier's Richmond Victory; 3d and R., J. W. Wakem's Richmond Jessamine and Seldon Sweetness.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J W. Wakem's Seldon Suitor; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliff Jester; 3d, W. Edwards's Dandy Boy. R., C. E. Bunn's Mr. Coleman. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Wakem's Seldon Spinster; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Lady. R., B. Breslin's Beauty.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, G. B. Gooderham's Norfolk Regal; 2d, I. W. Rosenstein's Seldon Strebor; 3d, B B. Horne's Prisoner. R., W. F. Reader's Ruesley Flight. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Dudley Saunter; 2d, G. Raper's Lady; 3d, D. J. March's Wakefield Madgeola. R., J. W. Wakem's Seldon Sweetness.—WIRE-HAIRED—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Cribbage. R., J. J. Lynn's Endcliffe Banker. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Fidget.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Brisk and Endcliffe Teaser. R., J. J Lynn's Endcliffe Nailer. *Bitches:* 2d and R., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Brunette and Bushey Bramble. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Gypsie and Hill Hurst Tramp.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Brigg's Best. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Gessels III.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Brigg's Bargain and Brigg's Biases. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Maggie; 2d, F. J. Bolger's Kate Carney; 3d, A. McGinn's Lady O'Neil. *Puppies:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Brigg's Bargain; 2d, Royal Kennels' Erin King. R., J. E. Wright's Erin Queen.—NOVICE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Brigg's Bargain.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, R. McDonald's Merry Call. R., A. F. Hertzler's Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, A. F. Hertzler's Klitib and Rowdy Row. *Bitches:* 1st, R. McDonald's Coloo; 2d, A. F. Hertzler's Tootsey.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, S. D. Ripley's Glenwood. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Wilson's Queen III.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Raven Kennels' Rhodes Orme; 2d, C. Wilson's Chicago Spider; 3d, E. Mack's Perfecta. *Bitches:* 1st, S. D Ripley's Surrey Gem; 2d, J. Spengler's Lucy S; 3d C. Wilson's Chicago Maiden. R., C. S. Stuart's Queen Bess. *Puppies:* 1st, E. Mack's Perfecta; 2d, C. Wilson's Up-to-Date Chicago Girl.

WHIPPETS.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Rompaway; 2d, 3d and R., J. A. Spracklin's Dick, Nancy and Ben.

PEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mr. James's Hard Tack. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Hornet; 2d and 3d, J. Hopkinson's Beach Grove Blue Bell and Endcliffe Wasp.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Lothian Judy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. W. Dunnell's Tweedside King; 2d, C. C. McLean's Tweed. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. W. Dunnell's Kelso Lass and Kelso Countess.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Elphinstone. *Bitches:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Endcliffe Maggie.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, J. A. B Hossack's Heather Bloom.

SCHIPPERKES.—1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Blaser and Buster.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. C. Bishop's Bradford Rejected.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, N. E. Oliver's Halifax Ted; 2d, J. Foster's Leeds Prince; 3d, L. Cullen's Chelsea King. *Bitches:* 1st, L. Cullen's Endcliffe Model; 2d, J. McGregor's Maud; 3d, Oliver & Sloane's Pansy. R., J. Booker's Bo-Peep.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. W. J. Bryson's Torso. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. W. J. Bryson's Tosca.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE—ROUGH-HAIRED—(Under 7lbs.): 1st, Mrs. L. Boll's Roy.—SMOOTH-HAIRED—1st, J. A. Mander's Topsy M. R., Viola Darrac's Tito D.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, T. A. Howard's Al Von. *Bitches:* 1st, T. A Howard's Hooker.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. G. Brittan's Bradford Marvel; 2d, Rookery Kennels' Finsbury Dong; 3d, Ravenswood Pug Kennels' Drummer. *Bitches:* 1st, Rookery Kennels' Princess Madge. *Puppies:* 1st, T. May's Rexford Della Fox; 2d, Mrs. A. Beckman's Rexford Daisy.—NOVICE—1st and R., Rookery Kennels' Queen Madge and Countess Madge; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Lord Sheffield; 3d, Ravenswood Pug Kennels' Drummer Lad.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. J. S. Bukrer's Royal Baby; 2d and 3d, R. W. Holmes's Little Chummy and King Charlie. R., Mrs. A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet St. Cyr. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, R. W. Holmes's Nettie Bright Eyes and Little Mollie.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and R., Ak-Sar-Ben Kennels' Dandy, King of Diamonds and Omaha Duke; 3d, Mrs. H. S. Hayden's Rex, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Ak-Sar-Ben Kennels' Omaha Beauty and Ruby; 3d, W. C. Bishop's Dulcina. R., A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Marquis. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. H. S. Hayden's Marquis; 2d, A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Major.

PRINCE CHARLES AND RUBY SPANIELS.—1st, J. C. McCord's Miss Wally.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. H Hoyt's Trixie. R., J. Lewis's Spring.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Tee Dee. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Io and Valenza.

CHIHUAHUAS.—1st, 2d and R., Mrs. L. B. Brandt's Sytl, Nellie and Duke.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. A. Van Zandt's Rising Star; 2d, J. Carver's Ben. R., W. W. Weare's Alaska. *Bitches:* 1st, G. A. Van Zandt's Blinkbonny.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The quarterly meeting of the New England Beagle Club will be held in Mechanic's Building, Boston, April 20, at 2 P. M.

In the matter of the Manice Challenge Cup, Mr. James Mortimer has notified Mr. E. A. Manice of the official awards as follows: First: Windrush Kennels' Princetta (Jay—Princess); R., J. H. Matthews's Polly Flinders (Pterodactyl—Jargonelle).

At the N. E. K. C. show, Mr. James Mortimer will judge bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, Chesapeake Bay dogs, whippets, bull dogs, pugs and miscellaneous. Mr. Chas. H. Mason will judge deerhounds, greyhounds, wolfhounds, Bassets, dachshunde, poodles, collies, sheep dogs and terriers, except Boston and fox terriers. Mr. John Davidson will judge foxhounds, pointers, setters and beagles. Mr. H. W. Smith will judge fox terriers. Mr. Alex. L. Goode will judge Boston terriers.

The premium list of the Mohawk Kennel Club's dog show, to be held beginning April 14, can be obtained of Mr. Wm. T. Ford, Sec'y, Cohoes, N. Y. Mr. Chas. H. Mason will judge all classes. Mr. E. M. Oldham will superintend. The dogs will be fed and benched by Spratts Patent.

In a letter of recent date Mr. N. T. DePauw, New Albany, Ind., informs us that he has arranged with Prof. Osthaus for a fine portrait of Jingo, one worthy of a pointer of the best that America ever produced. Prof. Osthaus, we learn, will paint portraits of the pointers India, Nabob and Tippoo.

The American Dachshunde Club.

THE club met Wednesday and Thursday to ratify a standard. The standard of the German Dachshunde Club, with the exception of requiring a longer leaner skull with moderate dome, was adopted. Mr. Arthur Froembling, Chicago, was elected secretary.

Faults and Interferences at Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The manner in which a dog hunts (whether he is fast or slow), especially when he is locating game of which he has caught a faint scent, marks the class to which he belongs more decidedly than any of his other performances.

The too close proximity of men or horses, particularly of the competing handler and his dog, are very liable to spoil the good work that would otherwise have been done; so it seems to me that to test this particular quality properly, it would be far more satisfactory—and save time too—if each dog that had not already shown his ability in this respect was worked single-handed.

The way in which he follows running birds and handles a scattered covey are also of the greatest importance. All these things test the intelligence and natural quality of a dog.

As regards faults, false pointing (in an aged dog) is among the most serious, for it shows timidity, bad style of hunting, poor nose, or want of intelligence.

Flushing ought only to be regarded as an accident if the dog has shown that he is properly careful (though not to the extent of pottering), has a fine nose, carries his head right, uses the wind properly, etc., for scent is sometimes very irregular and unevenly diffused through the atmosphere. A dog may catch it at a considerable distance from a bird and miss it when close to him. I fully admit that fine field dogs are bred, and that no amount of education can convert a low class dog into a high class one; still I believe most sportsmen will agree with me when I say that careful and judicious training is necessary to make them pleasant and satisfactory to shoot over, and that there is no reason why dogs of the highest courage should not be thoroughly trained (though not necessarily in one or even two seasons) without injuring their natural qualities and turning them into "plug dogs."

If from anything I have said in this or in any other letter anyone thinks that I do not consider that the class of dog that usually wins at field trials is the best that can be bred, I can only say that I must have expressed myself badly. I believe in dogs that have high courage, hunt in good form (that are intelligent, quick and snappy), that range well whether near or far, and that can go at great speed without distressing themselves or doing poor work on birds.

C. E. MCMURDO.

Continental Kennel Club.

THE C. K. C. held its annual meeting in the Palmer House, Chicago, on March 12. The minutes of the previous meeting were approved. The secretary's report showed a balance of $511.83, and $10 due. This is a good financial showing. There was no indebtedness. The club appropriated money for a suitable floral tribute to the late president, Dr. Rowe. The officers elected were: President, Dr. N. Rowe; Vice-Presidents, C. G. Stoddard, Dayton; E. S. Gay, Atlanta; H. K Devereaux, Cleveland; R. Merrill, Milwaukee; G. W. Ewing, West Islip, N. Y.; T. G. Davey, London; R. V. Fox, Harrisburg; F. H. Perry, Des Moines; Secretary-Treasurer, P. T. Madison. The chicken trials are to be held at Kennedy, or some point in Minnesota or Dakota. W. S. Bell was selected to judge the chicken trials if arrangements can be so made. The quail trials to be held at or near Bicknell, Ind., beginning Nov. 2. Derby prizes, $250, $200, $150, $100, $50. Entry fee, $10 forfeit, $5 second forfeit, $10 to start; setters and pointers to run together. All-Age stake, purse $500; prizes, $200, $150, $100 and $50; setters and pointers run together. W. S. Bell and Royal Robinson were selected as two of the three judges. The third one will be announced later. The club deserves praise for disclosing its financial condition and all its workings, this in striking contrast to the workings of the U. S. Club, which refused to permit reporters at its meetings. A club draws its revenue from the public and there is nothing to conceal when public interest is sought. The C. K. C. made a big advance in electing an independent list of officers. The prize list for both trials is worthy of note. After the good work done by the pointers and their increase in numbers they can hardly ask for or desire separate stakes in the future. The reduction in the Derby entry fee will be a gratification to owners and is a wise act on the club's part. The entry fee in the All-Age is $10 and $10. This is also a wise and needed movement. With such skillful and progressive men at the head of affairs the club will no doubt hold successful trials and have an assured future of success.

The Baltimore Kennel Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A new kennel club has been organized in Baltimore under the name of the Baltimore Kennel Association. The club will hold its first show in the Cyclorama Building, April 14 to 17. It was deemed advisable to hold a show open to all comers this season on account of the very limited time to be ready to follow Boston, and the management decided to make their first show a local show, open for competition to dogs owned in Maryland and the District of Columbia, and to give the proceeds to the Baltimore Day Nursery, a very popular non-sectarian charity managed by the leading society ladies of Baltimore. These ladies have taken hold of the show in great earnest, having secured large contributions in cash and a great many valuable merchandise prizes; among the prizes secured are a number of valuable silver cups for specials. From present indications there will be at least 300 entries from Baltimore city and the State, and the show will be the most successful, without doubt, ever held in Baltimore, and will give the Baltimore Kennel Association a great send off for their show next year. When such prominent and well-known ladies as are managing the Baltimore Day Nursery take hold of an enterprise, success is assured in the beginning. Let me add that dogs from anywhere can enter for exhibition, and be placed on sale, and that quite a number of the celebrities are expected to be on exhibition. The prizes will be merchandise for first and second, and a diploma for third. These prizes will be as valuable as money prizes, and will be appreciated just as much if not more so by most exhibitors.

The officers are: President, Wm. P. Riggs; Vice-President, Geo. Dobbin Penniman; Secretary, Dr. Geo. W. Massamore; Treasurer, J. Chambers Weeks.

GEO. W. MASSAMORE.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club bench show committee on Friday evening, March 13, it was decided to hold a bench show in this city on April 14, 15, 16 and 17, at Industrial Art Hall, Broad and Vine streets. Premium lists will be gotten out, if possible, on Wednesday, March 18, and all other arrangements for the show pushed vigorously. Acting on the suggestion to have a guarantee fund, $1,000 has been subscribed and it will probably be increased to $1,500.

The bench show committee is as follows: H. G. Sinnott, Geo. H. Thomson, J. H. Winslow, J. J. Snellenburg, F. H. Fleer, Dr. Geo. D. B. Darby, Hildebrand Fitzgerald.

Another meeting will be held on Monday evening, March 16, at the Aldine Hotel, when it is expected that the judges asked to serve will be heard from, and all the preliminaries for the show arranged.

At a special meeting of the P. K. C. resolutions on the death of Dr. Rowe will be passed.

BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE.

Yachting.

IN view of the exhaustive nature of the evidence for the defense, as disclosed by the extracts published in the FOREST AND STREAM, it would seem that quite enough has been said about positive and negative evidence. Under the peculiar conditions of this case positive evidence is hardly possible. If, for instance, Lord Dunraven's representative had left Defender at 8 P. M. and the Cup committee had put a member of the Valkyrie party aboard at 8:15 to remain until measurement next morning, it could still be urged, with technical justice, that there was no positive evidence that a fraudulent shifting of ballast had not occurred. It may be said that this is an extreme case, and that ten tons of lead could not have been disposed of in as many minutes; but if the detailed evidence of fifty men is to be believed, backed by many known facts, this would be hardly more impossible than the juggling with the same ten tons three times in three days.

WE conclude this week the extracts from the evidence given before the special committee. The inquiries of Mr. Askwith were directed mainly to establishing that the weather of Friday, the day of original measurement, was so threatening as to warrant the putting in of extra weight for the race next day; even in a yacht that ordinarily would not need more ballast. In this he was far from successful, the replies in the main being similar to those of Mr. Rogers when questioned as to the stability of Defender and the need of extra ballast in any weather. Another point on which he laid stress was the condition of the water when Mr. Henderson was put aboard Defender on Saturday morning, as well as the possibility of determining a slight degree of list from a point beam on. The replies to both of these questions went to show that there was considerable motion to the water and the yacht at the time Lord Dunraven made his personal observations; while the possibility of determining a vessel's list from a point abreast her was denied by all.

THE evidence of Mr. Rogers is interesting and important in that it discloses a fact that has been hidden until quite recently, and also that it furnishes another instance of Lord Dunraven's inability to comprehend an ordinary business interview. Mr. Rogers—and his testimony is fully corroborated by Mr. Canfield—makes it perfectly plain that the marking of the yachts on Sunday morning was not, as at first generally believed, in consequence of Lord Dunraven's renewed demands, or even of his claim that Defender was over her lines; but was determined on at a special meeting of the Cup committee on Friday morning, Messrs. Rogers and Canfield being at once dispatched to inform Lord Dunraven and Mr. Iselin. The latter fully agreed to the proposition, and was notified to be at the Erie Basin on Sunday morning, it being then too late to mark the boats that day. Lord Dunraven was visited by the two members of the committee on board of Valkyrie; the decision of the committee, finally granting the point he had been so long contending for, was made known to him plainly and deliberately, and the matter of getting the yacht to the Basin on Sunday morning, and of Mr. Watson affixing the marks on both vessels, was discussed, Mr. Watson being present. Important as all this was, it made no more impression on Lord Dunraven's mind than did the taking down of his complaint and the reading it to him by Mr. Fish on Saturday, or the visit of Messrs. Canfield and Busk to Lord Dunraven at the Waldorf on the evening preceding the last abortive race. In each of these three cases, deeply as he was concerned, Lord Dunraven has apparently failed entirely to grasp the meaning of the communications made to him; and, from his own evidence, has only the most vague and indefinite ideas as to what was said. The gentlemen who have had to deal with him on these occasions—Messrs. Busk, Canfield, Fish and Rogers—are widely and favorably known in business and club life as particularly able, careful and conscientious; they are none of them the kind of whom committees are too often made, but are among the best selections for such work that the club has made in years. It is more than strange that in three separate cases they should give plain, detailed and businesslike accounts of their relations with Lord Dunraven, while he, on the other hand, is hardly able to say more than that he may have seen them and they may have spoken to him on one subject or another.

The Dunraven Inquiry.

MISCELLANEOUS EVIDENCE.

THE following extracts include only a very small part of the latter half of the volume, but much of the evidence is merely cumulative. We have selected the evidence of the first mate and the carpenter of Defender as fairly representative of some hundred pages of depositions and personal evidence given by all but four out of the crew of forty men, in addition to the riggers, tug boat captains and many others. The stories of Capt. Berry, who acted as mate on Defender, and of carpenter Blizzard, are fully corroborated by those of the others, including Capt. Terry, of the schooner Grayling.

Archibald Rogers, being called as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—You were one of the Cup committee? A.—I was.

Q.—And were on board when Mr. Fish was put on board by Lord Dunraven? A.—I was.

Q.—Will you state what he reported to the committee? A.—I understood him to say that he had a serious matter to place before us, and that he thought that a committee meeting should be called at once. The members of the committee assembled in the stern of the boat, and he produced a paper, written in pencil, which he explained he had made on board the Valkyrie. That not wishing to trust entirely to his memory, he had thought it better to write down the points, and that he had read them over to Lord Dunraven, and asked him to make any suggestion as to their correctness or not. Do you wish me to go further?

Q.—Will you state whatever he said as to any request of Lord Dunraven accompanying that? A.—It was rather dark, and I think that he read the paper over. At all events it was read to the committee. He then said that Lord Dunraven would like a remeasurement that night, if possible. He also said that he had read this document to Dunraven; and I am under the impression that Mr. Fish said that Lord Dunraven had made one or two corrections or interlineations or something of that sort on this memorandum. That is all I remember of Mr. Fish's statement.

Q.—Did he say anything about a request for the committee to take charge of one or either of the boats? A.—Not a syllable.

Q.—Or put a representative on board? A.—Not a word.

Q.—What do you say as to the reason why the request to remeasure at night was not complied with? A.—We were too far away from still water.

Q.—If it had been morning or noon? A.—If it had been in the middle of the day it might have been possible. It would have been possible, of course.

By the Chairman:

Q.—What time did the races terminate? A.—I think Mr. Fish came aboard about 6 o'clock. I cannot be positive, but I know it was dark very shortly after, while we were discussing this communication.

Mr. Rives—The Valkyrie passed the line just before 5:30.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—To get up into the Basin, and get the measurer there, and have the measurement done before dark was impossible? A.—Absolutely impossible.

Q.—Did you or the Cup committee make any communication to Mr. Iselin about this? A.—I cannot speak for the rest of the Cup committee. I did not.

Q.—What experience have you had in yachting? A.—I have owned several racing boats, English cutters and so on.

Q.—Were you on the Defender either the day before or after the 7th, in the Erie Basin? A.—I was on the Defender the day before the race, on the 6th.

Q.—When she was measured? A.—When she was measured. Just after.

Q.—Did you see how she sat in the water that day in the Erie Basin? A.—Just casually. I was not paying any particular attention to her flotation.

Q.—Would you or could you have noticed, as you approached her on the side, as you did when you boarded her on the morning of the 7th, whether she sat deeper in the water or not? A.—I beg pardon. I did not board her on the 7th.

Q.—You did not? A.—No, I was not on board of her on the 7th. It was the 6th when she was in the Erie Basin.

Q.—You were one of the sub-committee appointed on Friday morning, as it has been testified here, with Mr. Canfield, in consequence of the receipt of a letter from Lord Dunraven, asking for a marking of the vessel? A.—Yes, sir, I was.

Q.—Were you at Mr. Smith's office at the meeting of the committee? A.—I was.

Q.—Did you undertake to act with Mr. Canfield on that sub-committee? A.—I was so appointed.

Q.—What did you do in consequence? A.—I proceeded with Mr. Canfield over to the Erie Basin.

Q.—What happened there, especially any communication with either Mr. Watson or Lord Dunraven? A.—It took us some time to get aboard on account of the crowd. The Defender was then being measured, and as soon as an opportunity occurred we hailed one of the officers on the deck and they sent a small boat and we were put on board. The Valkyrie not being in the Basin, we then went below and told Mr. Iselin of our function, and said that proper marks should be affixed in accordance with Lord Dunraven's request. Mr. Iselin replied that he saw no objection. On the contrary, he thought it was an extremely good thing, and he was very glad it was going to be done. Mr. Kersey then took us out on the Pulver to the Bridgeport, where we were received by Lord Dunraven, and then we communicated to Lord Dunraven the fact that we had come there to tell him that while we did not understand exactly how these marks were to be affixed, yet that the committee had decided that the marks were to be affixed in any way that was agreeable to him, and that we were perfectly willing to have his representative, Mr. Watson, affix these marks on both the boats.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—You said that to Lord Dunraven personally? A.—We did say that personally to Lord Dunraven. It was thoroughly discussed with him and with Mr. Watson.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Had the Valkyrie then left the Basin? A.—The Valkyrie had then left the Erie Basin and Mr. Kersey, in going out on the tug, made the remark to me that it would be impossible for her to come back, for she had grounded; she touched on going out, when she was towed out.

Q.—Does your experience enable you to form a judgment as to whether, as the wind and weather were on the morning of the 7th, it would have been desirable to have the Defender lighter or more heavily weighted? A.—My experience would tell me that it would have been desirable to have had her lighter.

Q.—Why? A.—Because she is a boat of immense power, and any of the loose ballast she had for trimming inside, if taken out, would enable her to go faster.

Q.—You arranged, as you understood, to have them come back Sunday? A.—Well, the instructions to us were to have these marks affixed on Sunday.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—What time in the morning of Friday was it that you had this meeting with Mr. Canfield? Was it the sub-committee meeting you

speak of? A.—No, sir; it was a regular meeting of the committee at Mr. Smith's office, somewhere between 10 and 12.

Q.—Do you know what time Mr. Canfield received the letter asking for the alteration in the marking? A.—I do not.

Q.—Do you remember this phrase of it: "Mr. Young, the pilot I have engaged, informed me yesterday late that if Valkyrie was not measured before noon there would not be water enough to take her out before the next tide?" A.—I do not call that to mind now.

Q.—You did not gather that you would be too late for the Valkyrie's measurement, when you went down to the Basin? A.—No; because we hurried all we could. We could not get aboard for a long time. The Valkyrie had gone when we got there; we certainly supposed when we left we would be there in time to catch the Valkyrie.

Q.—Are you aware that on Saturday night the Valkyrie left at the Horseshoe their properties, their tender and clothes, dinner—

Mr. Rogers—Saturday night?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A.—No; I am not.

Q.—Are you aware they quite unexpectedly went to Bay Ridge, because the weather was not suitable for getting into the Horseshoe?

A.—No; I am not.

Q.—I have a letter here from Lord Dunraven in which he states: "So little idea had we of going to Bay Ridge on Saturday night that we left our house, home and dinner at Sandy Hook in the City of Bridgeport, and our boats and anchor and chain."

Mr. Choate—This is a letter written recently?

Mr. Askwith—I received it this morning. I state that on his behalf, as a fact.

The Chairman—Do you offer that as evidence?

Mr. Askwith—It certainly cannot be said to be legal evidence, but I appear as his representative, and he states it to me.

Mr. Choate—I am willing it should be added to his testimony.

The Chairman—Very well.

Mr. Choate—It is in reference to this question about the arrangement on Friday, I suppose?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

Mr. Rives—In what respect do you suggest that the weather was unsuitable for going into Sandy Hook Bay on Saturday night?

Mr. Askwith—That is, I admit, only my memory of a conversation with him. These are the exact words that he uses himself.

Mr. Rives—There can be no foundation in fact, I think. Sandy Hook Bay is an excellent anchorage at any time, except with a strong northwesterly gale.

Mr. Askwith—I admit that it is only my memory. I think I would like to withdraw it, because I was not there, and I only speak of it, from memory of a vague conversation as to the weather.

Mr. Whitney—Let us get at it. What is it that you put in?

Mr. Askwith—I will read it again: "So little idea had we of going to Bay Ridge Saturday night that we left our house, home and dinner at Sandy Hook, in the City of Bridgeport, and our boats and anchor and chain." He means to imply that if any arrangement had been known to him or any one on board the Valkyrie, they would have made arrangements for the City of Bridgeport leaving Sandy Hook and going to Bay Ridge, and for going back there in the evening rather than to Sandy Hook.

Mr. Rogers—May I ask a question? Do you mean that Lord Dunraven did not understand that he was to have these marks affixed on Sunday? Is that the idea?

Mr. Askwith—Yes. I think Mr. Canfield also implied that he had no intention of saying that he absolutely conveyed this either to Lord Dunraven or to Mr. Watson, but that the question of re-marking was discussed. That is my memory of the effect of his evidence.

Mr. Choate—It was the marking, as I understood. Mr. Canfield is here, if you want to ask him any further questions about it.

Mr. Whitney—I understood Mr. Canfield's testimony to be the same as Mr. Rogers's with regard to the marking of the boats. Is that your understanding, Mr. Askwith?

Mr. Askwith—I will read, if I may, Lord Dunraven's words upon the subject of the conversation about remarking, when he says Mr. Canfield was present, and I suppose Mr. Rogers was also present.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—I think you went off to the City of Bridgeport and had lunch there? A.—No, we had a drink there. We did not take any lunch.

Mr. Askwith—These are Lord Dunraven's words, if you will follow them kindly: "It is possible Canfield may have said something about Iselin's readiness to agree to outside marking. I remember a conversation with some one, Hyslop, I think, of the time of first measurement, on the subject of marking, and his saying there was no objection, but it could not be done. If Canfield and Rogers spoke about it to me at all it must have been merely that Iselin would not object, but that it was not practicable. Anyhow, it was not done."

Q.—Does not that coincide with your memory? A.—It does not. Of course, if I may state more conversationally, perhaps, what occurred, I think, perhaps, I could throw a little better light on the matter. Mr. Kersey was very impatient to get us off, and he shouted to us—I know him quite well—to hurry up and get aboard, and when we got on the Pulver I told him that the committee were going to have the boats marked "Well," he said, "that is a pity." At least, this is about as near as I can come. "Because you can't get Valkyrie back again now. She touched going out." Then, when we were put aboard, there was a little confusion. Lord Dunraven's daughters were there and some other people; Mr. Henderson was there, and Mr. Duryea was there, and there was some confusion. I remember one or two introductions. Lord Dunraven, I think, introduced Mr. Canfield and myself to Mr. Duryea, I think, whom we already knew.

Q.—Mr. Duryea was a friend of Mr. Iselin, whom Lord Dunraven requested to be the representative of the Defender for the last race? A.—I don't know anything about that. Then the gentlemen, finally, and young ladies, were put on the Pulver, and when they departed Lord Dunraven asked us to come into his cabin, and we had another communication to give him, which we gave to him at the same time, and we then told him that the marks would be affixed as he suggested; then we had some little pleasantry, I remember, on it, that he said in the previous communication that it was a very simple matter, and we did not think it was, because we thought it impossible to affix them the way he said was so simple; and Mr. Watson was very hungry, and he hustled around to get something to eat, and he was eating and we were talking, and the matter was discussed at considerable length. There is absolutely no question about that in my mind.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Discussed between whom? A.—Between Mr. Watson, Lord Dunraven and ourselves. Of course it was brief, but it was thorough. Then, subsequently to that, when we were taken back on the Bridgeport into the Erie Basin, I remember Mr. Canfield calling Mr. Watson down from the upper deck. There was a large crowd on the end of the pier there, and I suppose he did not want to shout it out; at all events, I remember his calling Mr. Watson down, and while I could not overhear exactly the words that he used, I know that he was giving Mr. Watson instructions about the marking to-morrow and the batten; in other words, to get Mr. Watson and Mr. Hyslop together.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Who said this? A.—Mr. Canfield.

Q.—When? A.—This was when we were brought back by the City of Bridgeport into the Erie Basin.

Q.—On the Friday? A.—On Friday. It was following out—it was in the line of our whole mission, which was to let Lord Dunraven know that these marks would be affixed.

Q.—Was it not to the effect that the marks would be affixed before the next race? A.—No, sir; they were to be affixed on Sunday. Those were our instructions; or rather, those were the instructions which we gave to Mr. Watson.

Q.—Were there any orders that the boat was to go to Bay Ridge for that purpose? A.—We told him to have his boat there.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—By there you mean at the Erie Basin? A.—At the Erie Basin, on Sunday; and we were most particular, I remember, in instructing our measurer about the matter, and about preserving the batten, and putting it in a place where they could both get to it.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—There was no order for remeasurement at that time? It was simply for re-marking? A.—For affixing the marks. There was no remeasurement contemplated then.

Q.—Whom did you tell that the Defender was to be at the Erie Basin upon the Sunday morning? A.—I think Mr. Iselin.

Q.—Whom did you tell on board the Valkyrie that the Valkyrie was to be at the Erie Basin on the Sunday morning? A.—Mr. Watson.

Q.—Will you tell me exactly the time?

Mr. Rogers—Exactly the time when?

Mr. Askwith—When you told him so.

A.—I think that we told him so twice, although I am not sure about that; but I remember Mr. Canfield—as nearly as I can remember Mr. Canfield told him, when he was leaning over the stern of the little steam tug there—to be sure and have his boat in on Sunday morning.

Q.—Was that after you had left Lord Dunraven? A.—That was just after leaving the Bridgeport.

Q.—Where was Mr. Watson? A.—Mr. Watson was leaning over the bulwark, I think, on the main deck.

Q.—The main deck of the Valkyrie? A.—I think he came down from the upper deck. I am not sure whether it was the upper deck or the main deck. No; of the City of Bridgeport.

Q.—Was that after you were going away from the City of Bridgeport, having gone on board with Mr. Canfield, when you found that the Valkyrie had gone out of dock? A.—This was the same occasion.

Mr. Askwith—It really comes to a question, I suppose, of the effect upon Lord Dunraven's mind of what he understood.

Mr. Rogers—I think it is quite liable, in a conversation of that kind that he might have got mixed up; but I cannot conceive how it is possible that he could not have remembered our mission.

Q.—Do you think it is possible that he would have this impression: "They are founding this on some vague conversation?" A.—I cannot conceive it possible. We went there for a definite purpose, and with a definite mission, and we fulfilled it, and I cannot conceive it possible that he could have so understood us, but that it would be perfectly plain.

Q.—You went with the definite mission of giving him the information that his request for a re-marking had been acceded to, that re-marking to take place before the next race? A.—That re-marking to take place Sunday, as I understood, the day following the race. He had to come in Sunday anyhow, you know, because the race was going to be Monday. They had to be measured Sunday or else it would go over until Tuesday.

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CARPENTER BLIZZARD'S EVIDENCE.

George W. Blizzard, being called as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—What is your business? A.—My business is carpenter by trade.

Q.—Where do you live? A.—I live at New Rochelle.

Q.—You have been employed a good deal by Mr. Iselin, have you not? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Were you employed in and about the Defender last summer? A.—Yes, sir; the whole season.

Q.—From the time she was built until she was laid up? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you have to do with the stripping of her at New Rochelle two or three days before the Cup races? A.—I did, yes, sir. I cleaned her out.

Q.—You cleaned her out, and did you weigh what was taken out? A.—Yes, sir; with the exception of a few articles which were not weighed; but in bulk, taking it right straight through, I weighed everything.

Q.—What kind of things were they that you could not weigh? Do you mean the water tank? A.—There was some stuff down below. That is, scrap articles, that laid in her bilge, and water, and such things as that, when she was cleaned out, that was not weighed. Everything else was weighed.

Q.—Will you state what you did to her and what you took out of her? A.—I took out some of the bunks, wire mattresses, and some mattresses and carpets, bedding and cooking utensils, range, water tanks, waste tanks, ice-box, and a number of articles. I could not exactly go over them all, but everything that was movable, with the exception of her four water closets. They were not touched.

Q.—Did you have to do with putting any lead in the place of what you took out? A.—Yes, sir; I helped to put it in.

Q.—Did you keep a tally of the weights? A.—I did; yes, sir.

Q.—Have you got them? A.—I have; yes, sir.

Q.—Will you give us the tally of what you weighed, as it was taken out? A.—I don't know whether you can make it out or not.

Mr. Choate—You can read it off.

Mr. Blizzard—I will tell you exactly what I took out—the number of pounds. 6,887lbs.

By the Chairman:

Q.—You mean by that, what you weighed? A.—What I weighed; yes, sir. There was other stuff taken out that was not weighed. The stuff that came out of her bilge was not weighed.

Q.—How much, in your judgment?

Mr. Blizzard—That came out of her bilge?

The Chairman—Yes.

A.—I suppose in the neighborhood of forty pails or buckets.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Of water and stuff and dirt? A.—Yes, sir; dirt and stuff that was in the bilge at the time she was built in Bristol; that was not taken out; that laid in her all summer long.

Q.—You called it scrap iron. What did you mean? A.—Heads of bolts, cuttings and such things, sawdust.

Q.—You made her absolutely clean? A.—Yes, sir; I did. Clean as a whistle.

Q.—Does this 6,887lbs include the tanks? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you actually weigh them, or take the weights from Mr. Herreshoff? A.—I had to take the weights of the ice-box and water tanks from Mr. Herreshoff.

Q.—But all the rest you weighed yourself? A.—All the rest I weighed myself.

Q.—What were the two weights given you by Mr. Herreshoff for the water tank and ice-box? A.—I think he gave me a weight about 500lbs., as near as I can judge.

Q.—And you included it in your 6,887lbs.? A.—Yes, sir; I did.

Q.—Did you have any conference with them about the figure of 7,000lbs.? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Do you know what you describe of water, dirt, dust and scrap iron—can you form any idea of what it weighed? A.—I can't exactly, but I should judge the pails were very heavy. They would weigh at least 25 or 30lbs.—maybe more. I wouldn't swear to the exact weight.

Q.—That would be from 500lbs. upward? A.—Yes, sir. It would easily reach that.

Q.—Now about the lead that was put in up there? A.—The lead was put in there on the 5th. I helped to cut it. There were forty-two pigs cut on Hudson Park Dock, carried across two schooners that were laying there loaded with lumber, and put on board the Hattie Palmer and taken out to the Defender.

Q.—When she lay where, at New Rochelle? A.—At Hudson Park Dock, New Rochelle.

Q.—Were you on the Defender all that time? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You did not sleep there? A.—I slept on her after she left there; after she left New Rochelle; until after the International races were over.

Q.—Where was Defender lying there?

Mr. Blizzard—At New Rochelle?

Mr. Choate—Yes.

A.—She lay alongside of two schooners, at the dock, and the lead was carried across the two schooners loaded with lumber and put on to the Hattie Palmer.

Q.—Was anything else put on her after you had cleaned her out, except the two tons of lead, the forty-two pigs, at New Rochelle? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What? A.—There was one ton of lead that was put on to her the day she left there. I didn't see it put on.

Q.—I mean at New Rochelle, was anything else put on? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Do you know what was done for drinking water after the tanks were taken out and the ice-box? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What? A.—We had a couple of milk cans and they were filled up and put on board, and we had hardly enough to last us during the day.

Q.—Did you go on the Defender from New Rochelle, or did you come down by train, or on the Hattie Palmer? A.—Came down by train. I boarded the Defender in the Erie Basin.

Q.—Before or after she was measured? A.—Just in time to be measured. Before she was measured.

Q.—You took no part in that? A.—I took no part in that, no.

Q.—From that time on to the end of Saturday's race where were you? A.—I was on board the Defender, and stayed there.

Q.—Going on the Hattie Palmer to get a meal? A.—Going on the Hattie Palmer to get a meal, yes, sir, and returned aboard the Defender.

Q.—Did you see the twenty-one pigs put on at the Erie Basin? A.—No, sir, I did not.

Q.—Did you see them on the cabin floor? A.—I did, yes, sir; when I came aboard.

Q.—You were down there when the Hattie Palmer was alongside the Defender? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Both at Bay Ridge? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And at the Horseshoe? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was anything carried from the Hattie Palmer into the Defender except the twenty-one pigs of lead that were removed on the Hattie Palmer to be sawed, and the cots of the men? A.—Nothing else, no, sir.

Q.—Could anything have been introduced without your seeing it? A.—No, sir; it would have been impossible.

Q.—What took place down at the Horseshoe from the time when the Hattie Palmer drew up alongside until she left, and what were those times, as you recollect, in the evening of Friday? A.—Well, we left Bay Ridge between 6 and 7 o'clock; I suppose between 6:30 and 7 o'clock. We arrived at Sandy Hook about 8:30.

Q.—What took place there that night? A.—The Hattie Palmer came alongside of us and we took those twenty-one pigs of lead one at a time and put them on the sampson post, Capt. Haff holding the wedge, and one of the men here did the striking; and we cut those twenty-one pigs and put them down in the bilge of the Defender.

Q.—Did you help do it or see it done? A.—Yes, sir; I helped to carry them.

Q.—Was anything else put in there that night? A.—Nothing else, no, sir.

Q.—Did you lay the floor after it was done. A.—No, sir; I did not.

Q.—You do not know who did? A.—I don't know who put the floor down. It was loose. It would drop down in half a second. It would take no time to do that. Who did it I could not say.

Q.—What time did you turn in that night. Before or after the Hattie Palmer left the Defender? A.—After the Hattie Palmer had left, yes, sir.

Q.—How long after? A.—I couldn't say exactly the time, whether it was half an hour or an hour, but I know I turned in before 11 that night.

Q.—What time did you come out in the morning, the next morning? A.—I came out in the morning about 5:30.

Q.—Where did you sleep, with relation to the place where this lead had been put in? How near? A.—I slept on the starboard side, right close to it; with my cot and head right against the companionway.

Q.—You know the Defender pretty well? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Could there have been any bringing in of anything to an amount of nine or ten tons, or any amount, without your being disturbed? A.—No, sir. It would be impossible.

Q.—Is noise easily conveyed and heard from one side of that boat to another? A.—Yes, sir. She was all open. You could stand right in the stern and look straight through.

Q.—Do you remember Mr. Iselin and his friends coming on board the next morning? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And Lord Dunraven bringing Mr. Henderson and putting him aboard? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Where were you then? A.—I was on the deck, right just aft of the wheel.

Q.—Did you go to the side to see them come up, both parties? A.—I had a little bit of curiosity. I wanted to see him and take a look just the same as the rest of the folks.

Q.—Did others? Who were the rest of the folks you speak of? A.—The whole crew.

Q.—Was there a general movement toward that side where Lord Dunraven came up with Mr. Henderson? A.—There was on the port side, yes, sir; all the crew was on the port side. I was on the starboard side at that time.

Q.—Did you, under the direction of Mr. Iselin, that morning, and, if so, at what time—how long before the race began—sound for water, or examine for water, in the hold of the Defender? A.—I did; yes, sir.

Q.—What did you do? A.—I went down under the floor, and I had a little rod there, I suppose in the neighborhood of 8ft. long, and if it is not taken out it is in there yet; and I had it marked, and I went down into her and marked it every morning; measured it.

Q.—Was there any water in her? A.—There was no water in her that morning. It had been pumped out.

Q.—Do you know of any sponging out done that morning? A.—I didn't see any sponging done on the bilge part of her, but I did on the lazarette. On the lazarette one of the men sponged her.

Q.—Did you take part with Mr. Herreshoff, Mr. Iselin and the Captain in the examination of the lead before sailing that day? A.—I didn't take any part in examining it; no, sir.

Q.—Or in taking up the floor or putting it back? A.—No, sir; I only took up the one little patch that I had anything to do with.

Q.—How long was the Hattie Palmer alongside that morning? A.—I should judge she was alongside in the neighborhood of about three hours.

Q.—And you and others went on her to get your breakfast? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was anything carried to or fro that morning? A.—Nothing; only the cots were carried aboard; taken off the Defender and put aboard. That was all.

Q.—And you sailed and came back with the Defender? A.—I did; yes, sir.

Q.—Were you on her until she was measured the next day or where were you? A.—No, sir; I left the Defender that night about 8:30, on board the Pilot.

Q.—At Bay Ridge? A.—At Bay Ridge; yes, sir.

Q.—Where did you go? A.—I went home. Mr. Iselin let me go home; I went to New Rochelle and returned the next night; the next afternoon.

Q.—You were not present then on the following day, Sunday? A.—No, sir.

Q.—You do not know what might have happened between the time you left her and the next day at noon? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Did you know of any place in that vessel where water ballast or any other ballast could have been stowed without your knowing it? A.—No, sir. It would have been impossible to put it there. There was no place to put it.

Q.—Nothing to hold water? A.—There was nothing to hold water except the hull of the boat. The water would have to enter into the bilge if any water was carried aboard.

Q.—You had been on her all summer? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What do you know about the leak that Mr. Herreshoff has spoken of? What did that amount to? A.—In a heavy breeze she would leak considerably, somewhere along the forward part of the mast. In light weather she didn't leak hardly any. In any weather that we had she wouldn't leak five pails full all day long, hardly.

Q.—From your knowledge of her, from the time she was at New Rochelle until you left her at 8:30 on Saturday night, was there to your knowledge anything taken into her or out of her except the two tons of lead carried in, the one ton of lead taken in and removed on to the deck of the Hattie Palmer, sawed and returned, and the cots of the men removed and carried in again? A.—No, sir; there was not.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Did you go out on the sail at New Rochelle on Thursday that Mr. Leeds spoke of, in the Defender? A.—I couldn't say positively, but I think I did.

Q.—When Lord Dunraven was approaching the Defender on the morning of Saturday with Mr. Henderson in his boat, on which side did he land Mr. Henderson? A.—He landed him on the starboard side.

Q.—How many men were aboard the Defender at that time? A.—I didn't count them. I couldn't exactly say. I know the whole crew was there.

Q.—Do you think that the whole crew went to the starboard? A.—I can't say. I don't know.

Q.—Do you think that many of them crossed over from the starboard side to the port side after he had landed Mr. Henderson? A.—I don't know.

Q.—Do you know whether they went from the port side to the bows? A.—I couldn't tell you that.

Q.—Or that they went from the bows aft? A.—I couldn't say. I don't think they did.

Q.—Were you present at the measurement of the Defender? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—On board? A.—On board, yes, sir. The first measurement.

Q.—She was perfectly level on the water then? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you look over the side? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Could you tell me whether any marks were above water at that time in the shape of pipes that have been spoken of, from personal observation? A.—I don't think there was.

Q.—Did you see? A.—No, I didn't look for pipes.

Q.—Was this bilge water loose in Defender all summer, in all her summer races? A.—Of course she was pumped out every day. She was cleaned out. Of course a little bilge water laid into her. This stuff and dirt was into her, that was in her all summer long. She was never properly cleaned out from the time she left the ways in the shop until she was cleaned out at New Rochelle.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—I forgot to ask you if you remembered how the water was that morning at the time when Mr. Iselin came aboard and when Lord Dunraven put Mr. Henderson aboard? How was the water where the Defender lay, and the wind, if you remember? A.—The wind was about S.E., as near as I can get at it.

Q.—Blowing something? A.—Blowing—it had been blowing, but it had dropped down. Blowed quite a fresh breeze that morning. The wind had greatly dropped out. There was quite a sea outside.

Q.—And inside? A.—Of course, we were laying inside. There was a little motion, but not much.

Q.—A ripple, as Lord Dunraven called it? A.—Yes, sir.

By the Chairman:

Q.—That lead at New Rochelle came from New York, did it not? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How did it come to New Rochelle? A.—It came up on the freight boat, the Mary E. Gordan.

Q.—How long before you used it? A.—I don't know. I guess it hadn't been there long before we used it. I couldn't say. It may have been there the day before. I don't know; I couldn't say.

Q.—How much was there of it? A.—There were forty-two pigs.

Q.—Was it all used? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—None left? A.—None left; no, sir.

Q.—And all that was put on to the Hattie Palmer was transferred to the Defender? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What did you do with the water tanks that were taken out there? A.—I took them out and left them on a little island there that belonged to Mr. Iselin, and they remained there during the races.

Q.—They remained there? A.—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Have you been at work on the Defender in putting her into her winter quarters? A.—No sir.

MATE BERRY'S EVIDENCE.

Capt. James H. Berry, being called as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—You are a seafaring man? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How long have you followed the sea? A.—Since I was about 16, on and on.

Q.—Several years ago? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Have you done much sailing in yachts? A.—A little; yes, sir.

Q.—How long? A.—About 12 or 14 years; 10 or 12 years, or somewhere along there.

Q.—Several yachts? A.—Yes, sir; I have been master of several yachts.

Q.—Will you name some of them? A.—The schooner Comanche for one; the sloop Wasp; the Katrina; the Regina; the Wizard; the Mischief. I do not know of any others of importance.

Q.—Were you in the International races prior to 1895, in any way? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—In a yacht, or commanding a yacht, or sailing, or what? A.—I was only an extra hand on the Valkyrie.

Q.—Were you in the Defender in 1895? A.—I was; yes, sir.

Q.—Who employed you? A.—Mr. Iselin.

Q.—To do what? A.—To go as mate of the Defender.

Q.—You were first mate, were you? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did she have more than one mate? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Who was the other mate? A.—George Conant.

Q.—When were you engaged? A.—I don't exactly remember about that. Somewhere along March, I think.

Q.—Before she began sailing? A.—I was sent on her as soon as she was launched.

Q.—You were on her from then until she was finally laid up for the winter? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You were on her at New Rochelle when she was stripped? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—The 4th or 5th of September? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And from that time on until Sunday night following, how much, if at all, did you leave her? A.—Possibly half an hour.

Q.—Does that include the times that you went on to the Hattie Palmer for your meals? A.—No, sir.

Q.—That half hour was when and where? A.—On Friday night, when we went to put the mainsail ashore at Bay Ridge.

Q.—Mr. Hyslop? A.—No, sir; we landed the mainsail at Bay Ridge.

Mr. Choate—I thought you said the measurer.

Capt. Berry—No, sir.

Q.—Why was that put on last? A.—I suppose to give more room on the Hattie Palmer to stow her cots aboard in case it rained the next day. It was an extra sail.

Q.—Did you have to do with the stowing of the two tons of lead at New Rochelle? A.—I did not.

Q.—Do you know that it was done? A.—I know it was put in; yes, sir.

Q.—You came down in her from New Rochelle? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was anything else put in her at New Rochelle after she was stripped, or on the way down, at any stopping place? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Did she stop anywhere on her way down from New Rochelle to the Erie Basin? A.—No, sir.

Q.—What time did she get to the Erie Basin Friday? A.—In the neighborhood of between 11 and 12, as near as I can remember. I don't remember exactly.

Q.—Did you see the twenty-one pigs taken on there? A.—I did.

Q.—Was anything more taken on while she was in the Erie Basin? A.—No, sir.

Q.—They were placed down on the cabin floor? A.—They were.

Q.—What part of the vessel? A.—About amidships.

Q.—Over where it was to be finally stowed? A.—Directly over where it was going to be stowed; yes, sir.

Q.—Will you go on and tell where you went from the Erie Basin, as well as you can remember, and what time you left, and where you stopped, and what happened? A.—We went from there to Bay Ridge. We left the Erie Basin probably at 4 o'clock, and I suppose arrived at Bay Ridge probably an hour later.

Q.—In tow of the Flirt? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Then the Hattie Palmer came alongside of you, did she not? A.—Not directly; no, sir.

Q.—While you were there at Bay Ridge? A.—While we were there at Bay Ridge the Hattie Palmer was up at Twenty-sixth street getting coal and water.

Q.—But she soon rejoined you? She came and rejoined you? A.—Later; yes, sir.

Q.—And the men got their supper there, some of them? A.—The captain got his supper while the Palmer was alongside; yes, sir.

Q.—Where did you get your supper? A.—Aboard the Hattie Palmer.

Q.—While she lay alongside? A.—On the way to Bay Ridge, where we landed the mainsail.

Q.—Did the Hattie Palmer take anything on board when she landed the mainsail? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Then you came back, and by-and-by you got down to the Horseshoe? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And you were on board all night? A.—All night.

Q.—Either at Bay Ridge or on the way down to the Horseshoe or at the Horseshoe, was anything taken into the vessel, the Defender? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Do you remember taking the twenty-one pigs on to the Hattie Palmer, and their being cut and brought back? A.—I do.

Q.—Did you have anything to do with that? A.—I superintended the stowing of them in the hold; yes, sir

Q.—You know just what was there? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You stowed it on top of what was already there? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Where did you stow it? Further aft or forward? A.—Forward.

Q.—Further forward? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—On either side of her middle line, or keel, or what? How did you stow it? A.—Right in the center of her keel. It was only 20in. wide. Something like that.

Q.—At any time was any lead or other thing of weight brought into her? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Except that extra ton? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Would you have known it if there had been? A.—I think I should.

Q.—What was your arrangement of watches from Friday in the Erie Basin until you got back to the Erie Basin on Sunday? A.—We had four quartermasters to stand watch day and night.

Q.—How long a watch? A.—Two hours apiece.

Q.—Of those four quartermasters three are here, are they not? A.—I think there are four here.

Q.—What time did you turn in Friday night? A.—Probably 11 o'clock. Between 10 and 11. Not later than 11.

Q.—How long were you in your bunk or cabin, or whatever it was? A.—Until about 5 A. M.

Q.—Before you turned in had the Hattie Palmer left? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had she come alongside when you got up in the morning? A.—No, sir. Not when I first got up.

Q.—Was anything brought on to the Defender from the Hattie Palmer that morning? A.—No, sir. Well, not in the shape of ballast.

Q.—I mean anything of weight? A.—No, sir.

Q.—What was brought on? Do you remember anything? A.—Possibly a can of water to drink during the day. A can full of water, and lunch for the guests there, etc.

Q.—In the night where were you? Where did you sleep? A.—I slept in the sail room; in our main room.

Q.—Would you have been disturbed and known it if the Hattie Palmer had come alongside, or any other vessel had come alongside, or anything had been brought into the boat? A.—I think I should; yes, sir.

Q.—Going back to the next morning after the race; you came up to Bay Ridge and nothing came in contact with the Defender from the time she started on the race Saturday morning until she got back to Bay Ridge? A.—No, sir.

Q.—There she was joined by the Hattie Palmer again? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—From that time on until her remeasurement on Sunday, was anything put into the Defender? A.—No, sir; nothing to my knowledge; no, sir.

Q.—Would you have known it that night if anything had been taken out of her? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Nothing was taken out? A.—No, sir.

Q.—You have had this long experience in sailing. You always observe, I suppose, the wind and weather. How was the water where the Defender lay on the morning of Saturday, when Mr. Iselin came aboard and when Lord Dunraven brought Mr. Henderson aboard? A.—I should say there was a trifling movement there. Not much though.

Q.—Not perfectly still? A.—No, sir.

Q.—As the water then was, in your judgment, could anybody coming up alongside tell by eyesight whether she was immersed 3 or 4in., more or less, than she had been the day before in the Erie Basin? A.—No, sir; not unless they had some special mark.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—Was that morning cloudy? A.—Rather; yes, sir.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Where did the Hattie Palmer lay that night while you were down at the Horseshoe, if you know? A.—I do not know.

Q.—Did she lay within 100yds.? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Or anywhere near you? A.—No, sir; she did not.

Q.—She sailed away? A.—She steamed away.

Q.—Did she lay alongside in the Erie Basin the next night—or at Bay Ridge the next night? A.—No, sir.

Q.—What time did the Defender go from Bay Ridge into the Basin? Saturday night or Sunday morning? A.—Sunday morning.

Q.—You had become by this time pretty familiar with the Defender, had you not? A.—With the upper part of her; yes, sir. From the deck, I mean.

Q.—Inside? A.—And interior.

Q.—I ask you from your knowledge of her whether there was anything in her on this race except the three tons of lead and the people that were on board of her that you know of? A.—There was not.

Q.—And do you think you would have known it if there had been? A.—I think I should.

Q.—Does your experience and your knowledge of the Defender enable you to say whether she had ten tons more than you thought she had? A.—I think I could have noticed that.

Q.—How could you tell that? A.—By the unsteadiness of the boat, or too much wavering.

Q.—You had observed how she behaved during the trial races? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—If you had been her owner or builder, either on Friday night or Saturday morning, would you have deemed it desirable to have more ballast in her than you supposed she had, the three tons of loose ballast? A.—I would not.

Q.—Will you tell why not? A.—Because she had enough in her; because I thought she had enough in her already.

Q.—That is, that more would have been to her detriment? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Would have injured her chance of winning the race? A.—I think so.

Q.—Can you tell by going up to the side of a vessel whether she has a list of one or two degrees? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Do you think anybody can? A.—No, sir.

Q.—How do you discover a slight list, of one, two or three degrees? A.—Possibly by getting on—by being either directly aft or forward, and judging by the mast, etc., with the eye, and the incline of the deck.

Q.—But from the side you could not do it? A.—No, sir; not such a small degree as that, unless you had a special mark on the side that you could see in smooth water.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Are you experienced enough to notice a list of a degree, supposing you go to the stern of a boat, outside, on the sea? A.—It is rather doubtful.

Q.—Or two degrees? A.—Well, I could not say exactly how much.

Q.—If you saw a boat one afternoon, and you saw it the next day, and the boat was some 3in. deeper in the water, could you tell? A.—Positively, not.

Q.—What? A.—No, sir.

Q.—How long have you been sailing master? A.—Ten or twelve years, off and on; not steadily.

Q.—What time did you get up in the morning on Saturday? A.—About 5 o'clock.

Q.—How late had you been up the night before, over this lead?

Capt. Berry—Friday night?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A.—Not later than 11 o'clock.

Q.—Was all the lead packed by 11 o'clock? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—It had been taken on to the Hattie Palmer after the Defender had been measured? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Some of it had been cut and some of it had been sawed. A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How many pigs were there?

Capt. Berry—In the whole ton?

Mr. Askwith—How many pigs were cut and sawed at that time?

A.—I could not tell you. I don't know.

Q.—You did not count them? A.—I didn't count them, and had nothing to do with cutting them.

Q.—Did you take any on board the Defender? A.—No, sir, I didn't handle any of them.

Q.—Did you see the men doing it? A.—I did.

Q.—Did they take them on board after they had been all cut, or as they were cut? A.—They were passed on board as fast as they were cut, I presume.

Q.—Handed from hand to hand, or by men taking them in their hands? A.—That I don't know.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—You were down below in the hold, I understood? A.—I was in the hold.

Q.—Superintending the stowing? A.—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Did the men hand them in from hand to hand, standing in a line, or did each man bring them direct from the Hattie Palmer? A.—I could not see, if I was below, how they brought them from the Hattie Palmer. I know that the man at the hatchway handed them down.

Q.—Did different men bring you the same pieces of lead, or did the same man hand you the pieces of lead as they were passed to him? A.—There were several men on deck passing the lead down to the man in the hold.

Q.—Who was down in the hold with you? A.—I think a man by the name of Stephen Sellers stowed the lead in the lower hold.

Q.—He was with you in the hold? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Do you know whether the same man kept on passing to him from above or different men? A.—I don't know about that. There were two or three men standing around.

Q.—Did you see them? A.—I saw men passing there.

Q.—Were they different men? A.—Yes, sir; they were.

Q.—What position were you in at the time of the measurement on Friday, on the boat? A.—I think I stood on her bow, if I remember right.

Mr. Whitney—You mean the measurement on Friday.

Mr. Askwith—Friday morning.

Capt. Berry—Yes, I think I stood on her bows.

Q.—And from her bows you would not have been able to see the pipe amidships? A.—No.

MR. ISELIN'S EVIDENCE.

C. Oliver Iselin recalled and further interrogated by Mr. Choate.

Q.—Mr. Iselin, is there any objection to your stating how much lead the Defender had in her? A.—No; I think not.

Mr. Whitney—Do you mean in her fin; in her casting?

Mr. Choate—In what they call the shoe.

Q.—Will you please state about how much? A.—In the neighborhood of 85 tons.

Q.—And what was the weight of the boom and spars that have been talked about? A.—We had four different booms and they were of different weights; but the one used in the Cup races was a steel boom that I had made at the last moment; and it was about 1,000lbs. lighter than the wooden boom which she had used in the trial races. There was also a steel gaff which was a saving of some 900lbs.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—When was the steel boom put into her? A.—It was put into her the day after the final trial race.

Q.—That would be about the beginning of August or end of August? A.—About the end of August; yes. It was the same day on which we came in the Erie Basin. We found Valkyrie in there and she was changing her steel boom. I think it was Aug. 31.

Q.—What was the object of putting in the steel boom after the success of the Defender in the trial races? A.—To lighten her top weights.

Q.—Were you seeking to lighten the vessel generally? No, not generally. I was seeking to lighten her top weights, taking off the upper weights and lowering her weight as much as possible.

Q.—Had you found it was an advantage then to have her weight more at the keel? A.—No; not more weight at the keel.

Q.—Weight more at the keel by the fact of making the top weight lighter and keeping the keel the same? A.—I kept the keel the same, but I lessened the displacement of the boat.

Q.—Would that have the effect of making her appear to sail lighter upon the water? A.—Certainly, if I lightened her boom.

Q.—It would? A.—Yes.

Q. (By the Chairman)—When did you say this was put in; what date? A.—The steel boom?

Q.—Yes. A.—We tried it the day after the last trial race, and if I am not mistaken it was Aug. 31.

Q. (By Mr. Aswith)—Would it make her sail lighter on the water; higher up? A.—Certainly, to take 1,000lbs. out of the boom would raise her up just as much as 1,000lbs. of lead taken out of the bilge.

Q.—It would make her sail higher out of the water? A.—Certainly; just the same effect as 1,000lbs. out of the bilge.

Q.—Would it make her sail a greater height out of the water and therefore alter her load waterline more than .40ft? A.—No.

Q.—Can you give me the figures? A.—I can give you the figures as they have been given to me.

Q. (By Mr. Choate)—By Mr. Herreshoff? A.—By Mr. Herreshoff, yes. I never have verified them.

Q. (By Mr. Askwith)—They have been forwarded to you or you have them in your note book from Mr. Herreshoff? A.—I have had them in my note book, yes. Now what would you like to know?

Mr. Whitney—That is, how much a certain weight changes the immersion; is that it? Difference in weight, how much it changes the amount of immersion.

Mr. Iselin—For instance, three and a half tons would immerse the boat 1in.

Q. (By Mr. Rives)—That is 7,000lbs.? A.—Yes, and increase her waterline 8in., so that half of that, 3,500lbs., would immerse her ½in. and increase her load waterline 4in. Half of that again, which is 1,750lbs., would immerse her ¼in., or increase her waterline 2in., according to Mr. Herreshoff's figures.

Q. (By Mr. Askwith)—Those are Mr. Herreshoff's figures, not worked out yourself, but supplied by him to you? A.—Supplied by him to me.

Q.—Was it upon Mr. Herreshoff's suggestion that this alteration from a wooden to a steel boom was made? A.—No.

Q.—Who suggested it? A.—I did.

Q.—And did he fall in with it as a valuable suggestion? A.—No; he did not at first.

Q.—Previously was it of wood? A.—Yes.

Q.—You suggested it to him? A.—I did.

Q.—The boom was not purchased or fixed in the boat without consultation with Mr. Herreshoff, I presume? A.—No.

Q.—And did you subsequently convince him of the value of putting in a steel boom in preference to a wooden boom? A.—Yes, I did.

Q.—Did you have any figures worked out to show the alteration in the load waterline of the boat that this would cause? A.—No; none.

Q.—You did it as an experiment? A.—I did it as an experiment.

Q.—Did you sail any race with this experiment between the last race between the Vigilant and Defender and the first race between the Valkyrie and Defender? A.—None

Q.—Did you give her many trials on the sea? A.—Only one on the open sea. The trial sail I gave her was the day after the last trial race, which was Saturday, Aug. 31. We came in the Erie Basin at once afterward and hauled out in the dry dock that night, but I won't be sure whether it was Aug. 31; I think it was. It was Saturday night

Q.—You were not present yourself during the sail that Mr. Leeds spoke of on the Thursday prior to the race, were you? A.—I was.

Mr. Rives—Mr. Askwith is not very familiar with the locality. New Rochelle is not on the open sea. It is on Long Island Sound.

Mr. Askwith—I gathered from Mr. Leeds that he called it a sail from New Rochelle.

Mr. Rives—Mr. Iselin says there was but one sail off Sandy Hook in the open sea.

Q. (By Mr. Askwith)—That was not really a trial on Thursday preparatory to the race; it was merely a sail? A.—It was to try the sails.

Q.—It was to stretch the sails, wasn't it? A.—No, not to stretch them; it was to decide which mainsail we would carry.

Q.—And was it in similar kind of water to that she would have to go through in the race with the Valkyrie? A.—That would be impossible for me to say.

Q.—I am asking in my ignorance of the locality? A.—No; it is apt to be smooth there. It is only about five miles from shore to shore.

Q.—In the sail on Thursday do you remember whether there were two tons or three tons of lead that had been purchased by you in New York put aboard of her? A.—Yes, I remember that distinctly.

Q.—Which, two or three tons? A.—Two.

Q.—The other ton had not then been put in? A.—No.

Q.—Did you find any fault with the way in which the boat sailed upon Thursday, that you decided to put this extra ton in? A.—No; that had been decided before.

Q.—Did she appear to you to sail too light upon Thursday? A.—I was not judging at that time whether she was light or heavy. I was simply trying the mainsail. It was a question between the ramie mainsail and the cotton mainsail.

Q.—And your attention was chiefly directed to the sail? A.—Entirely to the mainsail.

Q.—It had been decided before that sail Thursday that the extra ton should be put in? A.—Thursday was the day it was decided.

Q.—After the sail or before the sail? A.—I couldn't say; we simply decided that after we found out how much weight we had taken out of her.

Q.—After the weighing of the furniture and the tanks? A.—Yes, after the weighing of the furniture and tanks.

Q.—What time of day were those weighed, do you remember? A.—I couldn't tell you; it took a good part of the day; a whole day.

Q.—Before or after the sail? A.—I really couldn't say, but I think it was going on at the time of the sail.

Q.—They were doing it during the time of the sail. Then you found when you came back what the weight was? A.—I won't be positive about that. I wasn't paying any attention to the weight at that moment.

Q.—Who was paying attention to the weight? A.—No one was paying much attention to the weight at that time.

Q (By Mr. Askwith)—As I understand, Mr. Iselin, your decision was to bring her back to the stability that you had had during the summer, when you had sailed the trial races? A.—Yes.

Q.—On your direct evidence I think you have testified that you judged that 6,000lbs.—three tons—put down lower in the hold, would give the boat the same amount of stability that the 7,000lbs. would have given her that you had taken out? A.—Yes.

Q.—Isn't it pretty difficult, Mr. Iselin, to get a boat to lie still on her load waterline? A.—That depends.

Q.—You need smooth water? A.—You need very smooth water. I have often tried to get at it off my place; so has Mr. Herreshoff, but we never could come very near it even in the evening after the wind had died out. We made rough guesses at the waterline length, but we could n't tell positively.

Q.—With these long boats the water is very rarely still enough, so that there is considerable motion fore and aft, isn't there? A.—Yes; the least ripple will make a difference of 4, 5, or 6in. In fact, it is very difficult to see both ends at once.

Q (By Mr. Askwith)—You don't wish to alter this piece of evidence of yours, "I know the boat was put on a perfectly even keel when she was measured"? A.—No; as far as I could tell to the best of my ability, I had her put on about an even keel.

Q.—You examined the telltale the moment before she was measured, before going to your place on the deck? A.—I couldn't say exactly, but it was before going to my place on the deck.

Q.—The telltale then showed she was on an even keel? A.—Yes, as I remember it the telltale did show she was on an even keel.

Q.—Then you went back to your proper position on deck? A.—To my proper position on deck.

Q (By Mr. Whitney)—Where was the crew stationed when this measurement took place? A.—Amidships; they are put in position by the measurer.

Q.—They are put amidships? A.—Yes; just as near as we can get so many men. Of course a crew of fifty men cannot all be exactly amidships, but as near as possible.

Q (By Mr. Choate)—Were their places fixed on port and starboard side? A.—Yes; they were supposed to be equally divided.

The Yacht Racing Union.

THE Yacht Racing Union, of Long Island Sound, held a special general meeting on March 9 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Mr. Cromwell being in the chair and the following delegates present: Norwalk Y. C., P. G Sanford; Corinthian Fleet, J. D. Sparkman and E. F. Clark; Harlem Y. C., F. W. Creegan and T. C. Allen; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., O. E. Cromwell, W. C. Kerr and C. A. Sherman; Indian Harbor Y. C., G. E. Garland and F. B. Jones; Knickerbocker Y. C., O. H. Chellborg; Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., F. E. Towle; Hempstead Harbor Y. C., W. Dixon; Huntington Y. C., H. H Jordan; Huguenot Y. C., T. F. Day and E. B. Hart, Jr.; Riverside Y. C., C. T. Pierce, W. A. Huffington and C. E. Diefenthaler; Douglaston Y. C., F. E. Barnes; New Rochelle Y. C., C. P. Tower; Stamford Y. C., H. C. Smith; New York Y. C., M. W. Bronson.

The proposed new rules were submitted by the council with the following preface:

"In submitting the following set of racing rules for the consideration of the Union, the council expresses the hope that if the rules are approved the clubs will, if practicable, adopt the new rules in full, or will so amend their existing rules that they will be made to conform in the main to the Union rules.

"The rules to be submitted contain but little original matter, the phraseology of the rules in use by the more prominent clubs being used as far as was possible. No radical changes are recommended, it being considered inadvisable to introduce any innovations. The advantages to the sport in the application of uniform rules is obvious, and it is to be hoped that the present year will be found opportune time to effect the adoption of uniform sailing regulations."

The rules were adopted with some amendments. We shall publish them in full shortly. The following suggestion was also made:

The council wishes to suggest to regatta committees that in issuing notices of races the circulars give the following information:

First—Date of race.
Second—Time of start.
Third—Under what rules race is to be sailed.
Fourth—Whether race is for all classes or a limited number of classes.
Fifth—Instructions as to the start.
Sixth—Time and place of closing of entries.
Seventh—Directions as to courses to be sailed.
Eighth—Whether race is open to all clubs or certain clubs.

If a chart of the courses is to be provided it should be reproduced on a circular or be mailed to an owner on receipt of entry. Entry blanks should call for the name of yacht, rig, racing length, racing number, whether yacht is cabin or open, club yacht is enrolled in, and name and address of owner.

If these suggestions are followed, it is believed that there will be greater conformity in the management of races, that the labors of regatta committees will be lessened, and, with the adoption of the permanent number plan, it will be unnecessary for a yacht to report at the club house previous to the start of a race, and the printing of entry lists can be dispensed with.

One of the most important as well as difficult tasks which the Association has had to deal with is the satisfactory assignment of non-conflicting dates for the many clubs of the Union. This year the calendar is short just one Saturday during the racing season, making the work still more difficult. The result of the council's work in this direction is as follows:

In submitting the following schedule of racing events on Long Island Sound for the coming season for the approval of the clubs of

the Union, the council desire to say that they have endeavored to allot to the different clubs the dates they have applied for. It has been found impracticable, however, in the arrangement of the events to avoid having but one race on each Saturday, but, as will be noted, not more than two races have been scheduled for any one Saturday during the season, and in most cases it will be seen that one race is a club's annual regatta and the other a special race. The council recommend that the clubs whose fixtures fall on the same date in this way arrange that the club holding an annual regatta avoid offering prizes in the classes for which the special race of the other club is given, and it is further suggested that special races be given for a very limited number of classes, either regular or special.

The racing circuit for the season is recommended to be held from June 27 to July 4 inclusive, comprising seven days' racing, and it is suggested that the regatta committee of the clubs giving races in the circuit confer with each other and make such joint arrangements as will conduce to the successes of the different races.

The council have considered it inadvisable to recognize races given by clubs for their own yachts only.

A full list of the regattas follows:

Saturday, May 16—Huguenot special.
Saturday, May 23—New Rochelle special.
Saturday, May 30—Harlem annual.
Saturday, May 30—Seawanhaka special, ½-raters.
Saturday, June 6—Knickerbocker annual.
Saturday, June 13—Douglaston annual.
Tuesday, June 16—Atlantic annual, New York Bay.
Saturday, June 20—Larchmont spring.
Saturday, June 20—Waterside open.
Monday, June 22—Seawanhaka, trial race, ½-raters.
Tuesday, June 23—Seawanhaka, trial race, ½-raters.
Wednesday, June 24—Seawanhaka, trial race, ½-raters.
Saturday, June 27—New Rochelle annual.
Saturday, June 27—Seawanhaka annual.
Monday, June 29—Stamford special.
Tuesday, June 30—Indian Harbor special.
Wednesday, July 1—Corinthian fleet annual.
Tuesday, July 2—Horseshoe Harbor special.
Friday, July 3—American annual.
Saturday, July 4—Larchmont annual and 34s and 30s, first race.
Saturday, July 11—Riverside annual.
Monday, July 13—Seawanhaka-International match, ½-raters.
Tuesday, July 14—Seawanhaka-International match, ½-raters.
Wednesday, July 15—Seawanhaka-International match, ½ raters.
Thursday, July 16—Seawanhaka International match, ½ raters.
Friday, July 17—Seawanhaka-International match, ½-raters.
Saturday, July 18—Larchmont open and 34s and 30s, second race.
Monday, July 20—Larchmont special; 34s and 30s, third race; 21s and ½-raters.
Tuesday, July 21—Larchmont Eastward and Westward cup.
Wednesday, July 22—Larchmont special; cabin cats, Mangus cup; 34s and 30s, fourth race; 21s and ½-raters.
Thursday, July 23—Larchmont special; schooners.
Friday, July 24—Larchmont special; 34s and 30s, fifth race.
Saturday, July 25—Larchmont open and 34s and 30s, sixth race.
Saturday, July 25—Sea Cliff annual.
Saturday, Aug. 1—Indian Harbor annual.
Saturday, Aug. 1—Corinthian fleet special.
Saturday, Aug. 8—New Rochelle special.
Saturday, Aug. 8—Hempstead Harbor annual.
Wednesday, Aug. 12—Norwalk annual.
Saturday, Aug. 15—American special.
Saturday, Aug. 15—Stamford annual.
Saturday, Aug. 24—Horseshoe Harbor annual.
Saturday, Aug. 22—Riverside special, 30s, ½-raters and cabin cats.
Thursday, Aug. 27—Sea Cliff special.
Saturday, Aug. 29—Huguenot annual.
Saturday, Aug. 29—Seawanhaka special, schooners, 30s.
Saturday, Sept. 5—Huntington annual.
Saturday, Sept. 5—Larchmont special, 34s and 30s, seventh race.
Monday, Sept 7—Larchmont fall and 34s and 30s, eighth race.
Saturday, Sept. 12—Larchmont special, schooners.
Saturday, Sept. 12—Indian Harbor special.
Saturday, Sept. 19—American fall.
Saturday, Sept. 19—Stamford special.
Saturday, Sept. 26—Sea Cliff special.
Saturday, Sept. 26—Riverside fall.

Interlake Yachting Association.

THE annual meeting of the directors of the Interlake Yachting Association was held at the Cadillac Hotel, Detroit, Mich., Feb. 15, with Com. J. E. Gunckel in the chair and the following directors present: Frank Hower, representing Buffalo Y. C.; Geo. T. Bliss, Erie Y. C.; E. W. Radder, Cleveland Y. C.; Geo. R. Williams, Sandusky Y. C.; John Hollaway, Put-in-Bay Y. C.; Henry Tracy, Ohio Y. C.; F. R. Frey, Toledo Y. C.; S. H. Jones, Citizens' Y. A., Detroit; Barnard Schultz, West End Y. A., Detroit; C. J. Lichtenberg, Detroit Y. A., Detroit.

The report of the secretary-treasurer showed the Association out of debt, with a balance in the bank of $112 93.

The report of the Put-in-Bay delegate on the matter of headquarters was accepted and the matter referred to the regatta committee with power.

The report of Mr. Tracy on the duties of the regatta committee, after some discussion and a slight change, was adopted, as were also amendments to the sailing regulations by E. W. Radder.

The motion by Mr. Tracy to classify yachts according to waterline length, also the motion of Mr. Hower that the Association measure the actual sail area of each competing yacht instead of approximating it as at present, will come up for action at the next meeting.

Com. J. E. Gunckel made a few remarks, advising the delegates to select good men for office, as the prospects for the coming year were very bright. The following were elected officers for 1896:

Com., G. H. Worthington, C. Y. C., Cleveland, O.; Vice-Com., C. J. Lichtenberg, D. Y. C., Detroit, Mich.; Rear-Com., Henry Tracy, O. Y. C., Toledo, O.; Fleet Capt., G. T. Bliss, Erie Y. C., Erie, Pa.; Sec'y-Treas., F. R. Frey, Toledo Y. C., Toledo, O.; Meas., J. W. Hepburn, T. Y. C., Toledo, O.; Fleet Surgeon, A. D. Stewart, M. D., D. Y. C., Detroit, Mich.; Race Committee: R. D. Potter, T. Y. C., chairman; Dr. W. G. Bean, C. Y. A.; Joe Nicholson, D. Y. C.; Barnard Schultz, W. E. Y. C.; Frank Hubbard, S. Y. C.; F. R. Frey, *ex officio*, T. Y. C.

The motion of Mr. Radder that the executive committee of the I. L. Y. A. be made members *ex-officio* of the board of directors and shall have voice, but without vote, in proceedings of all meetings of the I. L. Y. A., will be acted on at the next meeting.

The prospects for yachting on Lake Erie are very bright and so far the following events will take place: I. L. Y. A. meet at Put-in Bay, Aug. 3, 4, 5, 6. The 8th all boats will sail to Cleveland under command of the Commodore of the I. L. Y. A. to take part in the big Cleveland Centennial Regatta to be held Aug. 10, 11, 12 and 13. Following this both Erie and Buffalo are going to give big open regattas. Yachting is on the boom and this summer is going to be the banner one of the history in lake yachting, and the Interlake Association will be in the lead.

Summer Carnival at Halifax.

HALIFAX, N. S., is preparing for a grand summer carnival to be held July 28-29-30-1, and with the extensive programme offered and the many attractive sights in this grand city by the sea it will be a delightful opportunity to spend a few days' vacation and escape the heat at that season of the year and enjoy the fresh cooling breezes which roll in from the broad Atlantic. It is really a chance to see a city of Europe (reached in a few hours), with its regiments of soldiers, hundreds of sailors from the ships of the British North Atlantic Squadron which has its summer headquarters there, its citadel, forts, etc. Among the carnival features will be single scull and four-oared races for large prizes in which the best oarsmen in the world are expected to compete, yacht races, competitions between crews from the warships amateur races, etc., a magnificent illumination of one of the finest harbors in the world, with a procession of boats, open air concerts with music by military bands, horse races, bicycle and athletic sports by electric light and many other attractions.

Any information will be gladly supplied by R. T. MacIlreith, Secretary, P. O. Box 308, Halifax, N. S.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The chairman of the regatta committee of the American Model Y. C. has received a challenge from J. D. Casey, of the club, for the Century challenge cup now held by John Smith, owner of Dolphin. Mr. Smith is not at present a member of the club. The date named is May 30. The club will soon be established in its new station, Thirty-fourth street, South Brooklyn, where a new house is being built. The challenging yacht, Henrietta, is 67in. over all, 46in. l w.l., 14in., beam, 18in. draft, 85¾ lbs. displacement. She is a new boat, just completed.

The 30-footer designed by H. C. Wintringham for J. R. Maxwell, and now building by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Co at Ogdensburgh, will be named Argonaut. Her dimensions are given as 43ft. 10in. over all, 29ft. 6in. l.w.l., 9ft. 7in. beam and 7ft. draft. The S.-S. Co. are also building a second boat for Mr. Maxwell from Wintringham's designs, a 15-footer to be named Monsoon. She will be a bulb-fin, 29ft. 6in. over all, 14ft. 3in. l.w.l. and 4ft. 6in. beam.

Lake Michigan genius is coming to the front rapidly this winter, and now another designer from this water is out with a model from which a sloop will probably be built before the yachting season opens on Decoration Day. The proposed boat will be in the same class as the Viscedor and the other fin-keel building at Racine for a Chicago syndicate. The designer is Charles Tilden Bisoper, of this city, who was an active yachtsman during the '70s. He has been working out this idea for the past eight years, and in that time has made a dozen models, each of which was a modification of its predecessor. The latest model calls for a 44ft. waterline, and, the designer claims, will carry a sail spread that will make some of the old tars who love to crack on all the cloth that's bent open their eyes. He provides for all fixed ballast to be carried on the keel, but not in the shape of a fin. There will be 8 tons of outside ballast which will thin out perceptibly toward the forefoot, the heaviest weight being directly under the amidships section of the waterline. He has pared away every superfluous inch of fullness until the model shows a knife edge from every point of observation. The general dimensions to which this model is constructed are: Length, 64ft., load waterline; beam, 13ft. 6in. on waterline, 14ft. above waterline and 18ft. 6in. on deck; draft, 8ft. 6in. Another Chicagoan is out for honors as a designer and possibly may build a 40-footer from his own peculiar ideas in time for entry in next summer's big races. The gentleman in question is W. R. Crawford, of the Columbia Y. C. He has for some time past been studying out a model of his own, and had his plans all laid to build this winter when he was taken sick with typhoid fever. He is now in Florida convalescing, and if his physician will allow him to engage in the exciting sport of racing during the coming summer, an order will be placed for a 40-footer next month. The entire plans and specifications have been left in charge of his brother, who would have contracted for the boat before this but for the peremptory orders of the medical man that Mr. Crawford must not think of going into such exciting sport for another year unless the next thirty days show marked and almost impossible recovery of strength. If not built for the summer of 1896, this boat will be one of the cracks of 1897.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

The De La Vergne Machine Co., foot of East 138th street, New York city, has recently erected a large boat shop in connection with its machine works, and has entered extensively into the building of power boats, propelled by a gasoline engine invented by A. Hirsch. In addition to a number of small boats the company are building is a handsome craft for Mr. C. H. Osgood, of the N. Y. Y. C., to be used on the Thames River and Fisher's Island Sound, and a combined freight and passenger boat for parties in Boothbay, Me. Mr. John Adams Eppig has also placed an order with the company for an auxiliary cruiser, which promises to be a very handsome and serviceable craft. Her principal dimensions are: Length 50ft., beam 10ft., draft 3ft. 6in., and schooner-rigged. The yacht is intended for long cruises in home and Southern waters, and while a high rate of speed is desired she is intended principally for cruising, and from her interior arrangement will be unusually well adapted to the purpose for a craft of that size. Directly aft of the pilot house, which is fitted with a comfortable berth and lockers, is the main saloon, 13ft. long by 8ft. wide, opening from the after end to a passage leading to the companionway, on the starboard side of which is a large galley and on the port side toilet rooms, etc. She will have considerable deck room, and aft of the cabin house is a large cockpit running nearly to the taffrail. Like all the other De La Vergne boats, the machinery is concealed from sight, in this case being under the cockpit floor, and as the exhaust is under water there is no unsightly stack or machinery visible to mar the appearance of the boat or exhale disagreeable odors. The engine is regulated and controlled by a lever in the pilot house, thereby enabling one man to act as pilot and engineer without leaving the helm.

Robert Lenox Belknap, one of the old members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., died at his home in New York on March 12, of Bright's disease. Mr. Belknap at one time owned the sloop Arrow and later purchased the 85ft. Priscilla and converted her into the schooner Elma. He was born in New York in 1848, and has been prominent in business for many years, of late being identified with large interests in Wisconsin. He joined the 7th Regiment in 1866, being promoted until, in 1876 he became Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief of Staff, retaining that position until 1880, when he resigned. He devoted much of his time to charitable and philanthropic work, being a trustee of the Princeton Theological Seminary, treasurer of the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, and for several years a vice-president of the Presbyterian Social Union, of New York city. He was a member of the Union, Union League, University, Down Town, New York Yacht, Seawanhaka Yacht and Pat Upation clubs, of New York, and of the Minnesota Club, of St. Paul, the Society of the Cincinnati, of the Society of Colonial Wars, and the New York Society of the Sons of the Revolution. His frank and kindly disposition endeared him to all who came in contact with him. He leaves a widow and six children.

At the annual meeting on March 3 the Sing Sing Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., Ralph Brandreth; Vice-Com., Francis Larkin, Jr.; Rear-Com., Gilbert M. Todd; Sec'y, Robert T. Dennis; Treas., Joseph Thompson; Meas., William M. Carpenter, Regatta Committee, Dr. Edward B. Sherwood, chairman; Charles S. Gowen, Robert T. Dennis; House Committee, Joseph Thompson, chairman; James Sedell, Robert T. Dennis, William L. Hull, William C. Kipp; Committee on Admission, Col. Franklin Brandreth, chairman; Francis Larkin, Jr., William L. Townsend, Edwin L. Todd, Joseph Thompson; Auditing Committee, S. Olin Washburne, chairman; Gilbert M. Todd, T. Henry Calam; Governing Committee, Dr. Edward B Sherwood, chairman; Gilbert M. Todd, T. Henry Calam, William L. Townsend; Board of Trustees, Francis Larkin, Jr., Isaac B. Noxon, Edwin L. Todd.

The Ossissing Y. C., of Sing Sing, N. Y., has elected the following officers: Com., A. Bohr; Vice-Com., B. Van Alstyne; Rear-Com., C. S. Raymond; Sec'y, J. H. Horan; Treas., C. D Malesdy; Meas., I. S. Haff; Admission Committee—L. W. Searles, Chairman; Wm. F. Mesger, Jr., W. Odell, Wm. Dodge, I. S. Haff; House Committee—E. Cuatt, Chairman; J. Peterson, Wm. Haff, E. P. Travis, L. Minnerly; Regatta Committee—R. T. Dennis, Chairman; B. R. Smith, F. A. Griffin; Auditing Committee—F. A. Griffin, H. G Rice, E. Cuatt; Delegates to New York Y. R. A.—R. T. Dennis, W. V. Stray, G. Leary; Trustees—H. Osborne, Chairman; J Willi, C. S. Raymond, B. J. Chambers, F. Valentine, I. S. Haff, G. W. Kipp.

The annual meeting of the Greenville Y. C. was held on March 5, the following officers being elected: Com., Alfred Renshaw, sip. Albatross; Vice-Com., Alexander Reid, sip. Ocean Spray; Treas., S. Renshaw; Fin. Sec'y, W. E. Hicks; Cor. Sec'y, C. Q. Sampson; Meas., S. A. Cooper; Regatta Committee, Charles J. Leach, chairman; William Everett Hicks and Dr. S. H. Hollister; Delegates to the New York Yacht Racing Association, Com. Renshaw, Vice-Com. Reid and C. D. McGlehan; Trustees, Alexander Reid, Alfred Renshaw, R. W. Hicks, Henry Queen and Charles P. Morton.

The annual meeting of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, was held on March 7, the following officers being elected: Com., W. D. Boyce; Vice-Com., E. J. Baker; Rear-Com., H. Lovedale; Sec'y, R. Hayes; Treas., C. Morgan; House Committee—R. Summers, I. Ramsdell, H. Furney, H. E. O. Heinemann, J. Ingersoll; Regatta Committee—T. Boyle, D. M. Lord, C. Smalley, D. Clayton, F. J. Nicholson; Delegate-at-Large, H. Finney; Meas., W. F. Cothroll. The question of a consolidation of the Columbia, Lincoln Park, Hyde Park and Chicago Y. Cs. was discussed, and met with general approval.

The Shackamaxon Y. C., of Philadelphia, has elected the following officers: Com., James Stemmer; Vice-Com., Chas. Bairley; Fleet Capt., Chas. Stanford; Rec. Sec'y, Henry S. Anderson; Fin. Sec'y, R. B Murphy; Treas., James Stemmer; Meas., Wm. Cravis, Chas. Stanford and Chas. Bairley; Steward, Wm. Jones. The Trustees are: John McCormick, Wm. Jones, Richard Johnson. The Regatta Committee includes Fred. Anderson, Wm. Jones and Max Schladensky.

The First Naval Battalion, Naval Force of the State of Pennsylvania, has been holding some interesting meetings during the winter on board the old warship St. Louis, moored at Race St. Wharf, Phila., its headquarters. At these meetings the members have listened to talks by different experts; Mr. Lewis Nixon recently lectured on "Vessels of the U. S. Navy," and on March 9 Commander Francis Shunk Brown lectured on "The Rig and Sailing of Yachts."

Eleanor, steam yacht, Wm. A. Slater, arrived at New London March 9, with Capt. Scott in command, after a voyage around the world. She sailed from New London on Dec. 27, 1894, passing through the Suez Canal, visiting all the principal Eastern ports, then crossing to San Francisco, then north to Alaska and back to San Francisco, where Mr. Slater and his party left her, returning to the East by rail. Capt. Scott brought the yacht around the Horn, the last call being at St. Thomas.

The report of a 30-footer from Sibbick, for Com. Gillig and Vice-Com. Work, Larchmont Y. C., is denied; but it is said that Herbert Seeley, owner of the 21-footer Blonde and Brunette, has ordered a Sibbick 15-footer. There is no question of the speed of the Sibbick boats and the presence of one in the 15ft. races will make them still more interesting.

The Columbia Y. C., of New York, has elected the following officers: Com., J. F. Hitchcock, sip. Cygnet; Vice-Com., J. L. Hiller, sip. Ramona; Rear-Com., T. S. Coale, launch Banshee; Sec'y, G. Parkhill; Treas., J. A. Weaver; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. D. D. Stevens; Meas., A. Vogel; Trustees—G. R. Bidwell, E. G. Hoffman and W. F. Gorham.

The Ocean Y. C., of Stapleton, S. I., has elected the following officers: Com., James Goold, Jr.; Vice-Com., J. G. Meers; Sec'y, George Stapleton; Treas., G. E. Schindler; Cor. Sec'y, H. T. Wilson; Meas., Wm. Johnston; Fleet Capt., William Lindsay; Trustees, Thos. McNight, John H. Boldt and Henry Schindler.

The yachting department of the New Jersey Athletic Club has elected the following officers: Com., J. T. Parker; Vice-Com., W. F. Bernard; Rear-Com., W. B Wilmerding; Sec'y and Treas., E. R. Grant; Meas., W. W. Genet; Fleet Surgeon, B. T Kissam; Chaplain, Henry Meigs. The club has a good station at Bayonne, where Newark Bay joins the Kill von Kull, within half an hour of New York by rail, and offers excellent facilities for owners of small yachts.

V. D. Bacon, of the Cape Cod Yacht Agency, several of whose designs and stories of cruises we have at times published, has purchased the Rudder Yacht Agency, and in future will be located at 185 Broadway, New York. Mr. Bacon has spent his life among the Cape catboats, of which he makes a specialty, and is prepared to furnish designs and attend to the building of new boats as well as the sale of all classes of yachts.

At the annual meeting of the New Haven Y. C., on March 11, the following officers were elected: Com., Henry S. Parmelee; Vice-Com., F. G. Beach; Rear-Com., Joseph Eaton; Sec'y, Frank W. Guion; Treas., George E. Dudley; Meas., C. W. Rawson; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. W. Hawres; Regatta Committee—E. F. Mansfield, L. A. Elliott, C. W. Webb; Trustees—Joseph Porter and H. S. Holcomb.

The Southwark Y. C., of Philadelphia, has elected the following officers: Com., J. O. Peoples; Vice-Com., Charles Brown; Rear-Com., William Nichols; Sec'y, C. P. Kiefer; Ass't-Sec'y, Thomas Platts; Treas., Jesse Wilhelm; Steward, H. Quinn; Trustees, Benjamin Wilson, George Kurtz and Edward Dealey; Regatta Committee, Benjamin Wilson, Thomas Murray and Jesse Wilhelm.

The Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Benjamin C. Lockett, cat Spendthrift; Vice-Com., E. G. Unit, cat Caper; Sec'y, Eustis L. Hopkins; Treas., L. S. Knevals; Trustee, George S. Towle; Delegates to the Y. R. U., E. P. Cronkhite, Frank Towle and G. Gardner Fry. The club has 203 members and 55 yachts.

The steam yacht Thespia, designed and built by the Cramp Shipbuilding Co. for David Dows, Jr., has finally been accepted by her owner. On her trial last summer the yacht proved so unsatisfactory that Mr. Dows declined to accept her, but the dispute has now been adjusted.

The Yale Cor. Y. C. elected the following officers on March 12: Com., A. De W. Cochrane, '96; Vice Com., J. D. Sawyer, '96; Rear-Com., W. S. Hoyt, '96; Sec'y-Treas., S. D. Babcock, '97; Governing Board—H. H. Benedict, '96; L. L. Lorillard, '97; S. B. Clark, '98; T. H. West, '96, and R. De P. Tytus, '97.

Messrs. Warner, Paulson and a third representative of the Lincoln Park Y. C. will meet with three representatives of the Royal Canadian Y. C. early in April to decide on the course for the international race. Cleveland is very favorably mentioned as offering good neutral waters.

The Musquito Y. C., of South Boston, has elected the following officers: Com., J. T. Powers; Vice-Com., J. T. Kelleher; Fleet Capt., C. J. Moriarty; Sec'y, G. L. Paget; Meas., A. H. Borden; Directors—J. Bertram, T. A. Maguire and C. A. Borden.

The Norwalk Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., P. G. Sanford; Vice-Com., A. E. Chasmar; Treas., H. S. Hatch; Sec'y, J. C. Green; Board of Directors—G. Bogart, G. A. Jennings, L. H. Nash, G. Van Alstyne and Wm. Byington.

The new 15ft. Ethelwyn, now on exhibition at Madison Square Garden, was sold before she left the shops, her new owner being Herbert Jennings, of Southport, Conn. He has named her Two Step and will sail her in all the Sound races.

The Newark Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Wm. Murray; Vice-Com., Harry Bush; Treas., T. J. Rache; Fin. Sec'y, E. Hindenlang; Sec'y, A. F. Adams. The annual dinner will be held in the club house on March 19.

The annual meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts will be held on Thursday, March 19, at 7 P. M., at Young's Hotel, Boston. It is expected that at least twenty-five clubs—all but three in eastern Massachusetts—will be represented.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. has arranged club regatta days as follows: May 30, race for club boats; July 7, spring regatta, special classes; Aug. 1, annual regatta, open to all classes; Sept. 5, fall regatta, special classes.

The Harlem Y. C. will purchase additional land on City Island to give room for the contemplated improvement of the club house. It will have in all a water front of 735ft., with 200ft. depth.

Electra, steam yacht, E. T. Gerry, sailed from New York for her builders' yard, Wilmington, last week. Messrs. Harlan & Hollingsworth will give her a new stern, decks and bulwarks.

The Gas Engine and Power Co., of Morris Dock, New York, are even busier than usual this spring, there being a large demand for special naphtha launches for steam yachts.

Valiant, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, arrived at Hull on Feb. 24 from Port Royal, S. C., after a hard passage from Gibraltar; putting in for two days at Port Mahon.

Owing to the action of the Harvard advisory committee, notice has been sent to the Yale Cor. Y. C. that no university yacht race will be possible this season.

T. C. Ferris has designed a cabin cat for Dr. T. V. Ketcham, of Stamford. She will be 30ft. over all, 22ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 6in. beam, and 3ft. 6in. draft.

We have received from George Wilson, 28 Sherwood street, Piccadilly Circus, London, a list of yachts, both steam and sail, for sale by him.

Isis, cutter, has been sold by J. J. McCue to Messrs. Pendleton and Jones, of New York.

The annual dinner of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. will be held at Delmonico's on March 26.

Gevalia, schr., H. W. Coale, is being rebuilt and lengthened aft by Smith, at Nyack.

Chostaw, the 40ft. c. b. cutter, has been sold by T. L. Arnold to J. M. Strong.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Club.*	*City.*
Benj. A. Barber	——	Worcester, Mass.
D. W. Carter	——	Worcester, Mass.
Walter H. Fuller	——	Worcester, Mass.
Edward H. Sargent	——	Medford, Mass.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Wm. C Noack	——	Detroit, Mich.
Clarence H. Gould	——	Detroit, Mich.
Abram Ditmar Gill	——	West Park on Hudson, N.Y.
Watson De Bois	——	Albany, N. Y.
W. L Kingsley	——	Rome, N. Y.
W B Johnson	——	Rome, N. Y.
Dr. John F. Fitz-Gerald	——	Rome, N. Y.
E. F. Pillow	——	Rochester, N. Y.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., March 8.—A match was shot to-day between Messrs. Trounstein and Hake, Trounstein winning by a score of 347 to 344. A team race was made up to-day from the members present, five best scores to count. Team No. 1 won by 70 points, scoring 2,289 to 2,219. The scores below were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range, the conditions being as usual: 200yds., strictly off-hand, standard American target, 7-ring black:

Gindele	10	10	10	7	9	9	9	7	9	10	90
	10	9	8	9	8	9	10	8	8	9	88
	9	8	10	8	6	8	7	9	8	10	83
	9	9	5	10	6	7	9	7	9	10	81
Louis	7	8	10	10	9	10	10	7	10	6	87
	9	9	10	10	8	5	7	7	7	8	80
	10	8	5	7	7	8	9	8	10	7	79
	8	7	6	9	8	5	9	8	9	9	78
Wellinger	10	6	8	10	8	9	8	9	5	7	80
	8	6	9	10	6	9	8	5	8	9	78
	6	7	9	7	8	8	10	7	9	6	77
	6	8	7	6	8	7	10	9	7	8	76
Weinheimer	10	4	8	8	5	7	8	6	10	8	74
	6	9	10	10	5	4	5	9	7	7	72
	10	9	8	4	7	5	5	6	10	9	73
	7	8	7	5	7	9	5	8	7	10	73
Payne	10	8	10	10	8	7	7	10	9	6	85
	5	9	8	8	8	9	7	9	10	9	82
	7	10	7	7	9	6	8	6	9	6	75
	9	7	9	10	9	8	7	8	6	5	80
Trounstein	5	5	6	7	7	7	9	10	10	8	74
	5	6	10	8	8	8	8	6	7	8	74
	7	8	5	4	6	8	7	9	8	9	71
	6	8	5	9	10	6	8	6	5	7	70
Roberts	6	9	8	9	10	8	7	6	8	9	80
	6	6	10	10	9	10	10	7	7	5	80
	10	4	8	6	9	8	7	9	8	10	78
	7	6	5	10	9	6	9	9	7	6	74
Hake	8	8	8	8	7	8	9	5	9	4	74
	8	7	6	10	5	6	7	6	8	7	70
	8	7	8	7	6	5	7	7	7	6	68
	9	7	7	9	4	3	5	5	9	9	66
Nagel	4	10	9	5	5	8	7	6	6	5	60
	5	7	5	7	4	5	5	7	5	10	60
	6	7	2	2	6	4	6	8	6	8	56
	2	6	4	7	3	3	6	6	3	5	45
Randall	7	5	10	9	7	7	10	5	9	6	75
	7	10	6	10	6	7	7	6	6	9	74
	5	8	5	6	6	6	9	10	8	6	69
	8	6	5	6	5	6	7	5	9	7	64
See	4	8	7	8	7	8	10	9	8	8	77
	6	9	5	9	6	8	9	9	6	8	75
	8	10	6	6	8	7	7	7	4	10	73
	7	4	9	7	8	4	9	9	9	6	73
Strickmeier	8	9	6	8	4	10	7	7	7	10	76
	8	7	4	8	8	8	7	7	7	10	74
	4	6	8	6	6	6	9	3	9	10	67
	6	7	6	7	7	7	8	6	5	7	66
Drube	9	10	7	9	7	9	8	8	10	10	87
	5	7	10	7	8	6	9	9	9	10	80
	8	7	10	10	10	7	7	8	6	7	80
	10	6	6	10	9	6	8	7	6	7	75

San Francisco Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 23.—The weather to-day was by no means unfavorable for work wi h the small bores. The consequence was that the range at Shell Mound was well patronized by rifleman.

COLUMBIA RIFLE AND PISTOL CLUB.

The rifle scores made to-day were:

Unfred diamond medal—A. Strecker 9, D. W. McLaughlin 9 and 9, Dr. Rodgers 12, F. O. Young 11, W. Glindermann 12.

All-comers' 10-shot rifle record medal—Dr. Rodgers 67.

On the pistol range the markers were kept busy. To-day's scores were:

Pistol, Blanding medal, open to all comers: C. M. Daiss 8, J. E. Gorman 9, F. O. Young 11, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 12, M. J. White 25, E. Trudo 28

Diamond pistol medal, ten shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 46.

Rifle, .22-cal., all comers, 50yds.: A. H. Darrell 18, M. J. White 19, F. O. Young 11.

The following are the winners of cash prizes on flags for the past month on the 50yds range:

Pistol: C. M. Daiss 5 flags, F. O. Young 2, J. E. Gorman 1, A. H. Pape 1.

Rifle, .22 cal.: E. Hovey 6 flags, Mrs. Crane 1, P. Bohr 1, F. O. Young 1

SAN FRANCISCO SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein held its monthly bull's eye contest for 20 cash prizes to-day. The winners and their records are as below.

First prize: H. Huber 209; second: F. Atzeroth 227; third: H. Stilling 276; fourth: Geo. H. Bahrs 438; fifth: H. Prien 455; sixth: H. Heilberg 469; seventh: J. de Witt 505; eighth: Otto Lemcke 508; ninth: Charles Thierbach 530; tenth: A. Brauning 535; eleventh: H. Wicker 555; twelfth: C. F. Rust 577; thirteenth: F. P. Schuster 633; fourteenth: A. H. Pape 658; fifteenth: H. H. Burfiend 677; sixteenth: J. C. Waller 730; seventeenth: D. B. Faktor 823; eighteenth: R. Finking 834; nineteenth: William Glindermann 876; twentieth: George Heim 878.

GERMANIA SCHUETZEN CLUB.

The monthly bull's eye shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Club for ten cash prizes was held to-day with the following results:

First: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 210; second: R. Finking 236; third: H. J. Wicker 384; fourth: W. Galves 480; fifth: A. Browning 525; sixth: C. Thierbach 667; seventh: M. Ahrens 687; eighth: F. P. Schuster 760; ninth: J. de Witt 760; tenth: D. B. Faktor 809. ROBEL.

Nitro vs. Black Powder.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 4.—I have been much interested in the discussion on this question, but note that the tests were mostly with nitro in shotguns. Now where great accuracy is not required, as in the case of the user of the shotgun, nitro may possibly be better than black under some circumstances. I have had but very little experience in its use in this way, am afraid of it in large quantities, and reckon for what little shooting I do the old reliable black will answer.

However, in the case of rifle shooting I am of the opinion that nitro will not do. From my own experience and what I have seen others do, using small bore shells loaded with nitro, I firmly believe that black powder will give more accurate results, is much safer, and with the exception of noise, smoke and possibly more dirt is better and more reliable in every way. Take for instance the .22 short smokeless. Several of us have been thoroughly testing this shell for several weeks, and have come to the conclusion that the regular black powder short is as good as it can be.

When first using the smokeless we noted that the guns would spit from the breech, and upon examining the shells found them bulged and burst, in several instances the head being completely cut off. Of course this would not occur in every case. Then again when holding steadily the shots would bunch well together for half a dozen shots, and then to our dismay one would strike from an inch to 2 and 3in. off the bullseye. This occurred frequently, using several different rifles, the shooting being done by several different persons, and using rest as well as doing the work off-hand.

Several weeks since my chum and I were down at the shanty on the bay shore looking over the boats and preparing for the spring fishing. A crow lit in a tree probably 200ft. off, and S. went into the house and brought out the little Winchester, slipped in a smokeless .22 short, and drawing a bead on the dusky victim let drive. The ball struck about 4in. high and Mr. Crow flapped slowly away, while S. looked blank. "Thought I had that fellow sure," said he. He then fired several more shots, using the same elevation, and every shot would have hit that crow, had he remained. This, with our experience in the gallery and on our home ranges, shows that the smokeless are not always to be relied upon as far as accuracy and uniform shooting are concerned. Their only redeeming feature in my opinion is the absence of smoke when used indoors, and the small amount of noise. They also appear to have greater penetration and range than the black powder shorts, but for the legitimate range of this size cartridge we are satisfied with the latter.

What has been the experience of others in this direction? ART.

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 10.—The following scores were made by members of the Pittsburg Rifle Club at its indoor range this evening:

						Av.							Av.
Lincoln	70	73	80	82	80	77	Ittel	79	88	75	79	..	80
Henry	71	74	59	58	75	66	Lawrence	81	71	..	..	..	76
Lewis	73	60	69	..	..	67	Hodgdon	69	..	..	..	..	69
Hofmeister	64	69	60	69	77	66	Bradshaw	59	56	71	..	..	62
Schmidt	63	71	61	..	..	65	Rankin	56	73	76	..	..	69
Burt	60	59	..	..	..	60	Hull	59	77	74	65	..	69
Ewing	80	64	79	79	73	74							

HAL.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

March 18-21.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club of New York city; first two days, targets; last two days, live birds. F. A. Kerker, Sec'y.

March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

March 28.—LYNNHURST, Mass.—Tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association.

March 31-April 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Target tournament under the management of Neaf Apgar and C. C. Hebbard.

April 6.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Forest Gun Club; grounds at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue. Wm. Morison, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1400 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. O. J. Loder, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21-22.—ZEELAND, Mich.—First tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Zeeland Gun Club.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; $1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.

April 23-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-29.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Open to all.

JOHN S. HOEY.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; $1,275 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $3,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $3,000 added money.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; $500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; $770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

Death of John S. Hoey.

IT is with deep regret that we announce the death of John Shaw Hoey, which occurred on March 11 last at his home in Long Branch, N. J. Mr. Hoey had been ill since the beginning of February, and although he had experienced two serious relapses, one of them occurring early this month, it was hoped and believed up to within half an hour of his death that he had every prospect of a return to good health. His death was the result of a severe attack of neuralgia of the heart, superinduced by a case of the grip which he contracted on the stormy day of Feb. 6.

On Jan. 30 Mr. Hoey took part in a 100-target handicap race at Elizabeth, N. J., and although only a comparative beginner at targets he won first money with 84 out of 110, the day being very cold and blustery. The last time we met Mr. Hoey was on Feb. 5, at the Carteret Club, when he refereed during a long day's shoot. The next day, Feb. 6, he went to Philadelphia and contracted a very severe cold through exposure to the storm of wind and rain that swept over the Eastern States on that date. Mr. Hoey's condition became so serious that a trained nurse had to be secured to assist in nursing him. Toward the end of the month he was so far recovered that he was able to write us with pencil on Feb. 26 that letter regarding his views on the question of balks in repeating shotguns which we gave in our issue of March 7.

It was as a referee of live-bird events, rather than as a shooter, that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM best knew Mr. Hoey. His characteristics as a referee were: strict impartiality, unflagging attention during the longest and most tedious contest, an intimate acquaintance with all live-bird rules, a keen eye that never lost a point, and a quickness of apprehension that made it possible for him to decide a knotty question as soon as it was propounded to him. It is no exaggeration to say that he was the ablest and most popular referee in matches at live birds in this part of the country. When he was refereeing a match there was never any difficulty in keeping the run of lost birds, a blast on a shrill dog whistle telling more plainly than the call of "lost bird" the fate of that particular shot to the spectators. As the introducer of the use of the whistle in live-bird matches Mr. Hoey will often be remembered by men who never knew him.

Mr. Hoey was only 46 years old when he died. He left a wife and two children, the youngest 14 months old. Fred. Hoey, the celebrated pigeon shot, was his half-brother. The funeral service was held on Saturday afternoon, March 14, in the Presbyterian Church at Long Branch, the body being interred in Laurel Cemetery, Philadelphia, Pa., on Sunday. Among those present were: L. S. and W. P. Thomas, Walter W. Watrous, Walter Gibbs Murphy and Edgar Gibbs Murphy, Gould S. Hoyt, Col. M. J. O'Brien, Thomas G. Murphy, Percy Dobbins, Mat. Burns, William Eastman, Jefferson McWilliams, E. Babcock, John Hawkins, W. Heisley, Japhia Van Dyke, E. W. Price, Charlie Hill, Frazier Price, Walter Hildreth, etc.

Repeating Shotguns and Balks.

AFTER the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for March 7 had been in the hands of the general public a few days, we were told occasionally that we were wrong in the stand we took upon the point argued under the above headlines. We were also told that "there are any amount of others who think just as I do."

We argued the question then and there with our objectors, but we regret to say that we met with no new arguments against our decision that a shell bursting in the chamber of a repeating shotgun, thereby causing a non ejectment of the empty shell and a consequent inability to reload the chamber from the magazine, was "of the same nature as a missfire in that it was a balk."

On the other hand, we have met with many shooters—men who never shot a repeating shotgun in their lives, but who handle a double gun very effectively at the traps—who are entirely in sympathy with our ruling on that point. Where are those "others," and who are they?

The objectors seem now to have retired into their last stronghold. The only real argument (*sic*) they advance is that "the rules were never made for repeating shotguns." Granting this for the sake of argument, why have tournament promoters been doing an injustice for so many years to men who shoot repeating shotguns, by taking their money and letting them shoot when they actually have no *locus standi?* Our claim is, that the rules as they exist to-day are for all guns—single, double or repeating—and that they satisfactorily cover the question at issue.

Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 4.—Teams of 8 men from the Limited and Wabash gun clubs, of this city, met to-day on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club, the home team suffering defeat by 7 targets. The losing club was much chagrined at the result, as the team showed up much better in practice, and in the sweeps that followed the team race the members made scores that would have enabled them to win by a good majority. As a matter of fact, we are suffering from poor and irregular ammunition, which will be discarded; we then hope to do better work. Scores:

Wabash Gun Club.

W Jones.......................1111111110110011111101111—21
Bruner........................1111111010101 1110101011—18
Wright........................1111000101111111111111111—21
O Wright......................0100111011111111111111100—19
Rose..........................1011110111111000110011111—18
Ward Jones....................1111110111111111111111000—21
Linell........................1111111110111111111110111—23
King..........................1111111110111111011101011—21—162

Limited Gun Club.

Britton.......................1111111111111111111111111—25
Comstock......................1100110111111110101110011—18
Cooper........................1111111110111110110110111—21
Parry.........................1110111100111111101111111—21
Tutewiler.....................1011100000111111101111010—16
Poister.......................1101110111011111101110111—20
Moore.........................1001011110111011100001011—15
Robinson......................1011111111011110011111010—19—155

ROYAL ROBINSON.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 7.—The scores given below were all made at Watson's Park, Burnside, to-day:

Match at 25 live birds per man:

R Kuss........................2211••1•2•1111111•2212122—20
J Bemis.......................•110•1•121•210•0211212122—17
J M Wilson....................0020020200202020202010110—11
DeWolf........................101101012211001102w —12

Goodrich vs. Wright, 25 live birds per man:

R W Wright....................2220011222112222•2110122—21
L H Goodrich..................22•0•12222•102•1212222111—19

Twenty-five live birds per man:

R Kuss........................121011•1121121120110111122—21
J Bemis.......................1•2200•2120021121210202202—16
J M Wilson....................21••22•1212202200120222000—15
Dr Liddy......................211120211212102w —13

J. Bemis and R. L. Snider shot a race at 100 empire targets, loser to pay for the targets, the race resulting in a tie as below:

J Bemis.......10010011100000000011100110110111111111111011111111—32
              10111011111111111111011011011110111011111110101111—41—73
R L Snider....11000011101110101110111100111111110111011111111000—35
              11111111010011011111101011110111011101101111010111—38—73

Other scores were shot as follows: R. Kuss 26 out of 30, Goodrich 25 out of 30, Goodwin 26 out of 40, Liddy 15 out of 35, and J. A. Snider 10 out of 35. HAVELRIGG.

Fargo Gun Club.

FARGO, N. D., March 4.—The Fargo Gun Club, at its annual meeting, elected the following gentlemen officers for the ensuing year: S. S. Lyon, President; A. Roberts, Vice-President; C. E. Robbins, Secretary-Treasurer.

The club will shoot on Friday of each week at 5:30 P. M. In addition to practice shooting the full programme will be shot each week, viz.: 10 singles, known angles; 15 singles, unknown angles; and 25 singles, unknown angles. The last event is termed the gold badge contest, and the club will present to the member winning the badge the most times during the season closing Oct. 1, 1896, a prize badge or other suitable trophy. The members will be handicapped by allowing extra targets to the poorer shots; the handicap will be revised by a committee on the first of each month from the average scores made in the badge contest the previous month. Any member winning the badge will in the next contest shoot at 25 targets without extra target allowance. In case of ties, they shoot off at once at the original number of targets.

The club is flourishing, and much interest is being taken in trap-shooting matters. The programme for the State tournament, to be held in June, is ready for the printer and will be circulated early in April.

No effort has been spared to offer an attractive number of events with plenty of cash and prizes, and the prospects for a large attendance of trap-shooters are very bright. C. E. ROBBINS.

FOREST AND STREAM has been a very good friend to me and has cheered many a sad, lonely hour on our ranch. J. D. B.

CALIFORNIA.

The Interstate Programme for Charleston, S. C.

THE first target tournament on the Interstate Circuit for 1896 will be held at Charleston, S. C., on April 14-16, as announced in our column of trap-shooting fixtures. The tournament will be given by the association under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, one of the most active organizations of its kind in the South. The Palmetto Gun Club in October, 1894, gave another tournament that was fathered by the Interstate Association, but that tournament was ruined entirely by the awful storm of rain and wind that swept over the South the day before the shoot was to be held. The devastation wrought among the tents and fixtures of the Interstate Association was considerable, but everything was gotten ready for the shoot, Manager Shaner wading around at the score in gum boots, close on 4in. of rain having fallen in 24 hours. Owing to the storm the tournament was a failure in point of attendance, hence, when the Palmetto Club asked for the aid of the Interstate Association in giving a tournament this year, the association acted upon the advice of its manager and promised that its paraphernalia should be at the disposal of the club for the days of April 14-16.

The programme for these three days is a varied one. On April 14 and 15 there are to be 10 events: five 15-target events and three 20-target events, all at unknown angles, and two events at 10 pairs; the entrance fee for each event is at the uniform rate of 10 cents per target. On April 14 the purses will be divided under the Rose system, but on the second day, April 15, the present system of division of moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10, will be adhered to. This occasion will be a good one for testing the real merits of the Rose system for a tournament of any size. On each of the above days the club adds $125 to the purses.

On the third day, April 16, there will be a 100-target handicap race, unknown angles, handicaps ranging from 100 to 125 targets; entrance $5, targets extra, $100 added to the purse, 7 moneys. Contestants will be handicapped according to their showing during the two previous days' shooting. The second event on this day will be the Interstate team race, three men to a team, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, $10 per team, $50 added, 4 moneys. Teams must consist of three men from one State, and any number of teams from the same State can enter.

Among the other bits of information given by the programme is a page devoted to an explanation of the Rose system. The headquarters for shooters during the tournament will be the Charleston.

In New Jersey.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

March 5.—The strong northwest wind that blew to-day across Elkwood Park had its effect upon the scores which are given below. W. C. Price made the best record, scoring 21 out of 22, the lost bird falling dead out of bounds. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Conklin (30)	1 1 1 0 2—4	0 —0	1 0 —1	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—7
E Price (30)	1 1 1 1 1—5	2 0 —1	2 2 2 2 2 1—6	1 0 —1
W Price (29)	1 1 • 1 2—4	1 2 1—3	1 1 1 1 1 2—6	2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1—8
White (30)	2 1 2 0 1—4	1 0 —1	0 —0	0 —0
Van Dyke (29)	2 1 1 1 0—4	2 2 1—3	2 2 0 —2	....
Sussman (25)	0 0 —0	.....	....	....
Tabor (26)	0 2 1 1 2—4	1 0 —1	....	....
Magee (30)	0 0 1 2 —3	1 1 0—2	1 0 —1	....
Walt (25)	1 1 2 0 2—4	0 —0	....	....
Johnson (25)	2 0 0 —1	.....	....	....
Green (30)	....	.....	1 1 1 2 0 —4	2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—8

No. 1 was at 5 birds, $2, one money; No. 2, miss and out, $1; No. 3 was the same as No. 2, and was won by W. C. Price on the shoot-off in No. 4; No. 4 was another of the same kind, and was divided between W. C. Price and E. Green.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

March 7.—To-day was the regular club shoot at the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J. The attendance of members was not as large as usual owing to the rain that fell during the whole of the forenoon. The club shoot is at 25 unknown angles and 25 targets thrown from traps pulled in reverse order. W. J. Simpson led to-day with 42 out of 50, Krebs, his nearest competitor being 4 breaks behind him. The wind, which came up strongly after the rain had ceased falling, caused the targets to be quite erratic in their flight. Scores:

	Unknown angles.	Reversed order.
W J Simpson	0111111111111111111111111	1110111110010011111111100—42
F Krebs	0111111011101111111101101	1111011111101111100010101—38
W H Huck	1001110101101110011101011	1110011111011100111101101—34
Jeanneret	1011011111111101111010110	1010010011100011001110001—31
James	1001101111000101100010101	1111111111101001000010001—28
Flagg	0010000001101011110010101	0001000111001110111000110—22
Marvin	0101000111010100101101010	0100001110101000010001000—20
Black	0000001010000110011110010	0101000001110000110001010—18

NEW JERSEY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

March 12.—The second monthly tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League was held to-day on the grounds and under the auspices of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield. March 11 had a good deal to do with the attendance at this shoot, the weather yesterday being about as rough as any we have experienced this winter. Snow fell all day, a strong wind blowing at the same time, causing the snow to drift and making things generally unpleasant. A cold snap following on the heels of this storm froze everything up as tight as a drum, and to-day (March 12) opened up for all the world like a cold, bright day in the middle of January. There was plenty of snow on the ground, and plenty of frost in the strong wind that made itself felt as soon as one put one's head out of doors. Taking all things into consideration, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that the attendance was very small for a league shoot.

Six teams were all that competed in the team race, and of that number one, the Endeavor Gun Club, had to make up a scratch team, so that its score will not count in the yearly averages; the totals made by the individual members will of course be credited to them. We understand also that a protest was made against the score of the Climax Gun Club on the ground that E. J. Clark, a newly-elected member of the club, was not qualified to shoot on the team, the claim being made that he was not a resident of the State, and should therefore be a member of the club at least six months before he could be eligible to shoot on the club's team in these team races. The League's constitution provides that a shooter must be either a resident of the State or, if he is a non-resident, he must have been a member of the club for which he shoots at least six months prior to the date of the shoot.

Probably owing to the glare of the bright sun on the snow, as much as to the strong wind that was blowing, the scores in the team race were by no means high ones. It looks as if known traps and angles, with targets thrown far and fast, and with a strong wind blowing, are harder than unknown angles, or at any rate as hard. To-day 23 was high, and only R. S. Williams, of Elizabeth, secured that total. The scores were:

Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield: L. H. Schortemeier 22, T. H. Keller 21, C. Dutchy 21, E. J. Clarke 21, R. Manning 19, D. Darby 18—122.

Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club, of Rutherford: E. D. Miller 22, H. S. Welles 21, Gus. E. Greiff 19, G. S. McAlpin 18, F. Krebs 18, E. A. Jeanneret 17—115.

South Side Gun Club, of Newark: E. A. Geoffroy 22, Thomas Dukes 20, R. H. Breintnall 20, C. M. Hedden 19, M. Herrington 17, L. Thomas 15—113.

Elizabeth Gun Club, of Elizabeth: R. S. Williams 23, C. C. Hebbard 20, W. M. Parker 18, N. H. Astfalk 18, H. A. Folsom 18, A. Woodruff 16—113.

Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City: B Edwards 22, C. E. King 19 Eddie Collins 18, Wanda 16, I. H. Terrill 16, G. H. Piercy 15—105.

Dunellen Gun Club, of Dunellen: T. H. Brantingham 22, M. Henry 22, D. Runyon 17, Charles Giles 13, G. M. Warden 13, F. Van Nuise 15—102.

The Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood, put in a broken squad of 4 men—W. N. Drake, A. Sickley, E. Sickley and . These men shot their strings of 25 targets for the yearly individual averages, making the following scores respectively:

Several sweepstake events were also shot off, the cashier's books showing at the end of the day that 3,500 empire targets had been thrown, a remarkably good total considering that it was 11:30 before the boys got to work. In addition to the lateness of the start, a good three quarters of an hour was taken up with the discussion of John Benner's lunch. Secretary of the League Hobart acted as cashier, Tom Keller and Dutchy Smith seconding his efforts by doing some lively squad hustling. Douglas Darby, familiarly termed "Doug," the new secretary of the Climax Gun Club, was on hand and acted as referee on several occasions, thereby becoming partly ossified by the cold just as often as he essayed the thankless task of deciding between losses and breaks. Like a baseball umpire, the referee at a target shoot gets no credit; when he makes no mistakes no one pats him on the back, but when he makes an error everybody jumps on him as incompetent. There's no wonder that people are always so anxious to referee target shoots!

Among the visitors was Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda), who has come all the way from Cincinnati, O., to take in the Sportsmen's Exposition and the Grand American Handicap; Milt Lindsley will be here also, and will be on view on both the above occasions. Mr. C. E. King, a representative of the King Powder Company, manufacturers of King's Smokeless, was also present and was introduced to many of the shooters by Mrs. Lindsley. M. Herrington was also on deck and showed what W-A powder could do when it came down to business. Unfortunately we have not the records of some three or four sweeps shot while the sun was dropping out of sight; it was then that Mr. Herrington did his best work, scoring about 45 or 46 out of 50, unknown angles at that.

Scores in the sweeps so far as our records go are given in the table that follows, empire traps and targets being used, the League having adopted that target as official:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*
T H Keller	7	10	14	12	15	17	12	12	9	13	11	8	7
W N Drake	7	8	10	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
B Edwards	8	9	12	12	16	12	..	12	9	13	13	9	5
R H Breintnall	9	7	13	12	15	19	13	12	8	..	..	..	8
G E Greiff	10	8	11	9	16	..	..	9	10	..	..	..	8
G H Piercy	5	8	10	12	19	13	13	10	10	11	11	7	2
C Dutchy	8	8	14	12	18	16	13	13	3	12	13	8	7
E J Clark	9	10	14	14	..	15	12	12	9	12	11	..	7
L Schortemeier	6	9	15	15	18	17	13	13	9	14	11	..	7
A Whitehead	4	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T Dukes	8	8	14	10	..	13	..	8	..	13	12	..	..
D Darby	6	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C C Hebbard	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G S McAlpin	..	..	..	..	15	15	12	12	5	..	..	..	..
N Astfalk	..	..	..	..	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
M Herrington	..	..	..	..	15	16	12	13	8	12	11	10	..
L Thomas	..	..	..	..	w	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
H S Welles	..	..	..	..	13	13	11	10	..	11	9	..	..
A Woodruff	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E A Jeanneret	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Sickley	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	10	11	..	..	..
C M Hedden	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	..	..	..	..	..
Addison	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	6	14	..	..	..
T Brantingham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	..	..	..	..
R Manning	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	14	..	..	..
E D Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..
E A Geoffroy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	13	14	..	..
G King	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	12	..	..	..
J Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
H Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	10	7	..
E Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	..	..	..
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..

Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 were at known traps and angles: No. 13 was 5 pairs; all the rest were at unknown angles. EDWARD BANKS.

CLIMAX GUN CLUB.

March 10.—The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., held its regular monthly club shoot to-day at its grounds near the Fanwood Road House. The weather was cold, with occasional snow flurries. Taking the conditions into consideration, the scores put up by the members present were decidedly satisfactory. The club shoot is a handicap, scratch men shooting at 25 targets, unknown angles, and the poorer shots being allowed extra targets to shoot at. The scores to-day were as follows:

W Parker (3)	1111111111111110111111111101	—26
E J Clarke (3)	1110111111111101101111111111	—25
P Jay (5)	111110100110001111111111101111	—23
N Astfalk (3)	0111011111111101111011110110	—22
T H Keller (0)	1111111111101111101111100	—21
C Smith (0)	1010111111111011111101111	—21
R Manning (1)	11011011111110101111111110	—21
J Singer (9)	0101110111110000110010011111101011	—21
L H Schortemeier (0)	1011111111111111010110110	—20
D Darby (5)	100100011011111011100111111011	—20
S Terry (5)	111111001101111001011100011011	—20
W Terry (7)	11001001101110110110110101010100	—18
J Swody (6)	1110011110001101110001110010100	—17
J Goodman (9)	0110010101100111001000111000100111	—17
W Squires (5)	000111101010001111110001100110	—16
A Trust (6)	000001010000110111101001101111	—15

The following sweeps were also shot, all being at unknown angles except No. 4, which was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Dutchy	9	10	10	4	10	10	Astfalk	8	8	..	..	10	6
Keller	8	8	8	5	9	10	Manning	7	..	..	..	5	10
Schortemeier	10	10	9	9	9	7	D Darby	..	10	10	3	7	8
Clarke	8	9	9	7	10	9	J Singer	..	..	..	..	9	8
Greiff	7	9	8	..	..	8	Hebbard	..	..	..	..	8	..
Trust	7	5	6	4	7	7							

On Long Island.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

March 7.—The members of the New Utrecht Gun Club held their club shoot to-day at the new grounds, Eighty-sixth street and Thirteenth avenue, Brooklyn. The first event was the club shoot, 25 targets, known angles, handicap allowance of extra targets. J. Gaughen won the Class A badge; Dr. Shepard, who had an allowance of two extra targets, the Class B badge, and P. A. Hegeman the Class C badge. The Hegeman prize shoot was won by D. Deacon, who broke 14 out of 15. Scores were much interfered with by the strong wind that blew across the grounds.

	Club shoot.	Hegeman prize shoot.
J Gaughen (A, 0)	0111011011111111110111111 —21	111011111101111 —13
D Bennett (A, 1)	01110011001110100111111110 —17	110111111111010 —12
M VanBrunt (A, 0)	1100111011111101010001100 —15	001011111101001 — 9
D Deacon (A, 0)	0110110010011111100101110 —15	111111111111011 —14
Dr Shepard (B, 2)	011111101111111110110110001—19	1000010100100101 — 6
Dr G Pool (B, 0)	1011011111111110011110001 —18	111111110011110 —12
H Fessenden (B, 0)	1000010000101111110111110 —13	111101000101000 —10
P Hegeman (C, 0)	0110011011000111100111011 —14	00111110110111100—11
Dr O'Brien (C, 0)	0100111101001001010101101 —13	00001001000010101— 5
C Fleet (C, 2)	000101001010000000010100100— 7	110000000000100000— 3
Dr Parr (C, 2)	000011000000000001001000110— 6	....

BERGEN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

March 9.—The members of the Bergen Rod and Gun Club turned out to-day in good force, the club's shoot being attended by 19 who took part in the main event, which was the club event at 7 live birds per man; Robert J. Valentine was the only man to make a clean score as below:

Class A: R. J Valentine (30) 7, T. L. Murphy (28) 6, R. J. Frazier (26) 3, A. T. Moray (25) 4, P. H. Myles (26) 6, D. G. Murray (26) 4, C. A. Richardson (28) 3.

Class B: T. T. Williams (26) 2, N. T. Ellery (26) 4, L. G. Jenkinson (26) 1, R. W. O'Brien (26) 3, H. J. Kane (26) 1, F. G. Hennessey (26) 3.

Class C: P. L. Nelson (26) 2, T. G. Hardy (26) 3, S. J. King (26) 3, R. V. O'Brien (25) 4, W. H. Gregory (25) 2, B. W. Phillips (25) 1.

BATH GUN CLUB.

March 9.—The Bath Gun Club held a shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon, four members putting in an appearance. The first event was the club shoot at 10 live birds; this was won by J. Schlieman with 7 out of 10, the score being as follows: J. Schlieman 7, J. Fallert 6, P. Fallert 4, Straub 4.

The four shooters then had a 25-target race, Joseph Fallert being top scorer with 18, P. Fallert being second with 17, as below: J. Fallert 18, P. Fallert 17, J. Schlieman 13, G. Straub 12.

HENDERSON AND WILLIAMSON.

March 10.—T. G. Henderson and R. V. Williamson, members of the Eureka Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., shot a race to-day at 50 live birds per man, the match taking place on the grounds of the Bushwick Rod and Gun Club, near Flushing. The match was a close one, Williamson suffering defeat by only two birds, the scores showing: Henderson (30) 40, Williamson (28) 38.

After this match a sweep at 5 birds was shot off, with the following result: J. H. Thode (26) 1, T. S. Briody (28) 0, J. G. Hennessy (25) 2, J. H. Schleucter (26) 3, R. V. Wagner (26) 1, T. G. Henderson (29) 2, R. V. Williamson (26) 2, L. H. Muller (28) 3, S. G. Porter (28) 4, D. G. Browning (26) 2, P. H. Myles (26) 3.

HUDSON GUN CLUB.

March 10.—The Hudson Gun Club held its regular shoot at the North Beach grounds this afternoon. In the club event at 7 live birds, F. G. Barton, T. T. Ellery and B. C. Fielding tied with 7 straight. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Barton won by killing 3 straight, Ellery scoring 2 and Fielding 1. The scores:

F. G. Barton (26) 7, T. T. Ellery (28) 7, B. C. Fielding (26) 7, D. W. Longman (26) 5, F. J. Patterson (26) 3, G. Lawrence (26) 2, J. G. Jenkins (26) 4, C. T. Williams (26) 3, F. G. Johnson (28) 1, J. R. Andrews (26) 4, P. J. O'Brien (26) 3, M. L. Offerman (26) 2, J. W. Young (28) 1, F. N. Long (26) 2.

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.

March 10.—The North Side Gun Club held its regular monthly live-bird shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park. There were only five members of the club present, that number taking part in the club event, which is at 7 live birds per man, the scores counting in the yearly averages for prizes. The scores made were as follows: J. H. Jennings (30) 6, M. Schmitt (28) 6, H. Heyer (28) 5, George Siems (28) 5, George Muller (26) 3.

The prizes for 1895 were won as follows: First prize, Harry Heyer; second prize, J. H. Jennings; third prize, George Siems.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

March 11.—The members of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held their regular monthly live-bird shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park. The weather could not have been more disagreeable, snow and sleet being driven across the grounds by the wind in such quantities that at times it was almost impossible to see the birds or the traps. In the club shoot, which is at 7 live birds per man, E. Helgans and A. Botty of Class A and F. Bramwell of Class B tied for the club badge with 6 out of 7. There being a prize for each class, Helgans did not compete for the prize in Class A, but contented himself with winning the club badge. A. Botty won the prize in Class A, Bramwell the class B prize, Frost taking the prize in Class C. Scores:

Class A: E. Helgans and A. Botty, 6; Class B: F. Bramwell 6, F. A. Thompson 5, J. Wooley 4, J. Wye 1; Class C: F. Frost 5.

ENTERPRISE GUN CLUB.

March 12.—The Enterprise Rod and Gun Club held its regular shoot on the North Beach grounds this afternoon. The first prize in the club event was captured by Henry L. McTammany after a tie with Richard V. Bolton, both men having scored 6 out of 7. On the shoot-off Bolton missed his second bird, McTammany taking the trophy. Scores:

H. L. McTammany (28), 6, R. V. Bolton (26) 6, S. G. Hennessy (25) 4, T. T. Dillon (25) 5, L. G. Schwartz (26) 3, D. G. Longman (28) 5, G. E. Samuels (26) 5, L. G. Harper (26) 4, J. V. Briodey (26) 3, C. L. Nelson (23) 4, P. G. Henderson (26) 3.

Another shoot at 3 live birds was also shot with the following result: McTammany 3, Bolton 2, Hennessy 0, Dillon 1, Schwartz 2, Longman 2, Samuels 2, Harper 1, Briodey 0, Nelson 0, Henderson 0.

ANDERSON AND MURPHY.

March 12.—J. V. Anderson, of the Hudson Gun Club, and T. G. Murphy, of the Eureka Gun Club, shot a race to-day at 50 live birds per man on the grounds of the Bushwick Rod and Gun Club, near Flushing, L. I. Murphy allowed Anderson 2yds. handicap and also two misses as kills; Anderson, however, shot in the best form he has ever shown, and won without taking his allowance of misses as kills. The scores were: Anderson (26) 38, Murphy (28) 35. After the match a sweepstake at 5 live birds was shot with the following result: J. G. Hopkinson (26) 3, F. Ulrich (26) 1, S. G. Porter (28) 3, F. G. Barton (28) 4, A. J. O'Brien (27) 0, C. H. Gregory (26) 1, D. W. Ryan (26) 3, M. G. Kennedy (26) 2, W. H. Slater (26) 0, J. H. Rankin (26) 1, F. A. Ranken (26) 2, L. U. Jenkinson (26) 0, T. W. Murphy (26) 3, J. V. Anderson (26) 4, C. K. Hamilton (25) 1.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

March 12.—The Unknown Gun Club held its regular monthly live-bird shoot to-day at Dexter Park. After the club shoot four new members were elected, their names being placed on the roster of the club. The scores in the club event, which was at 7 live birds per man, were as below:

L. Kolb (25) 6, Ike Hyde (29) 6, J. Knebel (21) 6, E. Broome (28) 5, J. Akhurst (23) 5, H. Mahlstedt (25) 5, E. Hauff (21) 5, H. Knebel (26) 4, J. O'Nara (25) 4, C. Ranken (23) 4.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

March 14.—The monthly club shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held to-day at the Woodlawn grounds. Capt. A. W. Money won the club event with 10 straight, scoring during the afternoon 23 out of 25. Scores:

	No. 1, club shoot.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Capt Money (A, 30)	2222212222—10	20021—3	12112—5	21222—5
W F Sykes (A, 28)	1212022012— 8	20000—1	.....	.....
N E Money (A, 29)	1201e2e220— 6	21222—5	e2222—4	20220—3
J Gaughen (B, 28)	2202021102— 7	00202—2	00210—2	220w
R E Gray (B, 28)	0221220200— 6	21102—4	.....	.....
S J Held (B, 30)	2000120202— 5	002e1—2	01220—3	2e202—3
W Sterling (B, 27)	0022020230— 5	2020e—2	.....	.....
C T Pennington	....	.....	21012—4	0e210—2
C Furguesson, Jr	....	.....	21122—5	e210w
E Lohman	....	.....	22120—4	e2e22—3

Trap at Hot Springs.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., March 6.—Only 8 shooters entered the 25 live-bird handicap shot here to-day. Twice that number had signified their intentions of entering, but as no forfeit was up, the fact that Sumpter and Daly, who were entered, had rolled up some big scores in their 150-bird match on the previous day caused the falling off in the actual number of entries. The weather was propitious, being bright and clear, with plenty of wind to aid the birds, which were of a good quality. W. T. Peoples, of Gainesville, Tex., won first money with a score of 23 from the 26yds. mark. Mr. Peoples had, previous to this, shot but few live birds; he got his first experience at Memphis, where he took part in the handicap last month, but failed to get in for money. Phil Daly, Jr., of Long Branch, N. J., won second on 22; for a long time it looked as if he had a cinch on first money; he killed straight up to the 15th round and was then 2 birds ahead of Peoples, who was second; he, however, lost his 15th and 16th, and later on his 24th. The birds that beat him out were hot ones. George B. Hutchings, of Galveston, Tex., was the only one to score 21, and took third money; he shot a 16-gauge Scott gun from the 25yds. mark, and two of his lost birds were dead out of bounds. Sumpter, Hughes and Gardt scored 20. Sumpter had his usual bad luck with him; he really killed 23 birds, but three of them were dead out of bounds. Hughes's 16th bird was lost under peculiar circumstances; the bird he drew settled on the ground just as he shot the first barrel, but at the report it immediately took wing and was neatly stopped with the second. A smile of contentment came over the shooter's face, and he started away from the score, but just at this juncture the referee said "No bird," much to the surprise of the shooter, who was evidently not familiar with the rules. The substitute that he got beat him out, and, as it turned out later, put him out of the money. Gardt, the other man to score 20, claims this to be the first live-bird shooting he has ever indulged in, and seemed to be quite satisfied with his showing. Keller and Morgan scored 19 each. After the handicap a 10-bird sweep was shot. In this Sumpter captured first money all alone, scoring 9, his lost bird falling out of bounds. Scores:

Twenty-five live birds, handicap:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	Traps / Scores
	2 4 2 2 1 2 3 2 5 5 3 2 3 5 4 5 2 1 4 5 4 4 3 4 4
Peoples (26)	0 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2—23
	4 2 3 2 1 4 4 3 3 1 2 4 2 1 5 1 1 1 2 2 5 4 1 4 2
Daly (30)	1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 0 2—22
	2 5 5 2 3 5 5 5 5 1 5 4 4 4 2 2 2 4 4 4 5 3 5 5 5
Hutchings (25)	2 2 1 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 • 2 0 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21
	3 5 2 5 5 5 1 4 2 3 4 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 3 4 2 2 4 5 2
Sumpter (30)	1 2 • • 0 2 2 2 • 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 2—20
	5 2 2 3 3 5 2 4 3 4 3 4 4 3 4 3 3 2 1 1 3 4 3 4 2
Hughes (29)	2 1 1 1 • 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 2—20
	1 2 1 2 4 4 3 2 4 3 4 5 1 5 1 1 4 5 3 3 3 1 3 1 1
Gardt (26)	1 0 1 2 2 0 2 • 2 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 1—20
	2 1 2 1 2 2 4 1 3 3 1 3 3 4 2 5 1 1 5 5 4 3 5 1 4
Keller (26)	• 1 0 2 1 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 0 1—19
	4 2 1 3 4 1 2 5 5 5 2 1 5 2 1 4 1 1 3 2 2 2 3 4 3 4
Morgan (26)	0 1 0 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 0 1 1 0 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 1—19

Ten-bird sweep, handicap, $5: Sumpter (30) 9, Daly (30) 8, Gardt (26) 8, Keller (26) 8, Dr. Keller (25) 7, Dobbins (28) 7, Steele (25) 6, Peoples (27) 6, McWorther (26) 6, Woodcock (27) 5. PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Hebbard-Apgar target tournament at the Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club's grounds, March 31-April 2, comes at a time when there is nothing to interfere with its success. The programme is an attractive one and the promoters of the shoot should be in no doubt as to the success of their efforts to suit shooters.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

What a year of big tournaments this is going to be! April has her share with the three weeks in the Southwest—Atchison, Kan.; Houston, Tex.; Omaha, Neb.; and Joplin, Mo. Then comes May with the following list of important fixtures: May 5 8, E. C. tournament at New York, $2,000 added money; May 12-15, Memphis, Tenn., tournament, $2,000 added money; May 19-22, Hazard Powder Company's tournament at Cincinnati, added money not yet announced; May 19-23, Missouri State shoot at Kansas city. From the 23d of May until the end of the month, the following additional tournaments are scheduled: Montana State Sportsmen's Association at Missoula, Mont.; Kansas State Sportsmen's Association at Frankfort, Kan.; Limited Gun Club's tournament at Indianapolis, Ind., and the Binghamton, N. Y., tournament on May 26-28. May 30 to June 1 are the dates for the South Side Gun Club's tournament at Milwaukee, Wis. A glance at our fixtures column will show a list of most important fixtures for the month of June. Chief among them are: Illinois State Sportsmen's Association at Chicago; New York's State shoot at Buffalo, where the Audubon boys will do their best to make things hum; Iowa State shoot at Davenport, Ia.; Ohio Trap-Shooters' League at Dayton, O.; North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association at Fargo, N. D. ($500 added money); Crystal Lake Gun Club at Urbana, Ills.; the third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company at Cleveland, O., with $770 added money and targets thrown free of cost; Pittsburg Gun Club, $500 added money, and the tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. In August Mr. E. S. Rice, Western agent for the Du Pont Powder Company, claims Aug. 4-6 as dates for that company's tournament. While mentioning all the above tournaments, it must not be forgotten that the Interstate Association has tournaments arranged as follows: April 14-16, Charleston, S. C.; April 29-30, Birmingham, Ala.; June 3-4, Natchez, Miss.; July 29-30, Portland, Me.; and Aug. 26-27, Burlington, Vt.

The Guelph Trap and Game Club, of Guelph, Ontario, Can., held its annual meeting on the evening of March 2. It elected the following officers for 1896: Pres., Frank Hall; Vice-Pres., Wm. Sleeman; Sec'y, Harry Cull; Executive Committee—G. Portsous, J. Thatcher and L. Singular; Auditors—R. S Cull and J. Johnson. Messrs. F. Hall and R. S. Cull were appointed delegates to attend the meeting held in Galt on March 5, at which an organization known as the Ontario Trap and Game League was formed. The organization is composed of the gun clubs of Hamilton, Hespeler, Guelph, Waterloo, Galt and Brantford. The objects of the league are: The propagation and protection of game and fish and the encouragement of live-bird and inanimate target shooting, and all sports pertaining to the use of the rod and gun. The league will purchase suitable trophies for yearly competitions in inter-club team races, the teams to consist of 5 men, each man shooting at 20 blue rocks. The first shoot of the league takes place on April 3, the clubs being scheduled as follows: Hespeler at Guelph, Galt at Hamilton, and Brantford at Waterloo.

Mr. R. I. Waddell, agent for the Hazard Smokeless Powder Company, who is located in Cincinnati, writes us in connection with that company's tournament next May as follows: "Have mailed you a programme of the Hazard Smokeless Powder tournament to be given at Cincinnati, May 19-22. Our company donates $2,000, in cash and prizes; more specifically, $1,900 cash, a solid gold case watch of latest design, value $75; a scarf pin, opal, set in circle of diamonds, value $45; a diamond watch charm, value $30. The three prizes are mentioned on page 18 in Hazard prize events and are given in addition to the cash donation of $45, $40 and $35 respectively. Judging by correspondence with sportsmen, and from information that has come to us from other sources, the attendance will be very large and we are making preparations to entertain all who come, affording them opportunity for all the shooting they may desire. Our Du Pont tournament of last season was a pronounced success, but we hope to profit by the experience of that occasion and make this excel all others."

Paul North looked in upon us on Saturday last, March 14. The dishevelled appearance of our office, incident to moving into new quarters, did not phase Paul in the least. He sat down and opened on us with such details about "Our Magautrap" (what's in a name?) that he caused us to forget the flight of time and the urgency of the demands of the printer's devil. If there's anything wrong with our trap columns this week, and that's more than possible, blame Paul North and that awful name.

The Massachusetts State Shooting Association will hold the sixth of the series of monthly shoots arranged by the Association for the season of 1895-96 on Saturday, March 28, on the grounds of the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association, Lynnhurst, Mass. Shooting commences at 10 A. M., the management of the home club having arranged a programme for an all-day shoot. The Massachusetts State Shooting Association is in its sixteenth year, having been organized on June 17, 1880.

The death of Mr. John S. Hoey, referred to elsewhere, deprives the Interstate Association of the assistance of one of its most enthusiastic workers for the success of the Grand American Handicap meeting at Elkwood Park. Mr. Hoey was most deeply interested in making the meeting at Elkwood a record-breaker, and it may be said that the selection of that place as the scene for the great live-bird event of 1896 was largely due to his work in its behalf.

Harvey McMurchy appeared in New York on Saturday morning, March 14. McMurchy will be with us as long as the Sportsmen's Exposition lasts, but will not be able to prolong his stay so as take in the Grand American Handicap; business calls in the far West demanding his presence there while his brother sportsmen are wrestling at Elkwood for the "$1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added," at Elkwood Park.

Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., says: "Since publishing the programme of the Joplin tournament, that club has decided to add one more event to it. The E. C. Powder Co. has donated a silver cup to be shot for. The conditions of the cup race will be 50 single targets per man, unknown angles. The club will also add $475 to this event, making the total amount of added money at this shoot $1,275."

The first tournament of the Michigan State League and Trap-Shooters' Association will be held at Zeeland, Ottawa county, on April 21-22, under the auspices of the Zeeland Rod and Gun Club. The home club has prepared a good programme for the two days, and all who attend are promised a good time by the Zeelanders, who are hustlers and who will do all they can to make things pleasant for their guests.

The next tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be held next month on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club. Billy Hobart, secretary of the club, intends running the League shoot in connection with a two-days' tournament, the main event on the first day being a 100-target handicap race; the league team race will be scheduled for the afternoon of the second day.

With the advent of the Sportsmen's Exposition, followed as it will be next week by the Grand American Handicap meeting at Elkwood Park, out-of-town sportsmen have been arriving in this city in such quick succession that it has been absolutely impossible to keep track of them all, although they all find their way sooner or later to FOREST AND STREAM's exhibit.

The Pennsylvania and Ohio Border League, composed of the gun clubs of Warren and Youngstown, O., and of Meadville, Greenville and New Castle, Pa., has adopted the following schedule: Warren, May 21; New Castle, June 18; Greenville, July 23; Meadville, Aug. 20; Youngstown, Sept. 17. The Butler, Pa., Gun Club did not see its way to joining the league.

The last four days of this week (March 18-21) will find the Cobwebs busy entertaining their guests at their grounds at Baychester, N. Y. This is the Cobweb Gun Club's maiden effort at tournament-giving, but, judging from the programme arranged, it is bound to be a success if it meets with the attention it merits.

The seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club is set for April 29-30.

MARCH 17. EDWARD BANKS.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., March 10.—The regular weekly shoot was held to-day. It was dark and windy, and everything went wrong. Everybody fell down, good hard bumps. The primers in a lot of Dornin's shells failed to work; Scott was trying a new gun and got hold of some of Dornin's bad primers, and he got in the dumps. The shoot was about as badly mixed as the Cuban and South American questions. A gun club has been organized at Roanoke. As soon as I can get all the particulars will write you. Scores in to-day's events were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dornin	6	9	7	8	8	14	10	14	100	76	
Scott	8	12	6	11	6	10	7	9	100	69	
Moorman	6	10	6	13	6	14	7	9	100	71	
Stearns	6	10	7	11	8	11	8	12	100	75	
Tunstall	4	7	5	7	4	8	5	13	100	55	
Guthrie	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	10	8
Clayter	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	15	6

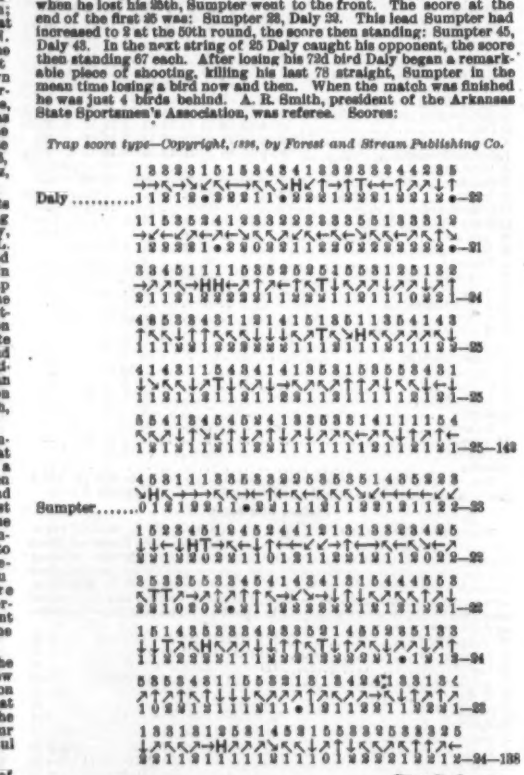
F. M. D.

The Daly-Sumpter Match.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., March 5.—Phil Daly, Jr., of Long Branch, N. J., to-day defeated John J. Sumpter, Jr., of this city, in a 150-bird race for $500 a side, by the remarkably fine score of 143 to 138. No more unfavorable day could have been selected. It rained hard throughout the whole of the match. Yet while the weather was decidedly against the birds, it was by no means favorable for high scores, the light being very poor and the background very trying. The birds would have been a good lot but for the elements, which made them slow to start. One of the conditions of the match was that it was to be shot rain or shine, so there was no alternative for the shooter but to take his medicine. The match was the direct outcome of a little race between the same two parties which took place last Friday—a 50-bird match, in which Daly killed all of his birds, making 50 straight, Sumpter performing a like feat, but having the bad luck to lose 3 of his birds dead out of bounds.

The match should have begun at 1 o'clock, but it was 10 minutes after 2 before Daly, who had won the toss, stepped to the score and killed the first birds of the match. Sumpter was not so fortunate, as his 1st bird got away apparently unhurt. The lead that Daly had thus secured did not last very long, as he lost his 6th bird dead out of bounds. Sumpter was the next to lose a bird, his 9th; through the carelessness of the boy who was handling the dog, this bird, although hard hit, was chased out of bounds; a careful man could have gathered it. Daly lost his 12th dead out of bounds, evening up matters; when he lost his 23th, Sumpter went to the front. The score at the end of the first 25 was: Sumpter 23, Daly 23. This lead Sumpter had increased to 2 at the 50th round, the score then standing: Sumpter 45, Daly 43. In the next string of 25 Daly caught his opponent, the score then standing 67 each. After losing his 72d bird Daly began a remarkable piece of shooting, killing his last 78 straight, Sumpter in the mean time losing a bird now and then. When the match was finished he was just 4 birds behind. A. R. Smith, president of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, was referee. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



PAUL R. LITZKE.

Worcester Sportsman's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 4.—The annual meeting of the Worcester Sportsman's Club was held this evening and was well attended, both by members of the club and their guests. The report of Secretary Charles E. Forehand showed that 46,695 targets had been consumed during the season at a cost of 2 cents each. Treasurer F. M. Harris's report showed that a total of $1,098.77 had been received from all sources. The balance in the treasury, with all bills paid, is now $236.89. This is an excellent showing, as the balance of last year was but $35 on the right side of the ledger.

W. L. Davis gave notice of the following amendment to the by-laws, which he would move at the next regular meeting of the club: "That any member of the Worcester Sportsman's Club who shall resort to unsportsmanlike methods in connection with club shoots shall be liable to expulsion from the club, and any shooter contending in such shoots shall forfeit all entrance money and be debarred from shooting, and that such shall be left in the hands of the executive committee, with full power to act, after giving a member a chance to disprove such charges."

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Maynard P. Roach; Vice-President, John T. Mascroft; Secretary, V. D. Kennerson; Treasurer, F. M. Harris; Executive Committee, the above officers and A. L. Gilman, E. W. Ide, George McLellan, Fred Bucklin.

Below are the scores made in the twelve monthly contests for the Forehand Arms Company's trophy. This trophy was presented by the above company for competition among the members of the club under the following conditions: 50-targets per man, 25 at known angles and 25 at reversed order; the shooter winning it the greatest number of times out of the twelve shoots to become the absolute owner. As will be seen Charles E. Forehand has won the trophy with four wins to his credit. The further conditions were: All snooters of the club to be divided into two classes, A and B; Class A standing at 16yds., Class B at 14yds. Every time a shooter won a contest for the trophy he was handicapped an additional 2yds. The contest and the scores made, together with each shooter's handicap distance, follow:

First shoot for the trophy: Chas. E. Forehand (16) 44, Arthur W. Walls (16) 44, V. D. Kennerson (16) 41, John T. Mascroft (16) 39, Wm. L. Davis (16) 37, R. C. Walls (16) 37, A. B. F. Kinney (16) 34, Frank N. Hoyle (16) 25. Tie shot off at 15 known angles and 15 reversed: C. E. Forehand 27, A. W. Walls 26.

Second shoot: Arthur W. Walls (16) 42, R. C. Walls (16) 40, C. H. Colvin (14) 40, V. D. Kennerson (16) 39, E. T. Smith (16) 38, Wm. L. Davis (16) 38, John T. Mascroft (16) 37, A. B. F. Kinney (16) 36, Frank N. Hoyle (16) 34, M. P. Roach (14) 34, E. W. Buck (16) 32, M. D. Gilman (16) 21, Earl W. Ide (14) 20, E. S. Knowles (14) 26, C. W. Walls (14) 19.

Third shoot: Wm. L. Davis (16) 46, V. D. Kennerson (16) 43, J. T. Mascroft (16) 40, E. H. Buck (16) 39, A. W. Walls (18) 39, Geo. McLellan (14) 37, C. H. Colvin (14) 37, C. E. Forehand (18) 36, R. C. Walls (16) 34, Earl W. Ide (14) 30

Fourth shoot: V. D. Kennerson (16) 45, R. C. Walls (16) 44, Frank N. Hoyle (16) 42, C. E. Forehand (18) 41, Wm. L. Davis (18) 39, J. T. Mascroft (16) 39, W. H. Buck (16) 38, A. B. F. Kinney (16) 38, E. W. Ide (14) 35, C. W. Walls (14) 31, A. P. Cutting (14) 27, A. W. Walls (18) 20.

Fifth shoot: A. W. Walls (18) 45, C. E. Forehand (18) 43, V. D. Kennerson (18) 42, J. T. Mascroft (16) 42, W. H. Buck (16) 40, Wm. L. Davis (18) 40, M. Buck (14) 39, R. C. Walls (16) 38, Geo. McLellan (14) 36, E. W. Ide (14) 35, Chas. A. Parker (14) 33, M. P. Roach (14) 31.

Sixth shoot: Mascroft (16) 47, W. L. Davis (18) 41, V. D. Kennerson (18) 39, E. W. Ide (14) 38, R. C. Walls (16) 37, A. B. F. Kinney (16) 37, W. H. Buck (16) 34, F. N. Hoyle (16) 35, A. W. Walls (30) 35, C. E. Forehand (18) 18, withdrew.

Seventh shoot: C. E. Forehand (18) 42, F. N. Hoyle (16) 41, V. D. Kennerson (18) 40, J. T. Mascroft (18) 40, E. W. Ide (14) 40, W. H. Buck (16) 39, R. C. Walls (16) 38, W. L. Davis (18) 36, A. W. Walls (30) 23, withdrew.

Eighth shoot: C. E. Forehand (30) 43, J. T. Mascroft (18) 41, W. L. Davis (18) 41, A. W. Walls (30) 41, F. N. Hoyle (16) 40, R. C. Walls (16) 33, A. W. Walls (30) 31.

Ninth shoot: Geo. McLellan (14) 47, E. W. Ide (14) 40, R. C. Walls (16) 40, F. N. Hoyle (16) 38, C. W. Walls (14) 31, C. E. Forehand (22) 30, V. D. Kennerson (18) 30, W. L. Davis (18) 30, J. T. Mascroft (18) 30, A. W. Walls (30) 17. The last 5 shooters withdrew from the contest, being shot out.

Tenth shoot: V. D. Kennerson (18) 45, McLellan (16) 42, W. L. Davis (18) 40, R. C. Walls (16) 36, C. E. Forehand (22) 23, A. W. Walls (30) 20. Walls and Forehand withdrew.

Eleventh shoot: Geo. McLellan (16) 42, C. E. Forehand (22) 40, R. C. Walls (16) 40, Bucklin (16) 39, Kennerson (30) 39, W. L. Davis (18) 37, A. W. Walls (30) 34.

Twelfth shoot: C. E. Forehand (22) 44, V. D. Kennerson (30) 38, Geo. McLellan (16) 31, A. W. Walls (30) 26.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, March 11.—We exhausted our descriptive faculties last week in reporting the current Boston Gun Club shoot, encompassed with all the frills and edges of a first-class blizzard. As the conditions were duplicated to-day we refrain from further anathematizing the weather, and simply inclose the scores, which tell a sad enough story:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	5	6	5	10	5	6	5	5	10	10	5	6	5	5	10	5	5
Sewall (16)	8	4	5	3	8	4	2	5	3	5	4	3	3	2	4	6	5	3
Avery (16)	5	1	1	1	5	3	2	3	1	8	7	3	0	3	5	8	4	2
Gordon (17)	5	4	3	3	8	3	3	5	1	5	7	3	3	2	5	8	5	1
Sheffield (15)	5	3	4	3	8	3	2	0	3	1	4	6	3	0	2	4	6	2	4
Miskay (17)	6	2	4	..	6	2	4	5	3	8	7	5	3	2	3	5	9	3	..
Horace (16)	..	..	2	4	4	4	2	3	2	5	5	4	..	..	..	..	7	2	3
Williams (15)	..	..	..	..	..	6	2	2	1	3	6	..	2	..	..	3	6	2	..

Event No. 10 was known angles reversed; Nos. 2, 6 and 13 unknown; Nos. 3, 7 and 18 pairs; Nos. 8 and 17 straightaways; balance of events known angles with No. 15 Hurlingham, use of both barrels. Events 5, 6 and 7 composed ninth contest in prize series, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 8 pairs, and totals were: Gordon 14, Sewall 14, Miskay 12, Avery 10, Williams 10, Horace 10, Sheffield 5.

Memphis Gun Club.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 29.—Twelve shooters journeyed out to the club grounds to-day to take a shy at the inanimates. The weather was cloudy and there was a good stiff wind blowing. As will be shown by the appended scores, Neely set the pace for the boys, scoring just 90 per cent.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Robinson	14	13	11	14	12	10	12	8	8	125	92	73.6
Kellar	12	11	9	8	12	10	13	7	7	125	88	70.4
Bryan	11	10	8	11	12	9	11	6	8	125	86	68.8
Cockrell	13	12	14	13	10	13	13	7	8	125	102	80.1
Neely	..	..	..	..	15	13	12	15	10	7	80	72	90
Weaver	..	..	..	9	8	6	5	..	..	..	60	31	51.1
Villepigue	..	..	8	11	..	11	..	..	..	..	45	30	66.6
Plummer	..	13	..	..	14	..	..	8	..	..	40	35	87.5
Porter	..	..	11	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	30	20	66.6
Deming	13	12	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	..	60	46	76.6
Schmidt	9	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	30	19	63.3
Norton	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	25	20	80

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Northside Gun Club of Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 12.—The Northside Gun Club of this city had a successful shoot yesterday. To-day's *Dispatch* gives the following account of the shoot:

"The first of the monthly shoots of the Northside Gun Club was held yesterday at Marshall avenue, Allegheny. The weather was very bad and the attendance poor. The best shooting of the day was done by J. H. Shaffer, who broke 96 targets out of 100, and in a succeeding 50 target contest broke 47, making a total of 143 out of 150. In his 100-target contest he broke the last 47 straight. His form yesterday was certainly great. The next highest in the 100-target race were Jesse Jones 90, A. H. King 89, and Marlowe 88; J. H. Sims 82, Bessemer 81, Macpherson 78, Hackie, Cincinnati, 77, Ashton 71. The shoot of course was the first for the E. C. Powder Company's silver trophy.

"In the extra 25 bird sweepstake Shaffer broke 23, Bessemer 22, Mackie and Sims each 21, King 19, Marlowe 18, Ashton 16.

"In the second sweepstake Shaffer broke 24, Jones 22, Bessemer 21, Marlowe 18."

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

W. H. F., Franklinville, N. Y.—Is bitch, owned and kept for breeding purposes only, subject to tax? Ans. Yes.

S. G. K., Toronto, Can.—1. Will you let me know what distance Mr. W. Winans, the champion revolver shot, stands from the target in shooting matches, also (2) length of revolver barrel and (3) size of bullseye? Ans. 1. Most of his published scores have been made at a distance of 20yds. 2. Six inches if we are not mistaken. 3. Two inches in diameter.

BERNARD, Providence, R. I.—My dog is a St. Bernard, 7 months old. He has an offensive smell and his nose is always hot. He appears to be very nervous, never laying long in one place. I have only had him a few weeks and keep him much indoors. Previous to my owning him he was brought up outside. He eats fairly good and drinks a large amount of cold water. Ans. Treat for worms. Give 20grs. of powdered wood charcoal and 10grs. sub. nit. of bismuth twice a day, mixed with the food.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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In no part of the world has been brought into happier combination a greater variety of lovely scenery than in the glorious mountains of western North Carolina. In the very heart of these mountainous regions, at an average altitude of nearly 2,500ft. above the sea, nature has reserved her most charming sanatorium, her "Garden of the Gods," the Asheville plateau. This is "The Land of the Sky," the spot where human health and human happiness are in sweet accord, where the blue azure touches lightly the towering summits of lofty mountains, where the purest crystal water gushes forth from the springs of untainted soil, where malaria is unknown. Here too nature has arrayed herself in her choicest and most beautiful vestments, and by her smiles and softest touches inspires hope in the invalid and ambition in the strong. Here, and nowhere else, are to be found, in greatest perfection, ideal climatic conditions, for neither in winter nor in summer are there extremes in temperature. The trip from the North to Asheville or Hot Springs is one not only of convenience, but of positive luxury. The Southern Railway, that superb railway system whose rails extend through all of the Southern States, is the direct line to these attractive resorts. You can leave New York in the afternoon after business hours, and be transported by their magnificent "Southwestern Limited" to Asheville by lunch next day.—*Adv.*

These Raw March Winds.

The penetrating winds of March are absolutely unknown in the region traversed by the incomparable solid vestibuled train from New Orleans to California—the "Sunset Limited." By this snowless route, those sensitive to severe March winds need have no fear of risk to health, while there is in truth no such transcontinental train on any road for ladies and men. Meals *à la carte*. Fastest and most certain time, with the perils to person and health avoided, to which one is liable in crossing by the Northern routes during this month. Only 56 hours to Los Angeles and 75 hours to San Francisco. Compartment and drawing room car and dining car New York to New Orleans. For full information apply to Edwin Hawley, A. G. T. M.; L. H. Nutting, E. P. A., No. 343 Broadway and No. 1 Battery place, New York city.—*Adv.*

The Value of Money.

$14.50 pays for a ticket to Washington, D. C., and return, including meals en route and hotel accommodations at Washington's best hotels. Special train via Pennsylvania Railroad leaves New York 11:00 A. M., March 19, April 2 and 23, and May 14, stopping at principal intermediate stations.—*Adv.*

Kosmic Catalogue.

The U. S. Net and Twine Co., 316 Broadway, New York, issue a complete little catalogue of Kosmic specialties, rods, lines, reels, etc., that is worth sending for. A directory of the names of nearly 200 Maine guides is a feature.

Mannocitin—the Rust Preventive.

The John P. Lovell Arms Co., of Boston, Mass., has taken the sole New England agency for Mannocitin in 2oz. cans. Dealers and individual sportsmen will find this excellent article on sale at the stores of this company.

Silver is as Good as Gold

When proffered in payment for ticket to Washington, D. C., and return for the Pennsylvania Railroad's personally conducted tours. $14.50 covers all necessary expenses for a three days' trip. Detailed itinerary at 1196 Broadway.—*Adv.*